

S O C I E T Y
P I C T U R E S .
~~
G E O R G E D U M A U R I E R .





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SOCIETY PICTURES

DRAWN BY

GEORGE DU MAURIER

Selected from "Punch"

VOLUME ONE

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SOCIETY PICTURES

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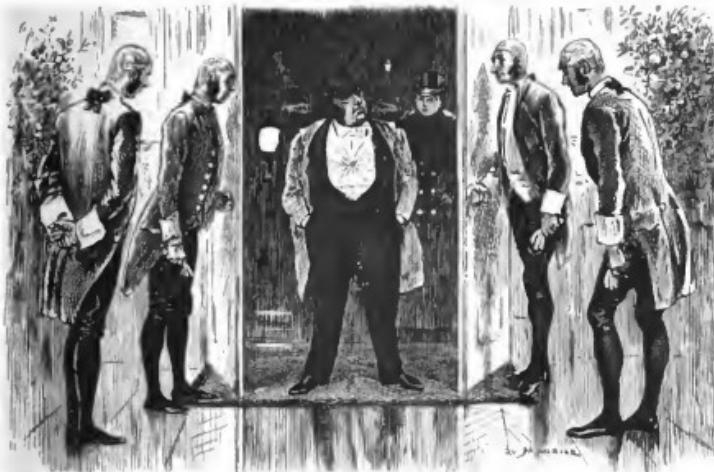
DRAWN BY

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Home to New Orleans, after the Great震波 depended. "BY THE BY, JANE, YOU HEAR OF THE TEA-ART IN CHINA? PARAPHRASED AGAIN TO SIN. HOW COULD YOU MAKE SUCH A MISTAKE AND TRUST?"
New Orleans, "Bos Tabor, Ma'm, BUT THE COMPANY NEVER LEFT OFF TALKING TILL THE BOAT WAS HOME, AND I WAS AFRAID OF INTERRUPTING THE CONVERSATION."





THE HEIGHT OF MAGNIFICENCE.

1880.

Sir Gorgias Molas. "HELLO! WHERE'S ALL THE REST OF YER GONE TO?"*Hand Postman.* "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR GORGIAS, AS IT WAS PAST TWO O'CLOCK, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHETHER YOU WAS COMING BACK HERE, OR GOING TO SLEEP IN THE CITY, THE OTHER FOOTMAN THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED—"*Sir Gorgias.* "I'D FOGHT THEM MIGHT GO TO BED, DID THEY? A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS, indeed! SO TRAY IF I'D A 'APPENED TO BROUGHT 'OME A FRIEND, THERE'D A' ONLY BEEN YOE FOUR TO LET US BIN, MAY!"

A CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST.

The Dyer. "MR. SNIPPER,
I WANT YOE TO MAKE MY
SON A HUNTING SHIRT;
JUST WHAT YOE USED TO
MAKE FOR ME, YOE KNOW."*Clerical Tailor.* "I REG
TOOK PARSON, MR. DEAN.
MAY I ENQUIRE IF THE
TOUN GENTLEMAN IS IN
HOLY ORDERS?"*The Dyer.* "No."*Clerical Tailor.* "AH! TO
BE ORDAINED SHOOTLY, I
SUPPOSE!"*The Dyer.* "NO, NO; HE'S
NOT THINKING OF ANYTHING
OF THE KIND."*Clerical Tailor.* "TREN
I'M MORT TO SAY I MUST
DECLINE YEA ORDER, MR.
DEAN!"

A CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST.

1880.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

1860.

*Gwendoline. "Uncle George says every woman ought to have a profession, and I think he's quite right!"**Mamma. "Indeed! And what profession do you mean to choose?"**Gwendoline. "I mean to be a professional beauty!"*

AN INCOMPLETE AMUSEMENT.

1878.

*The Squier. "Well, Monsieur le Baron, how did you like the Meet of the Queen's Hounds this morning?"**Distinguished Frenchman. "O ver my! Ze fatigüe if vos beautiful; ze ladies, zet vase charmantes; and ze contes-**tees amusables! But——zarak you no promenade!——no band of music!——Noming!"*



THE STRAIGHT TIP.

1864.

"AND SO NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED! Well, Jessie, to think of fog, with your beauty and accomplishments, and your lovely voice, being cut out by such an ignoramus little freight as that Maggie Quicksilver! You sang to him, I suppose?"
 "Yes, Mama, by the hook! But she made him sing, you know, and played him accompaniments for him!"
 "Why, can he sing?" "No, Mama; but she made him believe he could!"



FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHIOR.

1865.

"Oh, Papa dear! I thought you were going to chaperon me! I never got a partner when Mama comes!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1000

"LOVE, DEAR! THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH MRS. SCUDAMORE—A DANGEROUSLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. LET ME KISS YOU!"

"HOW GOOD OF YOU! HOW I WISH HE WAS GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH YOU, DEAR, INSTEAD!"

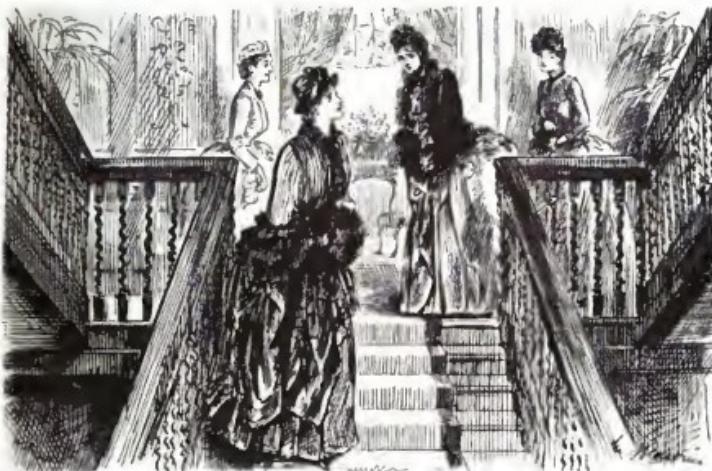


"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER!"—(TALKING OVER THE BALL).

1000.

Cousin Sophie (talented and accomplished). "Yes; I like Mr. Fison, he's so sensible. He told me he didn't care a rap for unintelligent women, however beautiful they might be!"

Cousin Bella (only pretty). "Did Mr. Fison, really? Why, he told me he couldn't bear intellectual women! He said woman's mission was to be BEAUTIFUL!"



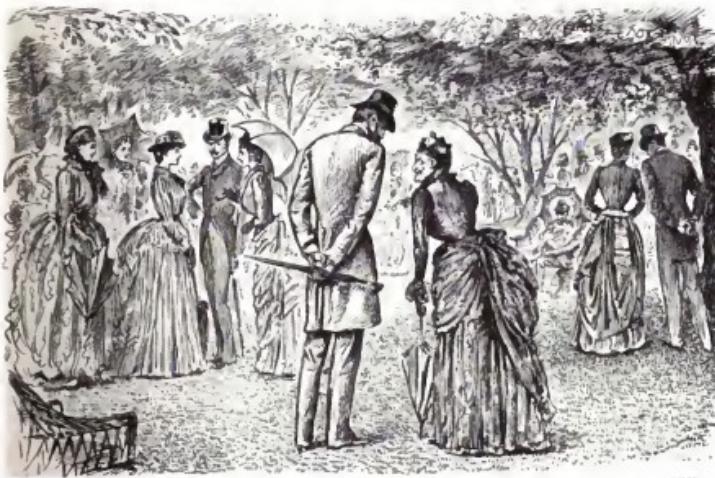
AN EYE FOR ESSENTIALS

1888.

Mamma (House-hunting for the Season). "IT'S A GOOD HOME FOR A DANCE, EMILY!"

Emily. "THE ROOMS ARE RATHER SMALL, AREN'T THEY?"

Mamma (who knows how Matches are made). "YES; BUT WHAT A CAPITAL STAIRCASE!"



LAYING IT ON TOO THICK.

1888.

"HOW LOVELY YOUR WIFE IS LOOKING TO-DAY, SIR GEORGE! I'VE BEEN ADMIRING HER ALL THE AFTERNOON!"

"EHE-A—SHE'S ONLY JUST COME!"



A DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Stern Hostess (who is giving Private Theatricals). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MR. FITZ BETTER. THEY'VE BEEN LONG AGO!"
Leopold Person of Importance (who abominates that particular form of Entertainment). "WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THEY'RE
 AT IT YET!"

1876.



AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.

"I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU HERE, CAPTAIN SPINKS—AND SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME IN TO DINNER!" (Captain S. is delighted.) "YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY MAN IN THE ROOM BT HUSBAND ISN'T LIKELY TO BE JEALOUS OF!"
 [Captain Spink's delight is no longer unmixed.]

1882.



SOME PEOPLE LIKE IT LAID ON WITH A TROWEL.

1864.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE IT
LAID ON WITH A
TROWEL.

Mrs. Penruddock de Trodlym.
"DEAR LADY GULP, HOW
CHARMINGLY Miss GULP
PLAYS!"

Mrs. Sampdy (who knows
perfectly well), "WHAT! IS
THAT ANOTHER CHILD AT THE
PIANO? YOUNG DAUGHTER,
LADY GULP?" TO BE SURE
I OUGHT TO HAVE GUessed
IT FROM THE LIKENESS!
HET TO THINK THAT YOU'VE
ALREADY GOT A DAUGHTER
GROWN UP!"

Lady Gulp. "SHE'S MY
GRAND-DAUGHTER, IF YOU
PLEASE! BY THE WAY, MRS.
PAPLEY, THE BISHOP AND
LADY SELINA ARE COMING
TO DINE WITH ME ON
WEDNESDAY. IT WILL GIVE
ME SO MUCH PLEASURE IF
YOU, "Etc., &c., &c.

[*Mrs. P. de T.* not in it
this time!]



OVER-SCRUPULOUS.

1864.

OVER-SCRUPULOUS.

"MY HUSBAND IS VICAR
OF ST. BONIFACE—SET I
DON'T ATTEND HIS CHURCH."

"indeed! How is
that?"

"THE FACT IS—I
DON'T APPROVE OF MARRIED
CLERGymEN!"



RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

1864

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

Mrs. P. de T. "WELL,
GOOD-BYE, DEAR
DUCHESSE! OR, BY THE
WAY, MAY I BRING
VON HUMM TO YOU TO-
MORROW NIGHT? HE'S
THE GREAT ORGANIST,
YOU KNOW?"

Her Grace. "BY ALL
MEANS! AND TELL HIM
TO BRING HIS INSTRU-
MENT WITH HIM."



A DRAMA OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

1870

A DRAMA OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY MEANS OF HIS FACE
AND ATTITUDE, JONES
FLATTERS HIMSELF HE CAN
EXPRESS THE DEEPEST IN-
TEREST IN THE CONVERSATION
OF A BOSS, WHILE IN
REALITY HIS ATTENTION IS
FIXED ON WHAT IS GOING
ON SOME OTHER PART OF
THE ROOM.

JUST AT PRESENT, OLD
MRS. MARABLE IS RELAT-
ING TO JONES THE HARROW-
ING DETAILS OF HER LATE
LAMENTED'S LAST ILLNESS
—WHILE CAPTAIN SPINNS
IS PUFFING THE QUESTION TO
CLARA WILLCOURT BEHIND ONE OF CHOPIN'S
MASTERPIECES — AND JONES
HAS NO DOUBT BUT THAT
HIS FACE AND ATTITUDE ARE
ALL MRS. M. COULD
WISH.



160.

LADY GATHEREMALL AT HOME.

(Infernal Introductions are bad—especially when formal ones are not forthcoming.)

Possibly de Toulouse (to Mrs. P. de T., who is artfully pretending a tiny frown). "WHAT'S THE GOOD? HIS ALL SERENITY'S AS BLIND AS A BAT. HE'LL ONLY FREAD ON IT!"

Mrs. Possibly de Toulouse. "I MEAN HIM TO!"

Possibly de Toulouse. "WHAT FOR?"

Mrs. Possibly de Toulouse. "WHY, HE'LL HAVE TO APOLOGISE, YEE GOOK, AND THEN——BUT THERE, LEAVE IT ALL TO ME, THERE'S A DARLING!"

{The august foreigner falls into the pretty little trap, and succumbs to Mrs. P. de T.'s endeavours.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Johannes Brahms (who has just seen his famous Beethoven), who only says, "How silly, Mrs. Chatterton! I suppose you have just come!"
Mr. Chatterton, "Oh dear no! I've been sitting here for the last hour, listening to the LVIOTY MoPPO. I do hope you are going to sing us THAT
EXQUISITE BASS-SONG OF TOWNS!"



1898.

THE REWARD OF
SYMPATHY.

Young Grimes (who has had off the talk to himself, and, as usual, all about himself). "Well, good-morning, dear Mrs. Helmar. It always does me good to come and see you! I had such a headache when I came, and now I've quite lost it."

Mrs. Helmar. "Oh it's not lost. I've got it!"

THE REWARD OF SYMPATHY.

5006



"OLD FRIENDS"--HOW TO ENTHRONE THEM.

5004

Mrs. MacSopthe (who has got into a New Set). "Oh--er--how d'ye do? So sorry I couldn't come to you and the girls last night. Had to go to Mrs. MacMahan's!"

Mrs. Fitzjones (her oldest friend). "Indeed! I hope it was a pleasant party!"

Mrs. MacSopthe. "Oh, very much so! Everytut one knows was there, you know!"

A FLOWER OF FASHION.

Fashionable Millioner.
"YOU'LL HAVE THE FLOWER OR THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BONNET, OF COURSE, MADAM!"

Fashionable Lady.
"WELL — ER — NO! THE FACT IS, THERE'S A PILLAR ON THE LEFT SIDE OF MY PEW IN CHURCH, SO THAT ONLY THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY HEAD IS FREE BY THE CONSIDERATION. OF COURSE I COULD CHANGE MY PEW!"

Fashionable Lady's Husband. "YA — AS, OR EVEN THE CHURCH, YOU KNOW, IF NECESSARY."

[*Fashionable Millioner* considers the point.]



A FLOWER OF FASHION.

1874

OUR MUSICAL DUCHESS GOES IN FOR PARISIAN CHANSONETTES.

The Teacher (interrupting Her Grace's Rehearsal of "C'est chez sa Cousine"). "NON — NON — C'EST PAS COMME ÇA ! ÉCOUTEZ, MADAME LA DIVERTISEUSE ! TOI, JE SONGE, TU SAIS LA LOI DES MUSIQUES : TU DOUST ÊTRE DOUBLÉ ! — ANS TU ES DOUBLÉ, TU M'ENTIENDRAIS QU'ENCORE TU ES LADY PARISIENNE ! ET DEVENIR CANAILLE ! — VAT TU CALL 'JOLLY CAN', YOURE KNOW ! LOOK AT ME ! I 'AV NO FOND ! I AM NOT MUSI-CIANT ! AND YET YOU PAY ME TWO SUCHARD FRASSE TO TEACH ME TO SING ! — ET POURQUOI ? ET ! SIMPLE BECAUSE — (IT IS NO MERIT FOR I AM BORN SO) — SIMPLE BECAUSE I AM FREARANCHEMENT CANAILLE ! ET TOUT !" [With *insouciantly*.]

Her Grace. "OUI, PO HAVING PATIENCE WITH ME, DEAR MADAME RHODGOT : I'M SURE I SHALL CATCH IT IN TIME!"



OUR MUSICAL DUCHESS GOES IN FOR PARISIAN CHANSONETTES.

1881



AN ALTERNATIVE.

(Time, 9 P.M.)

"CHARLES, LOVE,
LADY LEDGER IS AT
HOME TO-NIGHT, AND
MRS. GELAGA HAS A
CONCERT, AND THERE'S
THE DUCHESS OF IPS-
WICH'S DANCE. NOW,
ARE WE GOING TO THESE
PLACES, OR NOT? FOR
IF WE ARE, IT IS TIME
FOR ME TO GO AND
DRESS; AND IF WE ARE
NOT, IT IS TIME FOR ME
TO PUT A MUSTARD-
PLASTER ON MY CHEST,
SOME FLANNEL ROUND
MY THROAT, AND GO
STRAIGHT OFF TO BED!"

AN ALTERNATIVE.

1878.

UNSEEMLY
INTERRUPTION.

The New Post-
man (stratagically).—
Mrs. MONTGOMERY
JENKINS'S CAM-
PAIGN!"

Mrs. Montgomery
Jenkins. "A—TELL
THE COACHMAN TO
WAIT."

New Postman.
"PLEASE, M'AM,
HE SAYS HE CAN'T.
HE SAYS HE'S GOT
ANOTHER JOB AT
TWENTY MINUTES
PAST ELEVEN!"

UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

1878.



AWKWARD.

Algeron Edispoosyger (who has not enough for Picture's nose). "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO THE "PLATINUM"? His Partner (by name 'Miss Hopp,' whom Parents are about to give a great bolly). "OH, YES! I AM USE OF THE LITTLE!"

1872.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"NOW WHICH OF THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOU MAY I HAVE, DEAREST? THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, OR THE ONE AS I KNOW YOU?"

1872.



REFLECTED GLORY.

Father. "AND WHO ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"

Cooker (with evident pride). "I'M THE BABY'S BROTHER!"

1885.



EXTREME MEETING.

The Major (to Nephew, who wants taking down a bit, he thinks). "WHAT? YOU HERE, PERCY! AIN'T YOU RATHER FOUNDED TO BE GOING TO BALLO?"

Percy. "WHAT, AND YOU HERE TOO, UNCLE! WHY, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP THIS KIND OF THING LONG AGO!"

1885.



A GALLANT REPLY.

Miss Levy. "Here's where you and I are to sit, Major!"
The Major. "By Jove!—I'd rather a warm place!"

Miss Levy. "What—you a Major, and can't stand fire?"
The Major. "Not if me back, you know, Miss Levy!"

4882.



A SPECIALITY.

"Hand it, you're off an umbrella of your own. Why the devil don't you stick it up?"

"Not if I know it, Old Man! This umbrella was done up last May by Monty Braxton, and has never been opened since!"

"Monty Braxton? Who's he?"

"Not know Lord Houghton Braxton? Why he's about the only man in London who **really** knows how to do up an umbrella!"

A SPECIALITY.

4882.



MUSIC AT HOME WITH A VENGEANCE.

1862.

Lady Melton. "HOW CHARMING YOU PLAY, HARRY LEEWARD! DEAR MRS. TUNSTONBY DE TORKINS MUST REALLY BEING YOU DOWN TO PLAY TO US AT MIRES TOWER, OUR PLACE IS SECRET, YOU KNOW, AND—I WILL SHOW YOU MY ROSES, THE FINEST ROSES IN ALL ENGLAND! WEE THURSDAY WITH YOU!"

Herr Leibhardt. "YOU ARE PERRY FRENTLY, MATHIE! POT I RAFF A VIFF AND ZIX JILTRUN, AND—ZET TO NOT LIFF UPON ROSES!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS—THE PAINTER.

1862.

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS. THE PAINTER.

Royal Academician (*politely, as becomes an honoured guest*). "AH, NOW THIS IS FAR AND AWAY THE BEST OF YOUR WORKS, MAJOR DUFFY! AND THAT IS SAYING A GREAT DEAL!"

Distinguished Amateur. "OH—AH—WELL—THIS IS NOT BY ME. IT'S BY A POOR YOUNG MAN I KNOW, WHO'S APPRENTICED TO MY BOOT-MAKER. BUT SINCE YOU THINK SO HIGHLY OF HIS FIRST ATTEMPT, HE'S BETTER GIVE UP HIS TRADE AND GO IN FOR ART AS A PROFESSION—EE EH!"

Royal Academician. "OH—AH—EH—EH! THAT ALMOST THE CASE, YOU KNOW. ON THE WHOLE, I SHOULD STRONGLY RECOMMEND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND TO STICK TO BOOTSMAKING!"

Distinguished Amateur (*exasperated*, and *R.A.* feels he has added to the list of things he ought to have left unsaid).

OF THE WORLD
WORLDLY.

*SCENE.—The Extreme Hell
of Sir George's Madras
London residence.)*

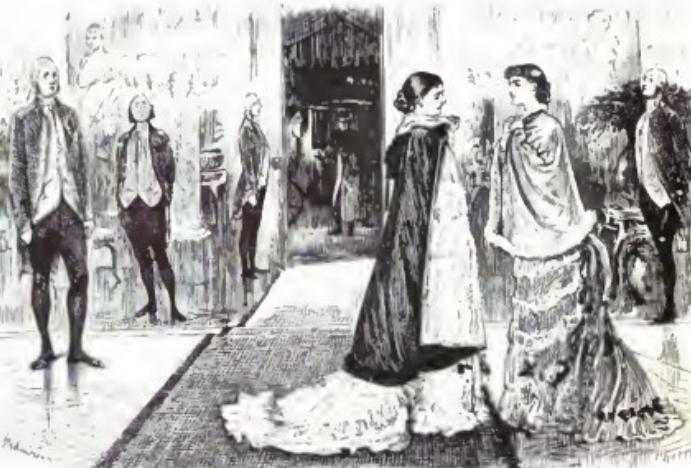
Monsieur. "EXCE! MY
LOVE! WE'RE WELL OUT
OF THIE!! D'WHAT-YANG?"
WHERE SHALL WE GO
NEXT?"

Inquisitor. "TO LADY OR
CAR TALBOT, MAMMA!"

Monsieur. "SIR EXCE
ONE SO? I REALLY CAN'T
READ IT! LISTENED TO MRS.
PONSONBY DE TOMKYNNS.
IT'S JUST AS SELECT UNLESS
FOR THE HORST AND HINTZES,
AND QUITE AN AMUSEMENT."

Inquisitor. "BUT MRS.
TOMKYNNS ANOTHER ONE WORSE
THAN LADY OR CAR, MAM-
MA!"

Monsieur. "FUCH, MY
LOVE! WHO CARES FOR THE
ANUS OF A MEL. PONSONBY
DE TOMKYNNS. I SHOULD
LIKE TO KNOW, NO LOSS AS
SHE'S CLEVER ENOUGH TO
GET THE RIGHT PROFILE!"



OF THE WORLD WORLDLY.

1879.

HER PROFESSOR'S
FIRST AND LAST
APPEARANCE AT
MRS. PONSONBY DE
TOMKYNN'S

Her Professor (with mol-
den impulse, to *Daniel*
Anatole, whom he was
accompanying to *"Jewels*
and *Drapery"*). "JAKA
HANS, MY TALENTFUL
YOUNG VENT! I HAD
NEVER FROZE HEART BET-
TER! NOTHEADER INGODI-
VILLA, PONSONBY DE
TOMKYNN'S?"

Daniel Anatole (who, ar-
rangingly, steals a little out
of *table* at *A* THE *A*
PLATE). "PROFOUND ME, I FEAR!"

Her Professor. "AHR,
N.Y! YU, YOU COMMENDED
IT MORE OR LESS IN H, YU
GIVENME IT SOMEWHERE
UNDER THE PLATE, YU
WISH IT GOING IN A
AND ALL EE WHILE I YAN
MEANTIN JE ADORABE
WEST IN G!! NOW, ZAT
IS 'TEAR AND TEAR'
WHICH, AND WHICH
DARE! JAKA HANS!"

[The *Professor* is
very proud of his "liddle
pid o' ven," and is
not slow in "producing it
and showing Mrs. But
appy te Drapery has
quizzily "trapped
him."



HER PROFESSOR'S FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE AT MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYNN'S

1882.



AN OLLENDOFF WANTED

Fascinating Pictures. "OH! MISS MARY! Veuillez m'entendre écrire une valise, je vous en supplie!"
Jealous Roton (with voice). "SAY THE BE ENDURED FOR ALL THE REST OF THE EVENING."

Miss Mary. "OH, JE NE ME FÂCHÉ, MONSIEUR, MAIS JE SUIS FAIGRE POUR TOUT LA RÔTI DE LA SOIRÉE!"

[Illustrate over a house and explain the thought on the temporary nature of English倒錯字。

1864



A DILEMMA

"WHAT ARE YOU PEELING OVER, POMMORE?"

"I'M TRYING TO ANSWER A NOTE FROM THE 'PEAR BISCUITS,' AS YOU CALL THEM. SHE'S DONE ME THE HONOR TO WRITE AND ASK IF THAT ST. BERNARD PUP GAVE HER SHOULD BE EATEN ON MEAT OR BISCUITS?"

"WELL, BISCUITS, SHOULDN'T IT?"

"OF COURSE. BUT SHE SPELLS BISCUITS WITH A K, YOU SEE, AND I DON'T LIKE TO SPELL IT PROPERLY FOR FEAR OF HAVING HIS GRAPES' REFLINED; AND YET I DON'T WANT IT TO GET ABOUT THAT I SPELL BISCUITS WITH A K."

"SAY MEAT, THEN!"

"BUT SHE SPELLS MEAT WITH TWO Es!!"

A DILEMMA

1879

SOCIETY PICTURES FROM "PUNCH."



MISPLACED AND UNCALLED-FOR CONFIDENCES

Policeman Heat (who has been told by his Wife to make himself agreeable). . . "UNCOMMON SLOW, AIN'T IT, SIR POMPEY? FACT IS, MY WIFE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE RATHER FUN TO ASK ALL THE BOYS WHO'D ASKED HER, AND GET 'EM TO MEET EACH OTHER, AND PAY THEM OFF IN THAT WAY, YOU KNOW? AND SEE HOW IT DOVES? AND THE REST OF IT IS, THEY'VE ALL COME???????"

1876



HYPERCRITICISM.

*Mrs. (whispering). "WHAT LOVELY BODY YOUR PARTNER'S GOT, MARY?"
Mary (slightly). "YES, UNFORTUNATELY HE SHINES AT THE WRONG END."*

1876



A BAD ENDING

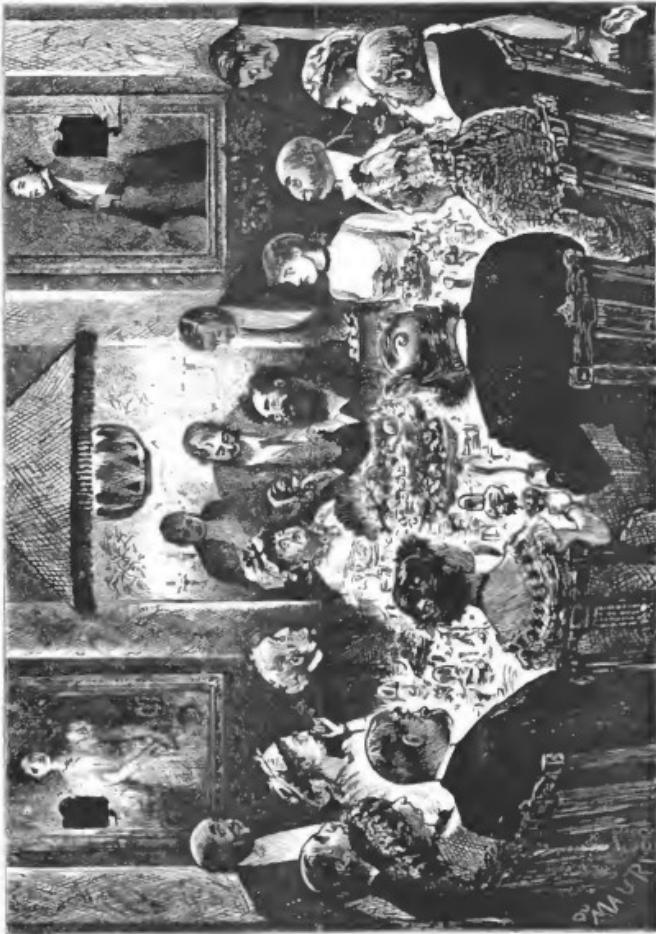
1862.

"WELL, WILLIAM, WHAT'S BECOME OF ROBERT?"

"WHAT, 'AVEN'T YOU LAID, SIR?'"

"NO! NOT DEFUNCT, I HOPE."

"THAT'S JUST EXACTLY WHAT HE 'AS DONE, SIR, AND WALKED OFF WITH EVERYTHING HE COULD LAY HIS ANDS ON!"



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION



A REASON FOR CALLING.

1875.

Father Tuesday. "Well, I CERTAINLY NEVER DREAMT I SHOULD FIND YOU AT HOME ON SUCH A LOVELY AFTERNOON AS THIS!"



QUALIFYING A SWEEPING ASSERTION.

1885.

Sophie (after hearing about Frank). "I DECLARE I SHALL NOT BELIEVE A WORD A MAN SAYS TO ME. THEY'RE ALL LIARS!"
Beatrice. "FOR SHAME, SOPHIE!" *Sophie (respectfully).* "AT LEAST ALL THE NICE ONES ARE!"

3-2



PUTTING HER FOOT IN IT.

1885.

PUTTING HER FOOT IN IT.

Fashionable Lady.
"Now, this is about the worst Dacto of the whole Collection!"

Distinguished Academician (of whom Artistic Profusion his Fair Consorzio is ignorant). "I'M SORRY YOU SHOULD THINK SO, FOR IT'S MINE!"

Fashionable Lady.
"You don't mean to say you bought THAT?"

Distinguished Academician. "No; but I painted it!"

Fashionable Lady. "Oh—oh, I AM so sorry! But you really haven't mind what I sat, for I'm no critic at all. I—I only repeat what everybody says, you know—a—"



MUSIC AT HOME.

1886.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Mr. "Er—'m awfully fond of music—ain't you? Not this sort of thing, you know. Can't stand the drawing-room amateur—never could. Sorry to say, I've not been to hear Madame Schumacher this year. Never had time. Told she's in splendid form. Like her playing awfully—should know her to be a mile off. Dying to hear her—"

Mr. "So am I—and if you would only be so very kind as just to hold your tongue, I dare say we might both manage to hear her now!"

[Madame S. has been playing for the last ten minutes!]



HIGHLY GENTEEL.

1876.

*Sir Charles. "BY THE BY, MRS. DE TOMPKEYS, DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOURS THE FONNINNY DE TALIOTT?"**Mrs. Peter de Tompkeys. "A—NO!"—STRANGE TO SAY, FOR THEY ARE A KIND OF CONNECTION OF OURS."**Sir Charles. "indeed! How so?"**Mrs. Peter de Tompkeys. "WE HAVE THE SAME MONOGRAM, YOU KNOW!"*

'UTILE DAUDI.'

1877.

"A—YOUR SKIRT IS QUITE SAFE, MRS. MINIVEL" "A—THAT TAKE MY ARM!"



MUSIC AT HOME. (THE EDITION OF GENIUS.)

1883.

Enraged Violinist. "DELL ME—WHO IS DAT LITTLE FADDLED OLD CHENDELMAN VIZ ZE VITE VINEER AND ZE BENCH-YEE, LOOKING AT ZE BENCH-YEE?"

Holiday. "It's MY UNCLE ROBERTSON. I'M GREETED TO SAY HE IS QUITE DEAF!"

Enraged Violinist. "Ach, I AM SO SORRY FOR HIM! HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HEAR ME SING ZE VITTE!"



TO SUPERSEDE LAWN-TENNIS—THE BUBBLE-PARTY.

1884.



MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

1866.

"WELL! HAVE YOU CAUGHT ANY FISH, BILLY?"

"WELL, I REALLY CAUGHT TWO! BUT THEY WERE QUITE YOUNG, POOR LITTLE THINGS, AND SO THEY DIDN'T ALLOW ME TO HOLD ON."



OH! HORROR!

Tonny (sudden
—on his way home
from Church).
"WHAT DID YOU
TAKE OUT OF THE
BIG, MAMMA! I
ONLY GOT SIXPENCE!
LOOK HERE!"

OH! HORROR!

1876.

OUTWARD BOUND.

BUTTER, FOONES, AND PARTRIDGE, FEARING LOST
THEIR SHIP TO THE CHARM OF MAUD,
MARIAN, AND MARGARET
WILNOT (AND THE WIVES
OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES—
CLEVER MAMMA; SHURE
BEETLE) ON BOARD THE
TRANS-OCEANIC STREAM
YACHTING COMPANY'S
VESSEL COLOMBIA FOR A
TRIP ROUND THE WORLD,
JUST AS THEY HAVE PAID
THEIR FARES (£300 EACH),
WHICH SHOULD THEY MEET
COMING INTO THE COMPANY'S
OFFICE BUT MRS. WILNOT
HIMSELF, WITH HER THREE
LOVELY DAUGHTERS AT HER
HEELS — ALL FOUR EVIDENTLY
BENT ON THE
SAME ERREND.



OUTWARD BOUND.

1885.



SNOB-SNUBBING.

1885.

H. (after inspecting the Company). "MIXED LOT!"
H. "GENTLEMAN IN THE ROOM?"
S. (seriously). "NOT ONE—THAT I CAN SEE!"



THE DANCING MAN.

1885.

Mrs. "AWFULY NICE DANCE AT MRS. MANHATTAN'S LAST NIGHT!"
H. "YES. WELL, YOU THERE!"
Mrs. "IF AS I THINK? WHY—I DANCED WITH THE THREE TIMES!"
H. "HULLY! SO GLAD!"



AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

1884.

Hr. "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO LADY GULP'S DANCE?"*Sgt.* "I—A—DON'T KNOW YET! WHO ASKS HER MAN FOR HER?"

FLOWERS OF MODERN SPEECH AND SENTIMENT.

1882.

Our Gallant Colonel. "AND WHERE AND HOW HAVE YOU SPENT THE SUMMER, MRS GOLIGHTLY?"*Mrs Golightly.* "OH, I SAT IN A PYNT WITH MY FAVORITE MAN—
A QUITY TOO DELICIOUS MAN!"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE ACTOR AND ACTRESS (SUBURBAN).

1882.

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS.*Uncle Jack* (at great Theatre-
goer). "WELL, MY DEARS!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING IN FOR
PRIVATE THEATRE-MAKING THIS
WEEK? AND WHAT'S IT GOING TO
BE? 'ONLY A HALFWAY'?"*Orson.* "YES, ON PARLE FRAN-
CAIS."*Robert.* "ORSON, NOTHING
OF THAT SORT. WE ARE
GOING TO GIVE 'THE CUT,'
BY ALFRED TENISON."*Uncle Jack.* "YOU DON'
T SAY SO! AND WHERE ARE
WE GOING TO GIVE IT?"*Robert.* "A—HERE, IN
THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM."*Uncle Jack.* "WELL, I
NEVER! AND WHO'S GOIN'
TO GIVE IT?—ELLEN TERRY'S
PART!"*Dorothy* (who hates her-
self she bears a striking re-
semblance to that Lady). "I
DON'T CARE!"*Uncle Jack.* "GODDESSES!
GODDESSES! AND HAVE YOU
INVITED ANYBODY YET, RE-
MINDER MYSELF?"*Dorothy.* "OH YES,
EVERYBODY WE KNOW IN
LONDON."*Uncle Jack.* "GRACIOSO!
GRACIOSO! AND WHERE
ARE YOU GOING TO GET 'EM
ALL IF YOU MAKE IT?"*Dorothy* and *Robert.*
"OH, THAT'S THEIR
CUT, YOU KNOW!"



AT THE COUNTY CATTLE AND DOG-SHOW.

1872.

"that repose

Which stamps the estate of VERE de VERE."

"HAW—BY THE BY—A—LADY MAWIAH, I DON'T SEE YOUR SISTER—LADY WACHEL AND LADY FREDERICK!"

"THEY'RE GONE TO THE DOGGE, SIR WOBERT."

"HAW! BO BAWWY!!"



FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION

Miss Lucy Blandie the *Her Bouleufield*, the famous "Priscilla," whom glorious Priscilla Bullock met the other day, "A—UTTERLY! HARR BOOCHEWELL, we TRUST YOU WANT FIRMERS LIKE TO TELL THE NEW INVESTMENT!"
Champ & Ladie, "Oh us, HARR BOOCHEWELL! PRAT TO!"
Her Bouleufield, who has been asked to dine on Knobell, and invited the evening "until in a friendly mood", "LADIES! If you would manners than sat I used to APPEAL IN COMPANY AFTER A PASTRY TAE, I CAN BREAK BE BUREAU ON MY ARMS, I SAY!"
"I say" now follow at Dick-Schmoos, and I GAY WEINCE A LINGERED DALLON GASTER IN MY
MOCIE VIVID PICTURE IT OCT—POPE I GAVEEF SHIP BE BOLD AFTER TAYAR!"
X.B.—On the strength of *Her Bouleufield's* success, Mrs. L. H. has generously invited you one or two very strict friends to drop in during the evening, and she brougued
Grend has no present as great expense for the occasion.



1870.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Mrs. Lyon Hunter. "How do you do, Mr. Brown! Let me present you to the Duchess of Stilton! Yuck Grace, permit me to present to you Mr. Brown, the distinguished scholar!"

Her Grace (afably). "Charmed to make your acquaintance—eh—Mr. Brown!"

Mr. Brown (with effusion). "Yuck Grace is really too kind. This is the ninth time I've enjoyed the distinction of being presented to your Grace within the last twelve months; but it's a distinction I value so highly, that without transposing too much on your Grace's indulgence, I hope I may be occasionally permitted to enjoy it again!"

[*Brown, and obsequialated.*



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER AGAIN.

Lord Isidor. "IT'S—A—JUST A LITTLE INCIDENT IN MODERN LIFE, DUCHESS! A YOUNG LADY, YOU KNOW, WALKING INTO A PAINTER'S STUDIO, AND PUNTING UP AT THE NIGHT OF THE LAT PHOUE!"
The Duchess. "CHARMING! CHARMING! SO NATURAL! AND TELL US, LORD ISIDOR, WHICH OF THE TWO IS THE LAT PHOUE, NOW?"

1888.



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Soberious Belle. "HOW DELIGHTFUL IT MUST BE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS IN A GREAT COUNTRY HOUSE—LIKE STYLING GRANGE, FOR INSTANCE."

Delightful Stranger. *From* *Lodestown.* "YEAH, BY THE WAY, MRS. GRACE OF STYLING HAS JUST WRITTEN TO SAY SHE EXPECTS ME THERE FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK. SPOKE I SHALL HAVE TO GO!"

Soberious Belle. "WON'T YOU FIND IT RATHER LOVELY?"

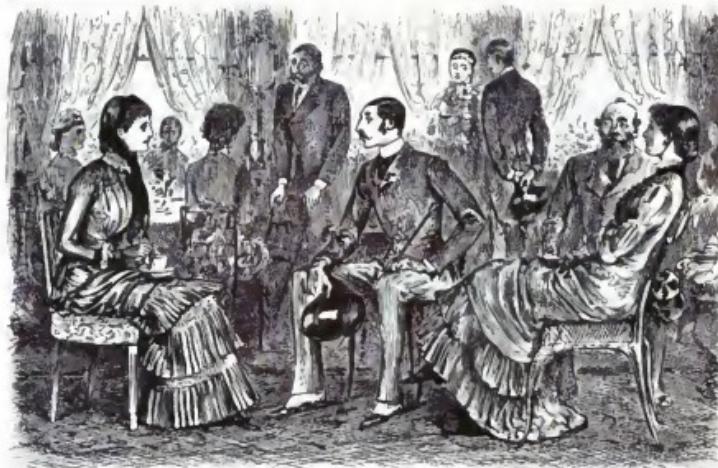
Delightful Stranger. "*LOVELY!* A—WHY?"

Soberious Belle. "BECAUSE I SAW IN TODAY'S MORNING PAPER THAT THE DUC AND DUCHESS AND FAMILY ARE NOT EXPECTED BACK FROM ALBANY BEFORE FEBRUARY!"

[College of Delightful Stranger.]

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

1888.



AN OVERTAXED INTELLECT.

1882.

"AND WHAT IS TUCK NEW REGIMENT?"

"MY NEW REGIMENT! OH, IT'S THE —A—A—A—THEY'VE GOT GREEN ON THE CUFF, YOU KNOW, AND YOU GO TO IT FROM THE WATERLOO STATION!"



A SECRET.

1882.

"MY DEAR! SHE'S PAINFULLY GOT UP! NO WONDER SHE LOOKS YOUNG!"

"MY DEAR! I'M TOLD SHE ALWAYS GOES TO BED THE WHOLE AFTERNOON, WHEN SHE'S COMING OUT IN THE EVENING. WE SHOULD LOOK LIKE THAT, IF WE TOOK THE SAME CARE OF OURSELVES!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

1866

"WEY, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, FOR THE SIXTH TIME! NOW, IF I HAD WANTED TO SEE YOU, I DARE SAY WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE MET AT ALL!"



"SO NEAR—AND YET SO FAR."

SCENE—A DANCE IN BATHWATER.

1866

Daughter of the House. "DO YOU KNOW MANY PEOPLE HERE, MR. BRIDGESEN?"
Prix Idiot (from Kneelington). "AW—NOT A SOUL, I CAN AMBRE YOU! AW—I COSSPES I'M QUITE OUT OF MY BEARINGS ANYWHERE
 NORTH OF THE PARK, AW!"



AT MADAME ALDERONDO'S (REGENT STREET).

1872.

First Dressmaker. "DO YOU—WEAR CHAMOIS LEATHER UNDERCLOTHING?"*New Customer.* "NO; CERTAINLY NOT."*First Dressmaker.* "OH! THEN PLEASE TAKE A SEAT, AND I WILL SEND THE SECOND DRESSMAKER!"

A BURLE DISTINCTION.

1881.

Jones (who is of an inspiring mind). "AIN'T YOU GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'THAT IS THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELIZE!'"*Miss Belize (a Professional Beauty).* "OH, NO. I'M GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'IS THAT THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELIZE!'"



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Mrs. Mabel. "WHAT A LOT OF DUST THERE IS, MARIE! SHALL WE HAVE THE HOOD OF THE CARRIAGE PUT UP IN FRONT?"
 Mabel. "OH, NO! WE SHOULDN'T SEE ANYBODY!" Mrs. Mabel. "SHALL WE HAVE IT UP BEHIND, THEN?"
 Mabel. "OH, THAT WOULD BE STILL WORSE, FOR NODDY WOULD SEE US!"

1866.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mr. "WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING MY LAWN-TENNIS SHOES IN YOUR POCKETS, MR. GREEN?"
 He. "I'M AFRAID MY POCKETS ARE HARDLY BIG ENOUGH, MISS GLADYS; BUT I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO CARRY THEM FOR YOU!"

1866.



AWKWARD STYLE OF COMPLIMENT.

1862.

JONES. "JUST SEEN YOUR CHILDREN, MRS. QUIVERFUL. WHAT LITTLE DAELINGS THEY ARE! QUITE A NEST OF GOLDEN EGGS!"
 [Mrs. Q. is wondering whether Jones means to insinuate that she's a Goose!]



TROUBLES OF A DANCING-MAN.

"GOOD HEAVENS!
 WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD
 CHAP? INDIGESTION?"

"INDIGESTION, INDGED!
 I'VE PROMISED THIS WALTZ
 TO LADY GORGONIA
 GRIMSHAW. THE MUSH'S
 ACTUALLY BEGUN—AND—
 AND—I'VE LOST THE
 SOLITAIRE OUT OF MY
 SHIRT-FRONT!"

TROUBLES OF A DANCING-MAN.

1862

A FIX.

Hospitable Lady (with interesting daughters). "Ah! HOW DO YOU DO, CAPTAIN LOVELL? WHAT AN AGE SINCE WE MET! ARE YOU ENGAGED THIS EVENING?"

Soft - Hearted Captain (who likes all interesting daughters). "Er—No!"

Hospitable Lady. "THEN COME AND DINE WITH US!"

Soft - Hearted Captain. "YOU'RE VERY KIND! MOST HAPPY! AT WHAT o'CLOCK?"

Hospitable Lady. "A QUARTER TO EIGHT. AT REPOUR!"

Soft - Hearted Captain (suddenly recollecting that he has completely forgotten who the *Hospitable Lady* is, and not failing to say so). "O—REU—EUM!" AH!—BY THE BY—WHERE ARE YOU STATIONED NOW?"

Hospitable Lady. "O, THE SAME OLD PLACE—NO. 16, AU REPOUR!"

Last Hospitable Lady.



A FIX.

1873.

ART AND FASHION.

Our Artist and his fashionable Sister (comes Notes about Paris. He begins—

"I WENT TO THE 'LOUVRE,' OF COURSE!"
"I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED. I WAS GOING THERE, WHERE ELSE? I SPENT ALL MY TIME THERE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE!"

"AH! AND WHAT ENDS LEAD TO SO MUCH SOLENTY WEALTH?"

"YES! SO ARTISTIC! AND THE ATTENDANTS SO CIVIL, TOO, KNOW."

"IT'S PRETTY WELL! BUT ALL IS WELL MANAGED, SUCH CLEANLINESS! NECK GRIMES!"

"YES! AND THOSE LITTLE BALLOONS THEY GIVE ONE, WITH 'LOUVRE' PRINTED ON THEM, TOO, YOU KNOW!"

Our Artist is thinking of the famous Museum—his fashionable Sister is still in her green-draped and milk-sweating companion which bears the same name, and where they give you *Aérographe* to take away with you along with your purchase. And a wonderful advertisement that balloon is! Verily, art!



ART AND FASHION.

1877.



TRUE ARTISTIC REFINEMENT.

1872.

TRUE ARTISTIC
REFINEMENT.

"Died of a colour, in
esthetic pain."

Hector. "We're going
down to Supper, Mr.
Mirabel. Let me introduce
you to Miss Chal-
mers."

Mr. Mirabel. "A—par-
don me—is that the tall
young lady standing by
your husband?"

Hector. "Yes. She's
the most charming girl
I know."

Mr. Mirabel. "I've no
doubt. But—a—she
affects Antoinette Dyer,
don't you know. I
really couldn't go down
to Supper with a young
lady who wears Macre
Twining in her skirt,
and Magenta ribbons in
her hair!"



MUSICAL EGOTISM.

1872.

Herr Maestro (who has been indulging the Composer with two Beethoven, three Symphonies, a dozen Impromptus, and a few other little things of his own). "Will you not now zero forego, Miss Angelina?"

Miss Angelina (with difficulty, pulling off her gloves). "H'm—H'm!—I'm afraid I'm a little hoarse to-day; but if——"

Herr Maestro (with ardor). "Ach du! If that case I will not see you. I hav' giv'n'et a Zonata in F moh-schall I play it for you! Yes!"

[Proceeds to do so.]



1878.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

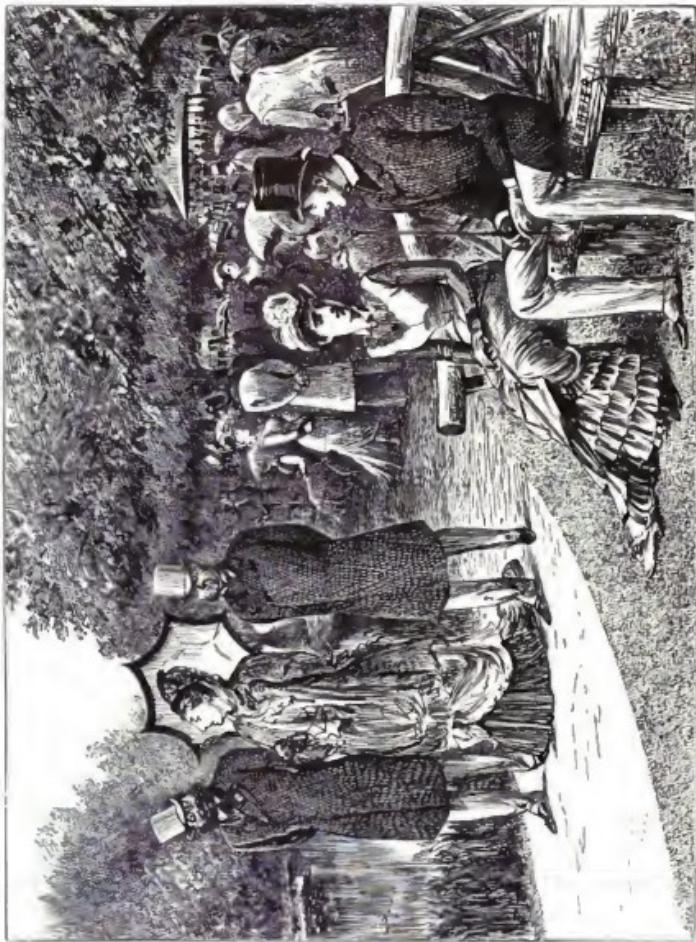
(Dialogue between a Fashionable Lady and an Ordinary Being of the Male Sex.)

"GOOD HEAVENS, MRS. BROWN, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE ONE MEETS HERE! DO TELL ME, WHO'S THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN MRS. LYON HUNTER IS GREETING SO FONDLY?"
 "THAT'S BELLANT NUPRINS!"
 "BELLANT!" "NUPRINS!" WHO'S HE?"
 "Why, BELLANT NUPRINS, the famous AUTHOR!"
 "DEAR ME! NEVER HEARD OF HIM IN MY LIFE! IS THERE A MRS. BELLANT NUPRINS?"
 "THEE WEEF! BELLANT NUPRINS IS A WIDOWER."
 "AND WHO WAS MRS. BELLANT NUPRINS?"
 "OH, SHE WAS A MISS WILHELMINA WILLOUGHBY DE RIGBY—DUCY, OR SOMETHING."
 "WHAT? YOU DON'T MEAN A SECOND COUSIN OF THE LATE LORD TOLINGSTON'S?"
 "I BELIEVE SO."
 "AINT TO BE SURE! YEAH, YEAH! NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHO BELLANT NUPRINS IS—OR RATHER WAS!"

CULTURE.

Sic. "Op course you went to Mousher Benan's Lecture on March Attell?"
He. "No, I didn't." Who's Mousher Attell?" Sic. "W.W. A Brown Emperor, to be sure, and a fine!"
Sic. "Well, at all events, Mousher Attell was one—let me think! no so far as Mort Shive."
He. "Harky! Harky! How far so' meat go?" Sic. "W.W. A Rishivous Quibbles!"

[College of Correspondence.]





DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR.—THE ETCHER.

1880.

(Who thinks the Royal Academy ought to let him have a Room all to himself.)

Distinguished Amateur (concealed for his Daughters, his Pretty Daughters, and his exquisitely-appointed Studio). "THUH! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRAW, MY FRIEND! I LEARNED THAT STUDY IN FIVE MINUTES!"—BUT THE 'ETCHER-IN' HAS TAKEN ME TWO YEARS! THAT'S THE SEVENTEEN STATE OF THE PLATE!"

Our Artist (naturally anxious to make himself agreeable). "FABULOUS! AWFUL GOOD! THAT BLACK KITTEN PAWNED THE AIR IN FRONT OF THE PARLOR GRATE IS MOST LIFE-LIKE, AND THE TEXTURE OF YOUR PERSIAN HEADRESS IS SIMPLY ADMIRABLE!—SHOULD KNOW IT ANYWHERE?"

Distinguished Amateur. "HEINRICH! GRATE?" KITTEN!!! WHY, THAT'S A WINDMILL ON A HEATH, MAX—AGAINST AN EVERGREEN SAY!"

[Collapse of Our Artist; collapse of Pretty Daughters; collapse of everybody except Distinguished Amateur.]



A MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

1882

'WELL—HAS YOUR DACHS GOT A SORE THROAT, LIZZIE?'—"NO; BUT HE FEELS HE HAS!"



A VENIAL MISTAKE.

1876.

New Beauty (bewildered as yet in the mysteries of High Life). "Who's THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN?"
The Captain. "SIR DIGBY DE BIGET, A HAMPSHIRE BARONET; ONE OF THE OLDEST IN ENGLAND; JAMES THE FIRST'S CREATION, YOU KNOW."

New Beauty (determined to be surprised at nothing). "Indeed! How well preserved he is! I shouldn't have thought him more than seventy or eighty!"



THE QUESTION OF THE DAY

1886.

Mrs. Wistful. "WHAT HAPPY PEOPLE you are, to have SIX NICE DAUGHTERS! WHAT RESOURCES FOR YOUR OLD AGE!"

Mr. Quaintful. "YES. RESOURCES ENOUGH! BUT THE DIFFICULTY, NOWADAYS, CONSISTS IN *MANAGING* ONE'S RESOURCES!"



LAWN TENNIS.—TRIALS OF THE UMPIRE AT A LADIES' DOUBLE.

1864.

Lilian and Clariel. "IT WAS OUT, WASN'T IT, CAPTAIN STANDISH?"
 Adeline and Eliseau. "OH, IT WASN'T OUT, CAPTAIN STANDISH, WAS IT?"



INDEPENDENCE.

Elder Sister (*understandingly*). "SEE, ETHEL, YOU HAD BETTER COME AND WALK IN MY SHADOW. IT WILL BE COOLER FOR YOU!"
 Younger Sister (*who rounds patrassie*). "YOU ARE VERY GOOD, MATH; BUT I HAVE A SHADOW OF MY OWN, THANK YOU!"

1875.



EPISODE IN HIGH LIFE.

1875.

The Lady Kermione de Colle. "I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM TO MEET YOU HERE, DR. BLEEKINSHOP, AND ESPECIALLY TO GO DOWN TO DUNSEE WITH YOU."

Dr. Bleekinshop (an eminent Physician, much pleased). "YOU FLATTER ME, I'M SURE, LADY KERMIONE!"

Lady Kermione. "OH, NO! IT'S SO NICE TO MEET SOMEBODY WHO CAN TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID, YOU KNOW!"



WORLDLY WISE.

1877.

Fird Moller of Dauphin. "HAVE YOU CALLED ON THE CHAMONISSEY JUNIORA YET?"

Second Ditta. "YES, I HEARD THAT THEY WERE GOING TO GIVE A BALL, AND SO I CALLED LAST SATURDAY."

Fird Ditta (in a tone of surprise). "AH! I HEARD THAT THE BALL WAS NOT COMING OFF, AND SO I DIDN'T!"



RIVALS IN SOCIAL SUCCESS.

1860.

SCENE—Staircase of Ducas de Montrouz. *The Duchess at Home.* "Small and Early."

Mrs. Jones (a new Beauty, with more surprise than pleasure). "WELL, I NEVER! MR. AND MRS. ROBINSON, OF ALL PEOPLE!! AND HOW CANE YOU HERE!"
 Mrs. Robinson (a still newer Beauty). "WE DROVE, DEAR MRS. JONES. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU CAME ON FOOT!"



HAPPY THOUGHT.

1877.

Nurse. "WELL, MASTER TOM, AND SO THE TWINS ARE GOING TO BE CHRISTENED TO-MORROW. WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?"
 Tom (mindful of his Mother's fashionable precision). "IF WE WANT TO PLEASE MAMMA, WE'D BETTER CALL THEM MARSHALL AND SUGARLOAF!"



DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

1876.

DE GUSTIBUS NON
DISPUTANDUM.
(AT LEAST NOT BY BEAUTIFUL
PEOPLE OF EITHER SEX.)

Adonis (after his Guest
have departed). "By Jove,
Maria, what a handsome
woman Mrs. Jones is!
She looks better than
ever!"

His Wife. "Ahem!"
Well, it may be my bad
taste, but I own I have
hitherto failed to de-
tect the beauty of Mrs.
Jones. Now, Mr. Jones
is good-looking, if you
like!"

Adonis. "Jones good-
looking? Come—hang it,
Maria, Jones is a very
good fellow, and all
that; but I must say
I've never perceived his
good looks!" &c., &c.



NOBLESSE OBLIGÉ.

1876.

NOBLESSE OBLIGÉ.
Interviewer. "Who's
that stout woman who
talks and laughs in
loud voices and does People is
the kind?"

Interviewee. "Oh
that's the Duchess of
Hawswater. She was a
lady Gwendolen Beatrice,
you know!"

Interviewer. (with
surprise). "Are I to be
sure? That account
for her high-bred ease
her aristocratic air,
her manner, her
martial and straight
forward—"

Interviewee (putting up
her ey-glass). "By the
way, pardon me! I have
been informed, sir,
informed you; it's Mrs
Judson, she's the widow
of an Alderman, and her
father was a cheese-
bangler in the Newgate!"

Interviewer. "Eh—
me—ah—hum—eh—
hum!—Ha! That cuts
alright the case! She a
very vulgar, I must say—
awful! I wonder she
got admitted into Debut
Society!" [N.B.—It was the Debut
after all.]



1883.

THE WISH TO PLEASE

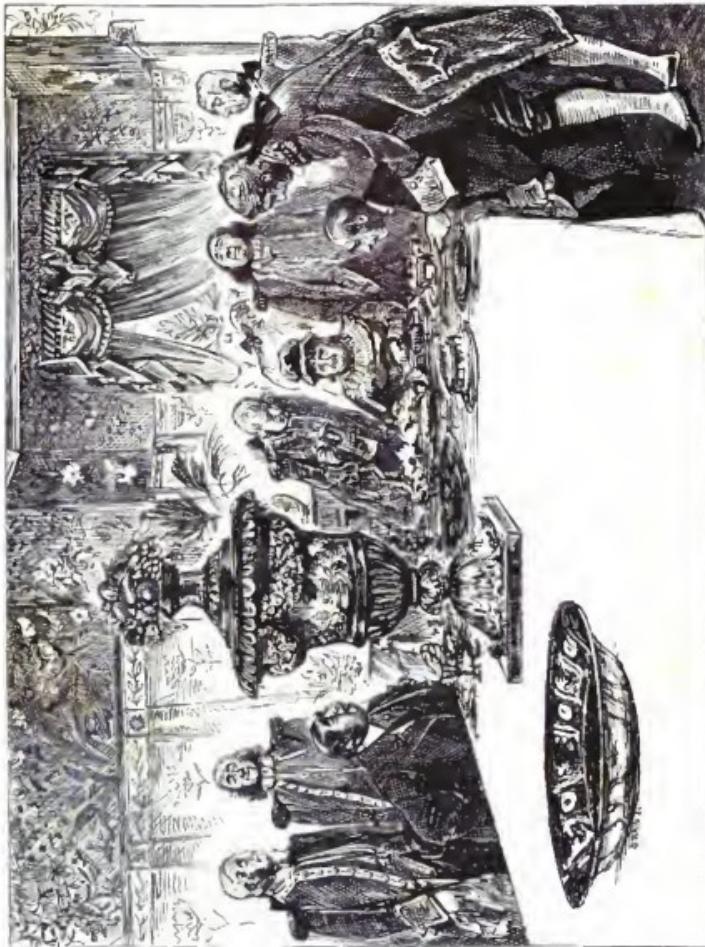
"OH! HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR MISS ROBINSON, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL! BY THE WAY, HOW LOVELY YOU LOOKED AT MY DANCE LAST WEINSDAY! EVERYBODY WAS ASKING WHO YOU WERE, I JACQUE TOO!"

"*If I—I—I WASN'T THERE!* I HAD A BAD COLD AND SORE THROAT, YOU KNOW!"

HUMILITY IN SPLENDOUR.

The Rev. Lauren Jones (who has been honoured by an invitation to lunch with that great man, Sir George Mela, just returned from America), "I suppose you are glad to get back to your comfortable Home again, Sir George?" "Yes, Jones" He it ever so "BLEST, JESUS" THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE Sir George Mela (who perhaps does not like his position) to be called a "comfortable home".

Yours etc



1916.



ALARMING SCARCITY.

SCENE—*Cloë Smoking Room.*

1874.

First Young Scull. "AWE—GOING ANYWHERE?"*Second Ditto.* "No"—ALREADY TO TEN "HOPS" TO-NIGHT! THE IDEA HAS COMPLETELY FLOORED ME!"*Third Ditto.* "By Jove! I'VE BEEN THINKING OF LETTING MYSELF OUT AT TEN POUNDS A NIGHT. A FELLOW MIGHT RECKON HIMSELF FOR A BAD BOY ON THE DEUCE!"

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Herr Professor. "YOU HAF A BLEAKING FOICE,
MY YOESS VENT! POT
YOU TUS'T BROUTE IT
IN A LECRIDIMATE
VAT!"*Ouf Tom.* "PER-
HAPS IF I DID IT WOULD
NO LONGER PLEASE."*Herr Professor.* "AUCH!
VAT OF DAT! ELLASPRE
IS NOT EFFERT DING!
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS
BROUTE YOUR FOICE IN
A LECRIDIMATE VAT,
TENDER IT KISS BLEA-
SKIN OR NOT!"



1885.

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—1.

"*Visitor of Country House.*" "BY THE BYE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS THIS MORNING, MARGUERITE?"
Saville Daughter of the House. "NO; WHO WERE YOU?"



1885.

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—2.

Gentlewoman. "HARK, DOROTHY! DO YOU HEAR THE PUFF-PUFF?"
Dorothy. "THE LOCOMOTIVE. I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN, GRANDMAMMA!"



1878.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

"Now then, Effie, come along!"

"Just let me stop here for a moment, mamma. I want to get an idea or two for Parker."

{Parker is the Lady's Maid.



1888.

AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

Effie. "George and I have been down-stairs in the Dining-room, Mr. Mitcham. We've been playing Husband and Wife!"
Mr. MICHAM. "How did you do that, my dear?"

Effie. "Why, George sat at one end of the table, and I sat at the other; and George said, 'This food isn't fit to eat!' and I said, 'It's all you'll get!' and George said, 'Darn!' and I got up and left the room!"



SWEET SYMPATHY.

SCENE—The Cloak Room. Enter Clara [act. 17], conscious of having made the compost of the evening, and expectant of a shower of congratulations and chaff.

Cousin [act. 29]. "HOW I DID FEEL FOR YOU ALL THE EVENING, YOU POOR DEAR! INTOLERABLE OF THAT DREADFUL YOUNG FITZMADGE TO VICTIMISE YOU SO!! REALLY APPLES THE WAY THAT STYLE OF MEN TREAT THOSE FER' YOUNG GIRLS!!!"

1876.



WEDDING GIFTS.

Bride. "OH, MAMMA!—SEE WHAT'S JUST COME!"

Mamma. "CHARMING!—WHAT KIND OF THEM! WHO SENT IT?"

Bride. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. BUT IT MAKES NO. 245!"

Sister [who is writing out the list of presents]. "245, DARLING; 245 CAME JUST AFTER LUNCH!"

1876.



THE MAIDEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

1883.

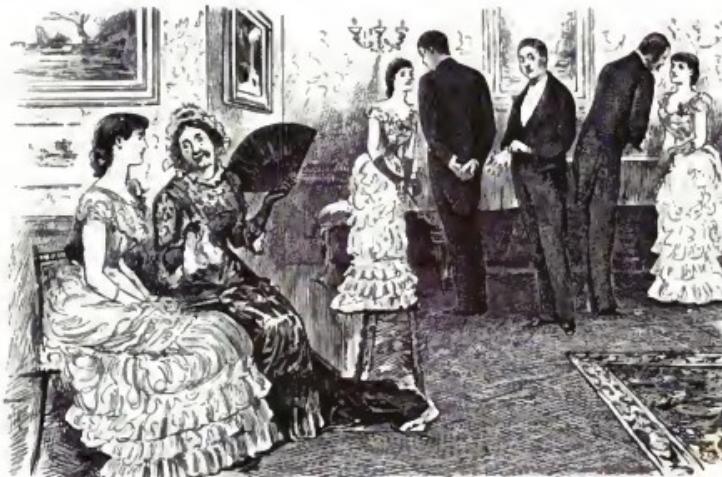
Mamma (to Maud, who has been with her Brother to the Play, and is full of it). "BUT WAS THERE NO LOVE IN THE PIECE, THEN?"
 Maud. "LOVE! OH DEAR ME, MAMMA. HOW COULD THERE BE? THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE,
 YOU KNOW!"



AFTER THE PARTY.

1883.

Elderly Catechist. "AND I'M SURE YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS SAT UP EVER SO LATE,
 TALKING US OVER! HOW I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE HID MYSELF BEHIND A BUSH AND
 HEARD IT ALL!" Horrid Boy. "No, you wouldn't!"



DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE PRAISE.

DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE PRAISE.
(A CAUTION TO MOTHERS)

Mrs. Tomlinson (to extremely eligible Young Lord). "I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE MY SON RICHARD, MY DEAR MISS GOLDMINE!" Not that he's exactly brilliant, you know, but he's so steady and good. Spends all his evenings at home, and always in bed by eleven! He's never given me an hour's uneasiness in his life!"

"Good gracious!" exclaims Miss Goldmine, and instantly conceives for Richard a frantic aversion, [which is not lessened when she discovers that he's that modest youth in the background, putting on his gloves.]

1863.



THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Mrs. Moubray de Vere Smithers. "HERE'S THAT horrid Vicomte de Sainte-Aldegonde, as he calls himself, who stole Lord Masham's little studs at Monte Carlo, and was sent to prison; he was a Garçon de Café or something, and his real name is Chaptot. I wonder how people are admitted anywhere?"

The Colonel. "But—ardon me—surely I met him at your house last night!"

Mrs. Moubray de Vere Smithers. "Oh, everybody sees him, you know—so of course I do!"

1864.



FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Her Grace. " THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR GETTING SUCH NICE PLACES FOR US, JUDGE! IT WAS QUITE A TREAT! WHAT ROMANTIC LOVING CREATURE! HEYDAY, THOSE FOUR PIRATES! I SUPPOSE THEY REALLY DID CUT THE CAPTAIN AND MATE AND COOK INTO BITS, AND THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THE VESSELS!"

Sir Grove. " VERY LITTLE INDEED, I FEAR!"

Her Grace. " FOUR DEARS! I SUPPOSE, IF I AND THE GIRL GET THESE BETWEEN FIVE AND SIX TO-MORROW, WE SHALL BE IN TIME TO SEE YOU PARADESSENT! SORRY TO MISS YOUR SUMMERS-EVE, BUT WE'VE GOT AN AFTERNOON CONCERT, YOU KNOW!"

Sir Grove. " I'LL TAKE CARE THAT IT SHALL BE ALL EIGHT FIVE TO YOU, DUCHESS!"

1866.



AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN.

AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN.

Sir Charles (an eligible bachelor, who is passionately fond of Music, and evidently adoring, *Miss Madeline*). "THOSE ARE AWFULLY DIFFERENT 'VALSES' YOU'RE PLAYING, *Mlle. MADELINE*. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE PRACTICED THEM SO END-TO-END!"

Miss Madeline (ingenuously going at *Sir Charles*, and attempting to play with great difficulty, and pretension). "O'DEAR, SIR, SIR CHARLES, I NEVER DREAMED OF THAT, INDEED, I NEVER EVEN LEARNED THE COUPURE'S NAME UNTIL MR. BLANK ISMOP ASKED ME TO PLAY THEM FOR THE YOUNG ONES TO DANCE TO. IT'S SO NICE TO BE ABLE TO MAKE ONESELF USEFUL. DON'T YOU THINK SO?" ETC., ETC., ETC.

Sir Charles's admiration for a young Lady who can thus play difficult Music at sight, while she looks wifely at him, and talks so plausibly, knows no bounds.

1878.



1860.

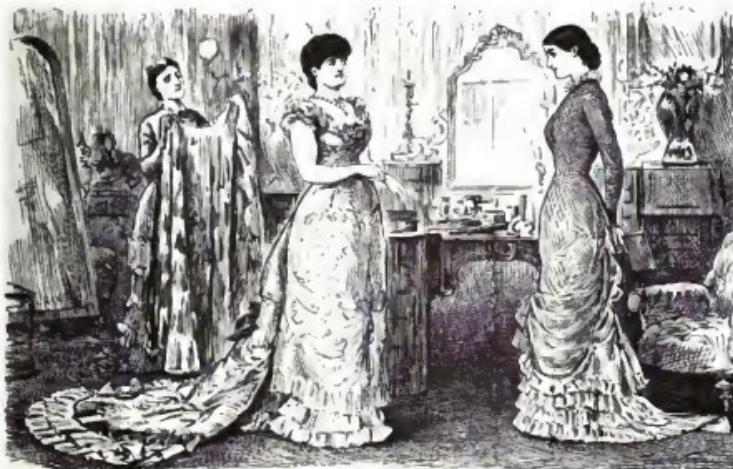
Head Miller. - YOU WILL NOW BE ABLE TO JUDGE, MADAM, HOW BECOMING A GREEN WREATH IS TO A PERSON WITH YOUR COLOURED HAIR!"



1861.

COMPARING NOTES.

"A DULL SEASON! I THINK NOT! SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN DANCES, YOU KNOW!"
"NOT IN OUR SET, AT ALL EVENTS—FOR WE'VE NOT BEEN ASKED TO ANY!"



WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

1880.

Elded Daughter. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LET ME COME OUT, MAMMA! I'M TWENTY, YOU KNOW, AND SURELY I'VE FINISHED MY EDUCATION!"

Postice Mammie (by no means prepared to act the part of Chaperone and Wallflower). "NOT YET, BY LOVE. SOCIETY IS SO HOLLOW! I REALLY MUST PRESERVE THAT SWEET GIRLISH FRESHNESS OF YOURS A LITTLE WHILE LONGER!"

ANNALS OF A WINTER
HEALTH RESORT.

Lady Visiter. "OH,
THAT'S YOUR DOCTOR, IS
IT? WHAT SORT OF A
DOCTOR IS HE?"

Lady Resident. "OH,
WELL, I DON'T KNOW MUCH
ABOUT HIS ABILITY; BUT
HE'S GOT A VERY GOOD
BEDSIDE MANNER!"

ANNALS OF A WINTER HEALTH RESORT.

1884.



A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.

A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER

Lady Godiva. "But surely, Doctor, you don't approve of those horrid aesthetic fashions in women's dresses?"

The Doctor. "My dear Madam, so long as a woman is beautiful, she may wear whatever she likes, for me; and if she isn't, what does it matter what she wears?"

[*Lady G. thinks the Doctor is a most delightful person, and quite agrees with him?*]



SPEEDING THE PARTING QUEST.
Hest (who has tred on the Lady's Skirt). "Oh! Excuse me? You see it's my natural instinct to detain you!"



THE DANCING MAN OF THE PEROG.

"A—Sorry I can't give you a dance just yet, Miss Fitzjones. Might perhaps manage one for you later on; that is if you may stop long enough, you know!"



ACCURACY.

1862.

"AND WHAT THEN WAS THE DATE EXACTLY OF YOK POOR HUSBAND'S DEATH?"
"LET ME RECOLLECT MYSELF, MA'AM! WELL, IF HE'D 'A LIVED TO WEDNESDAY NEXT, HE'D 'A BEEN DEAD THREE WEEKS!"

A GENEROUS TRIUMPH.

"WHAT'S WRONG
BETWEEN YOU AND
SMYTHE, THAT YOU
DON'T SPEAK?"

"HAW! FACT IS,
WE WERE BOTH
WIVALS FOR THE
HAND OF THE SAME
TOUCH LADY--A CE-
LEBRATED BEAUTY,
YOU KNOW!--AND
--WELL, I DON'T
WANT TO BRAG, BUT
I GOT THE BEST OF
IT. POOR SMYTHE!"

"MY DEAR FEL-
LOW, A THOUSAND
CONGRATULATIONS!"

"TRANAS AWFTY!
WE BOTH PROPOSED
LAST WEEK, YOU
KNOW, AND SHE
ACCEPTED--A--
HIM!"



A GENEROUS TRIUMPH.

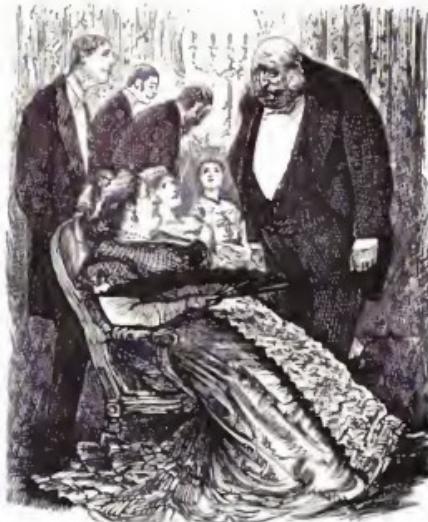
1860.



THE HEIGHT OF MASHEDOM.

"WEEL, TA-TA, OLD MAN! MY PEOPLE ARE WAITING UP
ME, YOU KNOW!" "WHY, DON'T YOU CARRY A LATCH-KEY?"
"CARRY A LATCH-KEY? NOT I! A LATCH-KEY 'D SPOL ALL
FELLA'S FIGURE!"

1866.



1879.

EPISODES IN HIGH LIFE.

(From JONES'S Sketch-book.)

Sir Charles. — "I OUGHT TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO DINNER, DUCHESS ;
BUT THE STAIRCASE OF THESE LONDON HOUSES ARE SO ABSURDLY BARROW,
YOU KNOW !"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"WHICH THAT FRIED BLACK BANDED WOMAN TALKED TO MY HUSBAND ON THE OPERAHOUSE!"—"HE'S A MAN, CANON SKEETER!"—"I KILLED HIM'S SON AT FLATTENING FENCE, I SHOULD SAY! AND WHERE NOW TO MAY IT GO FASTER TEACH!"—"AM I YUP DIFFER THAT SO DOCTRE, YEW HAB ATTITUDE AND EXTREMISM!"—"ON MEKS, SO! FOE MY HUSBAND!"



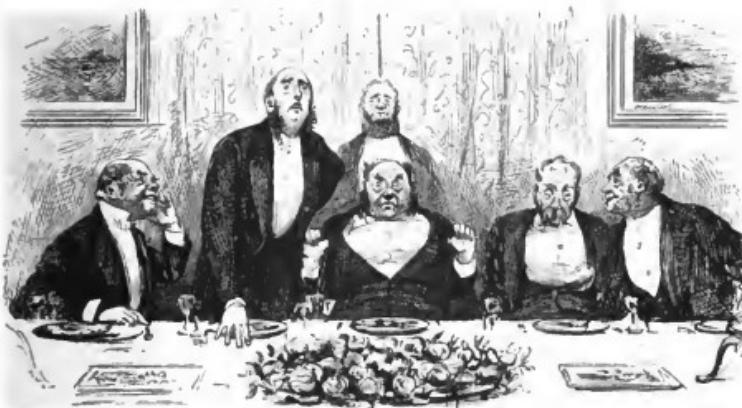


1878.

RATHER AWKWARD.

Young Bottles-on-Breppie (affably to middle-aged Stranger, whom he finds there in Browne's Studio). "Good Picture, ain't it? Old Stilton's bought it—the Duke, you know. Browne's going down to Stilton to shoot. Wish I could go with him; but I'm booked in London till Christmas—just my luck! Capital old boy, Stilton! Looks like an Old-Clothesman; gets tight after dinner; tells funny stories; makes you roar! Fine old place—capital shooting! Awfully jolly girls, the ladies Cammerson—nearly a dozen of 'em, all prettied up. Deuced tremendous Match-maker—bad you before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' if you don't look out! Awful fun, the old Duchess! D'you happen to know her by sight?—short red nose, and an under-hand as a bull-dog—Ah, here's Browne at last!"

Enter Browne, suddenly. "Ah, Brador, how are you? Let me introduce you to the Duke of Stilton!"



ARCADIA OMNES. "SIR GORGUS MIDAS IN THE CHAIR."

1868.

Tout Master. "PRAY SILENCE, GENTLEMEN, FOR SIR POMPEY BEDELL."

Sir Pompey Bedell. "SIR GORGUS—AND—GENTLEMENS—"

Gripgay (made to Pompey by Tompsey). "AHEM, A VERY PROPER DISTINCTION!"



TAKING MEASURE.

1870.

Tailor (to dead Customer). "HAVE THE KINDNESS TO PUT YOUR FINGER ON THIS BIT OF TAPE, SIR,—JUST HERE! I'LL BE ROUND IN A MINUTE!"

FASHIONABLE
EMULATION.

Lady (speaking with difficulty). "WHAT HAVE YOU MADE IT ROUND THE WAIST, MRS. PRICE?"

Dressmaker. "TWEENTY-ONE INCHES, MA'AM. YOU COULDN'T BREATH WITH LESS!"

Lady. "WHAT'S LADY JEMIMA JONES'S WAIST?"

Dressmaker. "NINETEEN AND A HALF INCH NOW, MA'AM. BUT HER LADYSHIP'S A HEAD SHORTER THAN YOU ARE, AND SHE'S GOT EVER SO MUCH THINNER SINCE HER ILLNESS LAST AUTUMN!"

Lady. "THEEN MAKE IT NINETEEN, MRS. PRICE, AND I'LL EN- GAGE TO GET INTO IT!"



FASHIONABLE EMULATION.

1872.

NONE OF OUR JOYS
ARE PERFECT.

Mrs. Squeaky (a great favorite, somehow, with most of our set). "NO, indeed, Mr. Sparks! I NEVER, NEVER PLAT-TER! But it won't do to tell me that Nature has not been UNFAIR in lavishing ALL her CHOICEST GIFTS UPON YOU ALONE!"

[Sparks is a model man, but he can't help thinking that if the *Lady* on his OTHER side, now, were only to talk to him a little in this strain, he would stand a good deal more of it!]



NONE OF OUR JOYS ARE PERFECT.

1880.

THE BUSINESS OF
PLEASURE.

Professor Guizotin (*is* Fair Chatterbox). "ARE YOU AWARE THAT OUR HOST HAS A FRENCH COOK?"

Fair Chatterbox. "SO I HEAR!"

Professor Guizotin. "AND THAT THAT FRENCH COOK IS THE BEST IN LONDON!"

Fair Chatterbox. "So I BELIEVE!"

Professor Guizotin. "THEN DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER DEFER ALL FURTHER CONVERSATION TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

1876.

FASHIONABLE
ENTERTAINMENTS
FOR THE WEEK.

"GOING TO THE TEATOT AND EAR BALL,
LADY MARY!"

"NO—WE ARE EN-
GAGED TO THE INCUB-
ABLE IDIOTS."

"THEN PERHAPS I
MAY MEET YOU AT THE
EPILEPTIC DANCE ON
FRIDAY?"

"OH, YES—WE ARE
SURE TO BE THERE. THE
EPILEPTIC STWARDS
ARE SO DELIGHTFUL!"

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

1877.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

(*Herr Fumpernickel, having just played a composition of his own, bursts into tears.*)

Chorus of Friends. "OR, WHAT IS THE MATTER! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?"

Herr Fumpernickel. "AACH! NOSSEN! NOSSEN! BUT CAN I HEAR REALLY COOL MUSIC, ZEN MUST I ALWAYS SLEEP!"

1877.



HAVING A GOOD TIME.

Mamma. "IT'S VERY LATE, EMILY. HAS ANYBODY TAKEN YOU DOWN TO SUPPER?"

Fair Debutante (who has a fine healthy appetite). "OH YES, MAMMA--SEVERAL PEOPLE!"

1877.



1870.

A SEASONED VESSEL.

The Squire (rushing up to Butler). — Well, I dare say you'll do; but mark me, my lad, I may as well warn you that I often get out of temper with my servants, and when I do, I let 'em have it hot—mark me of devilish strong language, you know."

New Butler (with quiet dignity). "I HAVE BEEN APPRISED TO THAT, SIR, FROM MY LORD THE BISHOP!"



A SINE QUÀ NON.

Patient. "Do you mean to say my complaint is a dangerous one?"

Doctor. "A very dangerous one, my dear friend. Still, people have been known to recover from it; so you must not give up all hope. But recollect one thing: your only chance is to keep in a cheerful frame of mind, and avoid anything like depression of spirits."

A SINE QUÀ NON.

1870.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1865.

Hesden. "What fun you seem to be having over there, Captain Smiley! I wish you all sat at this end of the table!"



A PROMISING PARTNER.

1878.

"HAVE YOU PLAYED MUCH, MR. GREEN?"—"OH, YES; A GREAT DEAL."

"I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD LUCK."—"OH, YES—TEST! ONCE I HAD THIRTEEN TRUMPS IN MY OWN HAND."

"REALLY! THIS OF COURSE YOU WERE DEALER!"—"OH, NO; I indeed I wasn't. I played THIRD HAND!"



1860.

A HOST IN HERSELF.
Mrs. Politevian Hopkins (who has been asked to bring one or two "dancing young men" with her). "THIS IS ONLY A FIRST INSTALLMENT, DEAR MRS. JENKINSON! THERE ARE PLENTY MORE COMING!"

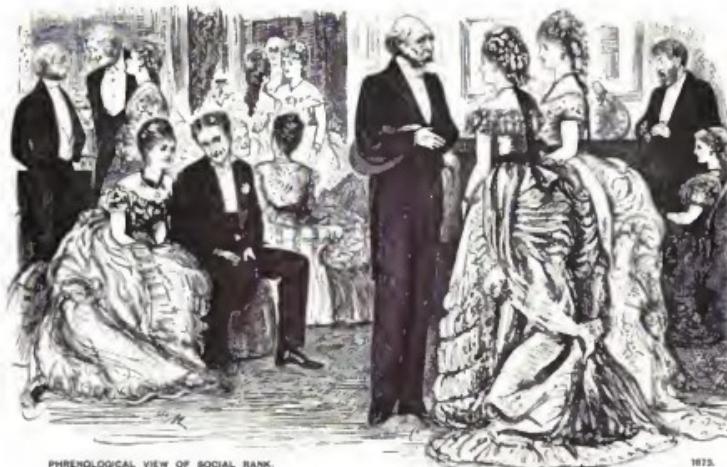


1860.

A BOND OF SYMPATHY.
MARIUS. "YOU SEEM VERY MUCH ATTRACTED BY THAT MR. SOMERVILLE, BELLA. YOU WENT IN TO DINNER WITH HIM TWICE TO-NIGHT! HE'S NOT RICH, HE'S NOT YOUNG, HE'S NEITHER CLEVER NOR GOOD-LOOKING! WHAT IS HIS PARTICULAR CHARM?"
Bella (persuasively, after a pause). "HE HATES MATROUNAGE. SO DO I!"

3-1

SOCIETY PICTURES FROM "PUNCH,"



PHRENOLOGICAL VIEW OF SOCIAL RANK.

PHRENOLOGICAL
VIEW OF SOCIAL
RANK.

"WHO IS THAT
VENERABLE PARTY THE
TWO MRS. BOTTINELLA
ARE TALKING TO?"

"I BELIEVE HIS NAME
IS SIR RUBBY DUBBY."

"ER — BARONET, OF
COURSE; NOT KNIGHT!"

"BARONET, I THINK,
BUT WHY 'OF COURSE'?"

"WELL — ER — THE
SHAPE OF HIS CRANES
INDUCES ME TO BELIEVE
—ER — THAT THE DO-
MINION IS MORE
LIKELY TO HAVE BEEN
INHERITED THAN AC-
QUIRED!"

1873.



AT LOSS FOR A WORD.

1872.

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! MEINS! I GONGRATULADE TOT VIECH DE POTOM OF MY HAAST!! YOU HAVE BLAZED AND ZENG
KVITE—KVITE—"

Fair Performer. "QUITE EXCELLENT!"

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! YES! DAFF IS DE VORT!—QUITE EXCELLENT!"

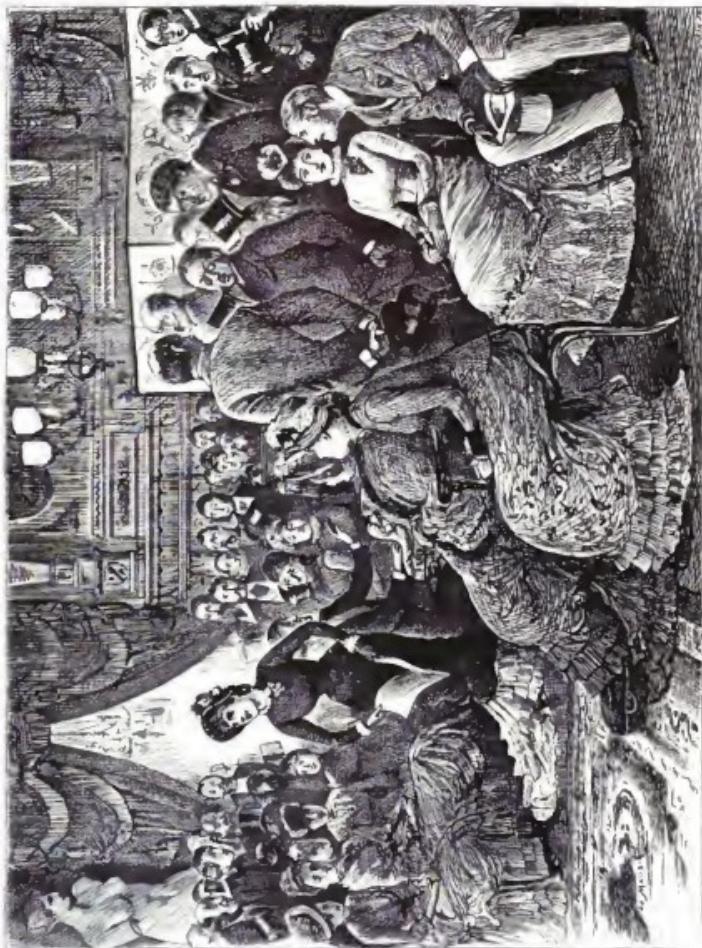


CRUEL

Fair One (during an interval in the 'Foil'). "YOU'RE VERRY GOOD AT DANCING, AIN'T YOU?"
Brown. "YAAH, I GO IN FOR IT A GOOD DEAL."
Fair One. "I WONDER YOU DON'T LEARN!"

MUSIC AT HOME.

Jesse (an eligible Bachelor, whispering tenderly), "There's too much Music in this World, Miss MARY. I should have been married long ago, IF IT hadn't been for you MUCH MUSIC! WOULD YOU SCREW UP MY PLATE TO THE PRICE OF FIFTEEN? SOMEBODY ALWAYS BREAKS THEM, AND OF COURSE I HAD TO—" "SIGH, AND OF COURSE I HAD TO—" CHARM OF APPALACHIA.



1890.



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

1872

"YOU SEEM TO BE A GREAT FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE HOUSE, MISS MINDAYE!"

"YES? I'M ALWAYS CIVIL TO GIRLS! ONE NEVER KNOWS WHO THEY MAY MAKE, YOU KNOW!"



CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.

6.30 P.M.

Odegarde, "LET ME OFFER YOU A LIGHT, AND SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF GETTING UP!"

Froth, "A—THA-A-NKS! SO KIND OF YOU!"

Odegarde, "DON'T MENTION IT! I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF BEING CIVIL TO RICH YOUNG MEN WHO SMOKE AND DRINK SHERRY JUST BEFORE DINNER!"

Froth, "A—WHY?"

Odegarde, "WELL—THEY MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION ME IN THEIR WILLS, YOU KNOW!"



SUNDAY AT HOME.

1875.

Wife. "Good-bye, Dick, I'm going to CHURCH. Now promise you won't play the FLUTE."*Anti-Sabbatarian Husband.* "Posh! why not?"*Wife.* "Well, Dick, the NEW COAT HAS come, and she might be shocked, you know."

ACCOMMODATING.

Customer. "Yes, I like the BONNET; but I DO NOT WANT THE CAP IN IT."*Sale-Woman.* "Oh, YOU CAN HAVE IT WITH-OUT, IF YOU LIKE. WITH THE CAP IT'S A BONNET, YOU KNOW, AND WITHOUT IT IT'S AN 'AT'!"

1876.

ACCOMMODATING.



DRAWING-ROOM MINSTRELS.—(WHAT THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SOMETIMES.)

1872.

Afable Duchess (to Amateur Tenor, who has just been warbling *M. Gounod's* last). "CHARMING! CHARMING! YOU MUST REALLY GET SOMEBODY TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ME!"



A SMART YOUTH.

A SMART YOUTH.

Cousin Millicent (with smothered indignation). "GOOD-EYE, ROBERT! AND SINCE IT'S ME YOU FOUND NOTHIN' FITTER THAN MY FAVOURITE BIT OF JAPANESE ENAMEL TO DROP YOUR CIGAR ASHES IN, LAST NIGHT, PERHAPS YOU'LL ACCEPT IT AS A GIFT! IT HAS NO FURTHER VALUE FOR ME AFTER SUCH DECORATION!"

Cousin Robert. "TRA-ANNA, MILICENT! AND IF THAT'S THE WAY ARTICLES OF PRECIOUS VALUE ARE DISPOSED OF IN YOUR BRANCH OF THE FAMILY, I CAN ONLY REGRET I DIDN'T MAKE AN ASH-PAN OF YOUR HAND!"

1872.



PRUDENCE.

1875.

Very Small Mite. "ARE YOU FOND OF SUGAR-PLUMS?" *Lady.* "NO, MY DEAR, THANK YOU!"
Very Small Mite. "THEE, WILL YOU KEEP THESE FOR ME, PLEASE!"



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—B.

1886.

"AND DID YOU HAVE GOOD DINNERS AT LABURNUM VILLA, MARGARET?"
 "OH, VERY indeed, MOTHER. BUT, ONLY FANCY! AUNT MATILDA HAS GOT A WOMAN FOR A COOK!"



THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.

Mamma (to Ethel, on their way to the latter's first Party). "Now, mind, Darling, if you see any nice things on the table that you'd like to eat, you mustn't ask for them!"

Ethel. "O No, Mamma!—I'll take them!"

THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.



AN INVESTMENT.

Morris. "Well, Tommy, what did Uncle Dives give you when you went to see him yesterday?"

Tommy. "He gave me a beautiful bright new Threepenny-Piece!"

Papa. "And what are you going to do with it?" Tommy. "I'm going to buy a purse to put it in."



"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

1878.

The German Nurse. "IS IT A CHEESEMAN OR AN ENGLISH PAPPY?"
The Mamma. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. YOU SEE SHE WAS BORN IN
 ENGLAND, BUT MY HUSBAND IS GERMAN."
The German Nurse. "AHR, SIE! ZEN YE VILL WAIT TO SEE VAT LEST-
 VITCH SIE VILL SCHREAK, AND ZEN YE VILL KNOW!"



THE SLANG OF THE DAY.

(Fragment of Fashionable Conversation.)

Youth. "A—AWFUL HOT, AIN'T IT?"
Maiden. "YES, AWFUL!" (Puffing.)
Youth. "A—AWFUL JOLLY FLOOR FOR DANCING, AIN'T IT?"
Maiden. "YES, AWFUL!" (Puffing.)
Youth. "A—A—AWFUL JOLLY SAD ABOUT THE POOR DUCHESS, AIN'T IT?"
Maiden. "YES—QUITE TOO AWFUL—" (And so forth.)



A HOPEFUL CASE.

A HOPEFUL CASE.

Patient. "THEN, ACCORDING TO YOU, DOCTOR, IN ORDER TO LIVE AT ALL, I MUST GIVE UP ALL THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING!"

Doctor. "I'M AFRAID SO—AT LEAST FOR A FEW YEARS."

Patient. "PERHAPS YOU'D RECOMMEND ME TO MARRY!"

Doctor (a confirmed Bachelor). "OH NO! COME, MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS ALL THAT, YOU KNOW!"



HOSPITALITY.

Maud (Daughter of the House). "THERE ARE THOSE TWO MR. TOBLIERS—HORID THINGS! I WONDER WHO ASKED THEM!"
Eva (sister). "I DED. PAPA MADE ME. BUT WE NEEDN'T FIND THEIR PARTNERS, YOU KNOW!"

1878.



DIAGNOSES.

"IS THE RECTOR BETTER TO-DAY, JAXVIS?"
"No, Sir; NOT ANY BETTER, SIR!"
"HAS HE GOT A LOUCHE TENANT?"
"No, Sir. SAME OLD PAIX IN THE BACK!"

1881.



LE MONDE QU'L'ON ENNUIE.

1882.

"WHAT! YAWNING ALREADY, LADY VEREKERS! WHY, IT'S ONLY MORNING!"



WHAT WE MAY LOOK FORWARD TO, NOW THAT THE ARISTOCRACY IS TAKING TO TRADE.

1876.

WHAT WE MAY
LOOK FORWARD TO,
NOW THAT THE
ARISTOCRACY IS
TAKING TO TRADE.

Lord Flanagore (*to fair Customer, who has just given an enormous order for Sugar, Soap, and Flickies*). "ANY OTHER ARTICLE TO-DAY, MADAM?"

Fair Customer. "Er—WELL—A — I HEAR YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW, THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE, IS GOING TO GIVE A GARDEN PARTY AT FULHAM. ER—WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH IF I WERE TO SEE OF HER GRACE, THROUGH YOU, THE FAVOUR OF AN INVITATION FOR MYSELF AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS?"

Lord Flanagore. "IT SHALL BE SEEN TO, MADAM!"



A HARD CASE.

1876.

A HARD CASE.

Elder Young Husband, who threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed—

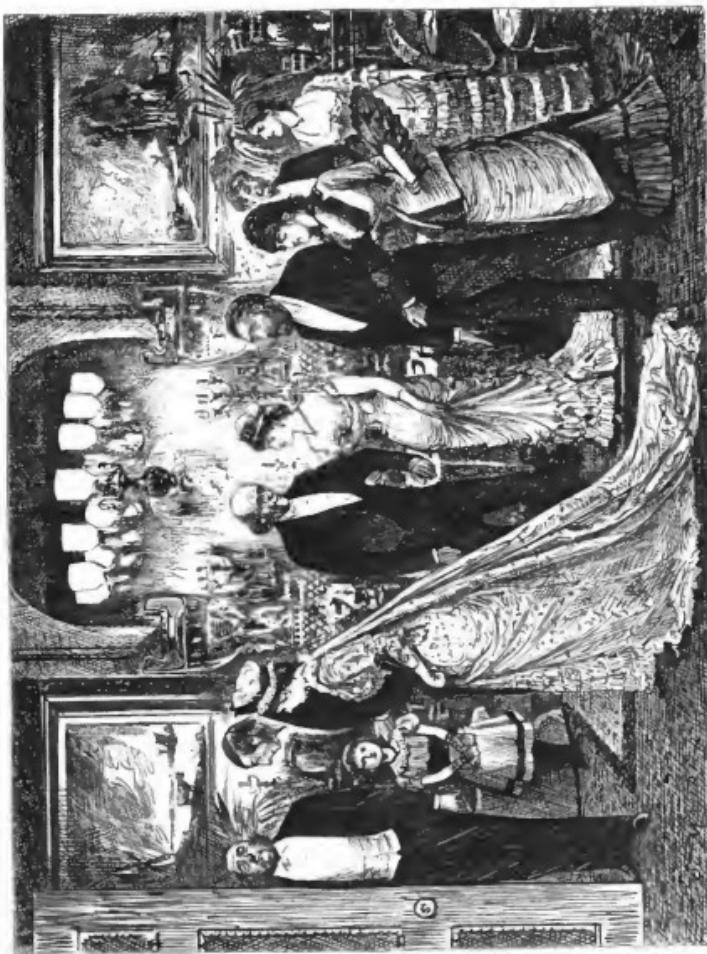
"WEAT! TOOTHACHE AGAIN, MARIA! I DO CALL THAT HARD UPON A FILLER! WHY, YOU HAD TOOTHACHE WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING! AND HERE HAVE I BEEN AT EPSON ALL DAY, WITH THE JOLLIEST LOT o' FILLERS EVER GOT TOGETHER IN ONE DEAD, DILLY WOMAN! PUT 'EM MONEY, AND HAD NO END o' JOLLY TIME, AND I DID THINK I SHOULD FIND SOMETHIN' TO CHEER A FILLER WHEN I GOT HOME! AND THERE YOU ARE!—TOOTHACHE AGAIN! I DO CALL IT HARD UPON A FILLER—PRECIOUS HARD!"



1878.

TRIUMPH OF ART.

"AND NOW MA'AM, I HOPE THAT'LL PLEASE YE; SHURE THERE'S NEVER A SOUL AS WOULD THINK IT WAS YOUR OWN HAIR!"



A SEASONABLE GIFT OF NATURE.

Houston, found for her dinner (so distinguished Guest). **At I hope you are hungry, Sir JAMES! —**
that instant, is No. Mrs. REEVES, I AM very hungry; but, THANK GOD, I AM GRASSHOPPER!



MISPLACED CHARITY.

ON COMING OUT OF CHURCH, GENERAL SIR TALBOT DE LA POER SANGRAZUL IS SO STRUCK BY THE BEAUTY OF THE AFTERNOON SKY, THAT HE FORGETS TO PUT ON HIS HAT, AND LADY JONES (WHO IS RATHER NEAR-SIGHTED) DROPS A PENNY INTO IT!



A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

*Fascinating, but
frivolous Fair One.*
"WHAT A PITTY YOUR
HUSBAND DON'T
HAVE PLATE-GLASS
PUT ON HIS PICTURES
AS SOME PEOPLE DO!"

Husband. "YOU
THINK IT MAKES THE
PICTURES RICHER IN
TONE?"

*Fascinating Fair
One.* "I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THAT, BUT ONE
CAN SEE ONE'SSELF
IN THEM, AT LEAST!"



A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

1878.

A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Mamma. "PAPA DEAR, THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN ASKED TO THE 'WILLOUGHBY HORNBONES' ON THE ELEVENTH, THE BOYARD JONES'S ON THE FIFTEENTH, AND THE TALBOT BROWNS' OF THE TWENTY-FIRST. THEY'LL BE DEADLY DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DON'T LET THEM GO! MAY I WRITE AND ACCRIT, DEAR PAPA?"

Dear Papa (imperceptibly). "OH, JUST AS YOU PLEASE! BUT, AS JUVENILE PARTIES SHOULD ALWAYS BE TAKEN IN TIME, YOU HAD BETTER WRITE TO DR. SQUILL TOO, AND TELL HIM TO CALL ON THE TWELFTH, SIXTEENTH, AND TWENTY-FIRST."



A YOUNG HUMANITARIAN.

1887.

"OH, MAMMA, MAMMA, COULDN'T YOU INTERFERE? THERE'S A HORRID MAN SQUEEZING SOMETHING UNDER HIS ARM, AND HE IS HURTING IT SO!"



"ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK."

Gigantic Fortune. "Did you ring, Ma'am?"

Tender-hearted and Impulsive Lady. "Yes, Thomas. You see this poor kitten the children have found! It is Motherless! Get some milk, Thomas! Mew like its mother—and feed it!"

1877.



PERPLEXING—VERY!

PERPLEXING—VERY!

"My dear Eliza, Sir Arthur Pillington is the man for you! Complaisant, so clever, and a perfect gentleman. What need for him!"

"Sir Arthur Pillington, indeed! Why, he nearly killed an aunt of mine! Send for Wilfrid Jones, Eliza. That will never pass me by. He listens to every symptom!"

"No, no, Eliza. Listen to me. I know a little man in Hammersmith who saved my poor grandfather's life when every other doctor had—"

"Hammersmith! Nonsense! I don't believe in any English doctors! I will send for Dr. Schatzwartzeller to you, my dear Eliza. He—"

"My dear Eliza, have you lived all these years without knowing that Dr. Thimblebottom, the Humane Society's physician in Brompton, is the only physician in London who—
"Ec., ec., ec."

1882.

3-H



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

*Mrs. Brown (whose Daughter has just been performing admirably on the Piano-Forte). "DO YOUR DAUGHTERS PLAY, MRS. JONES?"
 Mrs. Jones (whose four Daughters have only been listening). "No." *Mrs. Brown. "Hush!"* *Mrs. Jones. "No."*
Mrs. Brown. "PAINT IN WATER-COLOURS?" *Mrs. Jones. "No. WE GO IN FOR BEAUTY!"**

1873.



AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

1872.

Mrs. Flirtington (equitably). "I'M AFRAID YOU ARE BORED, MR. AMORET! YOU WOULD SOONER BE WALKING WITH SOME FOOLISH LADY!"
Mr. Amoret (with native Readiness and Gallantry). "O NO, INDEED, MRS. FLIRTINGTON. I—I—I MUCH PREFER THE OLDER GIGO!"



PLEASANT!

1885.

Lord Eginald Scandivier (in answer to confidential remark of his Host). "TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF PLATE ON THE TABLE, SIR GORDON! I WONDER YOU AIN'T AFRAID OF BEING ROBBED!"

Sir George Midas. "ROSSO, MY LORD! GOOD 'EVENS! I'M SURE YER LORDSHIP'S TOO HONNORABLE EVEREN TO THINK OF SUCH A THING!"



A REBUKE.

1885.

Fair Bride of Nineties Summers. "WHAT CAN THEY ALL SEE IN HER? I'M SURE SHE'S OVER THIRTY; AND NO WOMAN IS WORTH LOOKING AT AFTER THAT!"

Mother (age unknown). "NOR WORTH SPEAKING TO BEFORE, MY DEAR!"



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE!

1863.

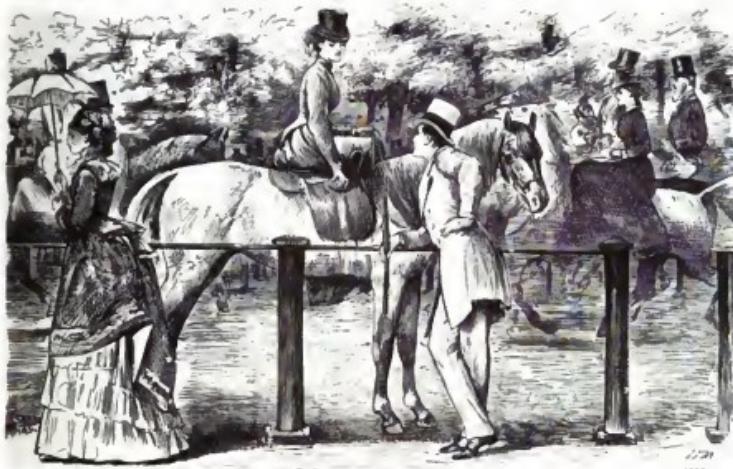
Mamma (a Widow of considerable personal attractions). "I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOMMY. YOU SAW THAT GENTLEMAN TALKING TO GRANDMAMMA IN THE OTHER ROOM. WELL, HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW PAPA. MAMMA'S GOING TO MARRY HIM!"
Tommy (who recalls something of the life his old Papa used to lead). "D-D-DOES HE KNOW IT YET, MAMMA?"



TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

1872.

Engaging Photographer. "JUST LOOK A LITTLE PLEASENT, MISS! THINK OF 'IM'!"



WHAT LONDON CRUSHES ARE COMING TO.

"BY THE EYE, LADY CROWDER, HAVE YOU NOT BEEN PERTINACIOUS LATELY?"

"NOT FOR AN AGE! THEY WERE AT MY BALL LAST NIGHT, BUT I DIDN'T SEE THEM. BY THE WAY, DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE THERE, CAPTAIN SWYTER?"

"O, YES! ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY!"

"*AS GLAD!*"

1873.



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Flippant Lady.
"YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, MR. BEAUCLEER! NO BAD NEWS, I HOPE?"

Eccentric Gentleman. "AH! IF ONE COULD ONLY FORGET!"

Flippant Lady.
"DEAR ME! HADN'T YOU BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT? AND I'LL FORGET IT FOR YOU!"

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

1873.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"THAT'S YOUR FRIEND, CAPTAIN MASHAM, THAT EVERYBODY SAYS IS
SO ADORABLE! HE TOOK ME IN TO DENNEE LAST NIGHT AT SIR JOHN
ROBISON'S, AND ALL BUT TURNED HIS BACK ON ME THE WHOLE TIME!"

"PERHAPS HE'D GOT A PRETTY WOMAN ON HIS OTHER SIDE!"



ANNALS OF A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.

Lady Fisher. "OH, THAT'S YOUR VICAR, IS IT? WHAT SORT
OF VICAR IS HE?"

Lady Resident. "OH, WELL, MIDDLETON! HIGH CHURCH DURING
THE SEASON, YOU KNOW, AND LOW ALL THE REST OF THE YEAR!"



AMENITIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

"DON'T MOVE, DARLING!—I'M SO COMFORTABLE, AND YOUR HEAD IS SO SOFT!!"

1876.



INFORMAL INTRODUCTIONS.

1879

Apple-Seller, "Here you are, Gents! All four of 'em sweet and fresh as can be!"



EXPERIENTIA DOCET?

1885

Wife of Two Years Standing. "Oh yes! I'm sure he's not so fond of me as at first. He's away so much neglects me dreadfully, and he's so cross when he comes home. What shall I do?"

Widow. "Feed the brute!"



THE DOLLY VARDEN FAREWELL KISS.

1871

A DELIGHTFUL OPERATION, BUT A DIFFICULT ONE TO PERFORM SUCCESSFULLY.



1878.

WHO SHALL SAY THE RACE OF BRILLIANT TALKERS IS EXTINCT!

Festive Host (confidentially, to *Lady* on his right). "IT HAS CONSTANTLY SUGGESTED ITSELF TO ME, MRS. BROWN, THAT—ER—THAT THE SEASIDE WIT THE WEATHER—ER—AFFORDS SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION AMONGST ENGLISH PEOPLE, ER—ER—ER THAT THE ENGLISH CLIMATE IS SUBJECT TO—ER—TO RAPID VARIATIONS, WHICH CANNOT BE FORESEEN, SO TO SPEAK!"

The Same (said, across the table, to *Festive Host*). "AS I WAS JUST OBSERVING TO MRS. BROWN, IT HAS FREQUENTLY OCCURRED TO MY MIND, MRS. JONES, THAT—ER—THAT THE SEASIDE WIT—ER—WHY THE WEATHER, IN SHORT, FURNISHED SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF DISCUSSION TO—ER—TO BRITISH PEOPLE, ER—ER—NO DOUBT—ER—THAT THE CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH ISLES IS LIABLE, NO TO SPEAK, TO—ER—ER—TO SUDDEN MUTATIONS, WHICH WE CANNOT CALCULATE UPON FORESHAND!"

The Same (said, across the table, to *Festive Host*). "MY LOVE—ER—ER—I WAS ONLY JUST OBSERVING TO HER, BROWN, AND—ER—to MRS. JONES, IT WAS FREQUENTLY, AND INDEED CONSTANLY, SUGGESTED ITSELF TO MY MIND, THAT THE SEASIDE WIT—ER—WHY THE—THE WEATHER, IN POINT OF FACT, SHOULD—ER—SHOULD FURNISH SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF DISCUSSION, AND AFFORD SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF CONVERSATION AMONGST—ER—AMONGST THE INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES, MAF—ER—MAY POSSIBLY BE Owing TO THE FAMILIARITY THAT THE—ER—WELL, THE CLIMATE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IS LIABLE, AND SUBJECT, NO TO SPEAK, TO SUDDEN VARIATIONS, WHICH CANNOT BE CALCULATED UPON FORESHAND, AND TO—ER—TO RAPID MUTATIONS, IN SHORT, WHICH—ER—WHICH WE CANNOT—ER—FORESEE!"



TOO GOOD-LOOKING BY HALF!

ENTER GENTLEMAN'S HALL IN LONDON TO ADVERTISING. THE GIRL SEE THAT HE WILL WIN AT GLASS. IT TAKES MATTER OF COURSE EXACTLY THE SAME TIME TO ARRIVE AT THE PRECISELY OPPOSITE CONCLUSION, AND WITH COMMENDABLE PREDICTION, SHE EVENTUALLY SELECTS ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WHO MAY BE DILLY-SCHILLED WAITING IN THE HALL.



SNOBINGTON AND SHODD.

Lady Snobington (who Shodd is). "AH! HOW DO YOU DO, HERB SCHULTZ? I WANT TO GO DINE WITH ME OF TUESDAY NEXT."

Herb Schultz, the great Philosopher (whose acquaintance with her Ladyship is of the slightest). "YOU ARE FORTY VERSTELY, MADAM? BEHOLD ZAT I INTRODUCE TO YOU MADAM SCHULZ."

Lady Snobington (who thinks great Philosophers are all very well, but doesn't used to be left with their wisdom). "A—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE! MADAM SCHULZ, I WANT THE DEAR CLEVER HUSBAND OF YOUS TO DINE WITH ME AND MEET THE DUCHESS OF CLIMBIE, AND THE BISHOP OF LOUDONBOURGH, AND MY SISTER-IN-LAW, LADY GUNNIVER MUSCLE, YOUS KNOW,—AND YOU WILL SPARE HIM TO US FOR ONE EVENING, BOOT' YOUS?"

Herb Schultz. "OH, CERTAINLY, IF HE WISHER IT."

Herb Schultz, in his carriage of the wives of Shodd and Snobington. "YOU ARE FORTY VERSTELY, MADAM? TWO-EVE. LADIES EAT YOU MENTION, BUT AGE EES, PERHAPS NOT EXACTENLY RESPECTABLE, ZAT YOU HAF NOT ALSO INVITED MY H'DEE?"



A FORLORN HOPE.

The Dandy. "Now you've got all the girls off your hands so successfully, except poor Maria, you ought to give her a chance!"

My Lord. "Yes—a—give a ball—a—or a garden party—a—"

My Lady. "Oh, poor Maria's not worth a ball—not even a garden party. We might give an *afternoon tea!*"

1876.



NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Small Child (whose favorite Aunt is "engaged"). "Grandma, where is Auntie May?"

Grandmother. "She is sitting in the library with Captain Herbert, my dear."

Small Child (after a moment's thought). "Grandma, couldn't you go and sit in the library with Captain Herbert, and Auntie May come and play with me?"

1878.

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1882.

Ambitious Hostess. "WHAT! MUST YOU GO ALREADY! REALLY, PROFESSOR, IT'S TOO BAD OF THIS SWEET YOUNG WIFE OF YOURS TO CARRY YOU OFF SO EARLY! SHE ALWAYS DOES!"

Professor. "No, no, not always, Mrs. Bright! AT MOST HOURS I POSITIVELY HAVE TO DRAW HER AWAY!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1882.

Sic. "NO! I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE. BUT I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM!"

He. "BUT I DON'T WANT TO DANCE WITH THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM. I WANT TO DANCE WITH YOU!"



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST!"—THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1883.

"WE'VE HAD SUCH A PLEASANT EVENING, MR. JONES! MAY I BEG OF YOU TO ASK ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS TO CALL A HANSON?"
"WITH PLEASURE, MRS. SMITH!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hester (who has just sung). "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU DON'T SING, CAPTAIN LOVELL?"
Captain Lovell. "I ADMIRE YOU—A—I'VE SO VENE WHATEVER. A—UNFORTUNATELY, I—IN A LINGERIE."

1883.



INVERTED MAXIM.

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INVERTED MAXIMS

"In the good fortunes of our best friends we always find something which is not pleasing to us." — *Rudolf Eucken*.

MR. "ULLO, JACK!
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN
AGE, OLD MAN. TELL ME,
WHO IS THAT LOVELY GIRL?"

Jack. "Miss BELLINGHAM
GALBREATH."

Business

JACK. "OH, IT'S ONLY TWENTY OR THIRTY THREE-
HUNDRED A-YEAR! BUT SHE'S AS CLEVER AS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, AND AS HONORABLE AS SHE'S CLEVER!"

Jim [who has lately married one of the Strong-minded Sisterhood]. "I AIN'T HE'S A LUCKY CHAP THAT GETS HER, HAT, OLD MAN!"

JACK. "I'M GLAD YOU
THINK SO. SHE'S JUST EN-
GAGED TO BE MY WIFE!"

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"**OMNIS SONOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO!**"

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"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO
MAGNIFICO!"

*(A fascinating young Irish
Lady, with a lovely brogue,
is working characteristic
popular ditties in the Non-
politic dialect, enlivened
thence by the consciousness
that her every effort made
ever doesn't KNOW A WORD
of even ordinary English.)*

Enthusiastic Youth.
"HOW AWFUL BEAUTIFUL
YOUR SISTER SINGS, MR.
O'DOWD! HOW AWFUL
VIVIDLY SHE RECALLS TO
ONE'S MIND THE—A—THE
THE CHILDREN KNOW,
AND FESTIVITIES—AND—THE
DEEP BLUE ITALIAN SKY!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "AH! THIS
DOESN'T SUE, SON! YOU'VE
BEEN IN ITALY, SON!"

Enthusiastic Youth.
"A—A—A—X—X—NO!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "No more
HATE ON!—No more has
me SISTER!"



DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

1875.

Maud (with much sympathy in her voice). "ONLY FANCY, MAMMA, WHILE I WALKED IN TO A PETTY GALLERY IN BOUD STEEPE, AND THERE WE SAW A PICTURE OF A LOT OF EARLY CHRISTIANS, POOR BLARNS, WHO'D BEEN THROWN TO A LOT OF LIONS AND THOSE WHO WERE DESTROYING THEM!"

Elsie (with still more sympathy). "YES, AND MAMMA DEAR, THERE WAS ONE POOR TIGER THAT HADN'T GOT A CHRISTMAS!"

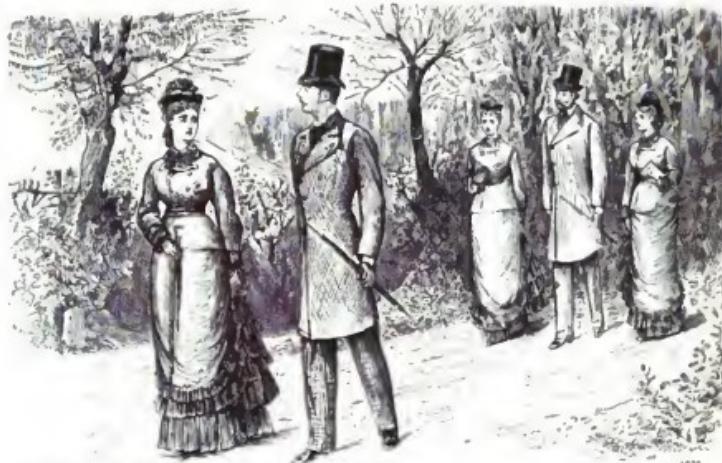


"FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

1884.

Aunt Mary. "YOU HEARD THE VICAR PUBLISH THE BANNS BETWEEN UNCLE GEORGE AND ELLES THOMPSON?"

Elsie (who has never been present at this Ceremony before). "YES—IT SEEMS RATHER A SHAME TO TELL EVERYBODY HOW OFTEN HE'D BEEN REFUSED, THOUGH!"



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

"DO YOU EVER MATE, MRS ETANGELINE?" "DO I EVER WHAT, MR SHYTHE?" "WHAT?"
 "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?" "WELL, SIR, IF YOU PREFER THE EXPRESSION!"



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Matilda (who does not like being "Wallflower"). "YOU'VE NO IDEA, MAUD, HOW Utterly IDiotic the People Dancing look to those who sit down and watch you!"
Maud. "I DARE SAY NOT, LOVE! I NEVER TALKED!"

1875.



A TREMENDOUS BELL.

1874.

A TREMENDOUS
SELL.

Felicitous Old Bachelor
(who hates *Journals* *Periodicals*,
and has come two
Hours later than he was
asked, as we is afraid the
Children). "So SOOTY
TO BE LATE—I'M DREAD'
FULLY AFRAID I'VE
MINDED ALL THE PAR-
LING LITTLE ONES!"

Lively Hostess. "O
DEAR, NO. OUR
SUPPER HAS BEEN PUT
OFF TWO HOURS.
THE DARLING LITTLE
ONES ARE MATING TEA,
BUT THEY'LL BE DOWN
DIRECTLY FOR 'SIR
EDWARD DE COOPERSTON';
SO YOU'RE JUST IN TIME
TO HELP US CLEAR THE
ROOM, AND JOIN IN A
REGULAR ROMP!"



A RISING GENIUS.

1876.

Young Lady (in course of conversation). "YOU'VE READ PEEDEENIE, OF COURSE!"
Fashionable Scribbler (who is, however, quite unknown to fame). "A—PEEDEENIE! AN—LET ME SEE! THAT'S THACKRAY'S, ISN'T
IT? NO, I'VE NOT. THE FACT IS, I NEVER READ BOOKS—I WRITE THEM!"

"THOUGHT I WAS FREE."—*The Jester.*

1871.

Mrs Mervin Bridlington (seriously). "HONOR AND OBEDIENCE, indeed! HA! HA! I SHOULD JUST LIKE TO SEE A MAN ASK ME TO 'HONOR AND OBEDIENCE' HIM!"

"I've no doubt you'd like to see him VERY MUCH INDEED!" thought the two *Miss Marigolds*—but they didn't say so.



FLIPPANCY.

1871.

FLIPPANCY.

Captain Jinks. "WHAT IS THE BENEFICENT-LOOKING GENTLEMAN JUST COMING IN?"

Mrs Malapert. "MRS WITHERINGTON MILNE, THE FAMOUS ADVOCATE FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS."

Captain Jinks. "HA, HA! VERY GOOD! BUT I MEAN THE LITTLE MAN, WITH THE VELVET COLLAR."

Mrs Malapert. "O, I SEE YOUR PARSON—THAT'S HER HUSBAND. HE'S A NICE LADY-LIKE PERSON, AND CONSIDERABLY RATHER PRETTY."



1874.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"

(A pause.)

"YOU'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?" "YES, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE FOLLY OF THEM ALL."

(Another pause.)

"MIGHTN'T I JUST SEE THE FOLLY OF ONE, MAMMA?"

"No, Darling!"

[A very long pause.]

ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURB.

THE MONTGOMERY-JORDANS CELEBRATE THEIR WEDDING-DAY BY GIVING A DINNER OF AIR-UNCOOLED MAGNIFICENCE WHILE TO SOME OF THEIR LONDON FRIENDS, UNFORTUNATELY, AS THE EFFECTED CHARGE IN THE WEATHER SCARING THE AFTERNOON SUN MADE THE HALL BATHY SHEAT, SO THAT THE LOOKERS-PLEASERS HAD TO TURN UP.





COMPLIMENTS.

1873.

Honest (wishing to be polite). "GOOD EVENING, MR. LOVIBOND! SO SORRY YOUR WIFE COULDN'T COME TOO!"
Honest (wishing to be politer). "NOTH' HERE IS LIKELY—HAW—TO REGRET MRS. LOVIBOND'S ABSENCE HALF SO MUCH—HAW—
 AS MR. LOVIBOND DOES!"



"WE ALL EXPECT A
GENTLE ANSWER"
Etc.—SHAKESPEARE

Mrs. Possibly de Tombyre
writes:—"MY DEAR MRS.
TALBOT BROWNE, WE ARE
SO READAPTIVELY SOOTHESED;
BUT A HORRID PREVIOUS
ENGAGEMENT PREVENTS US
FROM ACCEPTING YOUR
QUITE TOO DELIGHTFUL
INVITATION TO DINNER
ON THE—"(Finis too.)
"PUNSY!"—"YES, MY
LOVE."—"WHAT DAY WAS
IT THOSE TALBOT BROWNE'S
PEOPLE ASKED US FOR?"—
"THE FIFTEENTH, MY
LOVE."—"THIS MONTH, OR
NEXT?"—"NEXT MONTH,
MY LOVE." — (Writs.)
"FIFTEENTH OF NEXT
MONTH. I CAN'T TELL YOU
HOW WRETCHED WE BOTH
ARE IN CONSEQUENCE; AND
WITH OUR KINDEST REGARD
TO YOU BOTH, ETC., &c., &c."

"WE ALL EXPECT A GENTLE ANSWER," Etc.—Shakespeare

1873.



THINGS TO BE LIVED DOWN.

Distinguished Amateur (much pleased with himself as the *Wicked Morgan*). "PREW ! WELL, I WASN'T SO FORTY BAD, OLD MAN, WAS I?"
Author (Pronger, Stage Manager, &c.). "WELL, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW HOW BAD YOU CAN BE!"

1892.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Musical Maiden. "I HOPE I AM NOT BORING YOU, PLATING SO MUCH!"
Embarrassed Friend. "OH NO ! PRAY GO ON ! I—ID SO MUCH SOONER HEAR YOU PLAT THAN TALK!"

1892.



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(It causes Wilson to forget the Names of Things, and makes him talk about, and thereby ruin his Conversation of even of the Charm and Interest it would otherwise possess).

"Er — er — er — THERE'S REALLY NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES! FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S AN OLD MAN I KNEW, WHO WAS A WELL-BROUGHT-UP MAN, CALLED —— ER— HIS NAME ESCAPES ME JUST NOW — ANYHOW HE'S BY PROFESSION A—— A DOCTOR, AND PRESENTLY AT PRESENT THE PRACTICE, OR
THERE'S OF HIS OCCUPATION —— BUT HIS OFFICE, OR HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS, OR WHEREVER IT IS, IS IN—IN —— I DON'T KNOW WHAT STREET—ER—ER—WHEREAS HIS PRIVATE RESIDENCE IS NEAR—NEAR—CLEAR AS I WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE SOUP I WOULD GET ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE!"

"WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IT STRUCK ME AS VERY ODD THAT KIND OF MAN, HIS HABITS, HIS HABITS, AND WHERE IT IS, THAT HE HIMSELF SHOULD BE SUCH—ER—ER— WHERE HE DOES, YOU KNOW!"

[An anecdote falls rather flat.]



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

Audrey. "AND HOW, MARY SITTINGS, SHALL YOU REQUIRE OF MY NIECE, MR. SPARKS?"

Our Artist (a modest but most infallible youth). "OH, NOT MORE THAN THIRTY OR FORTY, OR PERHAPS FIFTY,—WE WILL SAY SIXTY IF YOU LIKE, OR SEVENTY, AT ALL EVENTS EIGHTY OR NINETY AT THE UTTERMOST, OR—"

Audrey. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT, YOU PAINTED ME IN FOCUS!"

Our Artist. "NO!—DID I REALLY THOUGHT I AM, BUT I CAN SEE AT A GLANCE THAT YOUR NIECE'S EXPRESSION WILL BE PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT TO CATCH, YOU KNOW!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1881.

Heston. "WHAT, LEAVING ALREADY, MR. MITFORD! I'VE SCARCELY SEEN ANYTHING OF YOU THE WHOLE EVENING!"*Mr. Mitford* (*who goes in for the Courteous Manners of the Olden Time*). "THAT, MADAM, IS ENTIRELY MY FAULT!"

[Exit gracefally, but remembers as he goes down-stairs that he meant to say "Misfortune," not "Fault."]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1882.

Miss Mumper. "PRAY SIT DOWN. I'M SO SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"*Sky Curricle* (*who has called on Purish Banister*). "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT. ONE OF THE FAMILY IS QUITE ENOUGH!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER IN WATER-COLOURS.

Distinguished Amateur. "I—A—RUE OUT A GREAT DEAL. MOST OF MY EFFECTS ARE GOT BY THAT."
Old Scamp. "Ah, CAPITAL PROGESS! ONLY YOU DON'T CARRY IT QUITE FAR ENOUGH!"



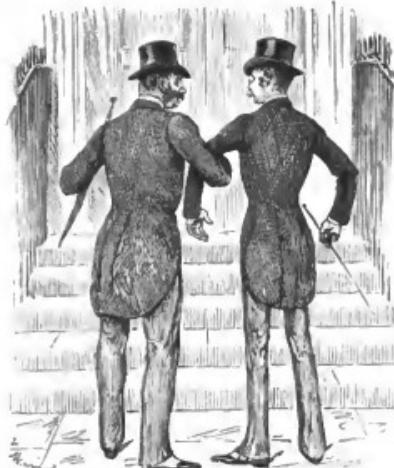
A DAMPER.

Bonifac Brancione (an amiable but amateurish youth, exhibiting his Art-treasures). "THAT'S—A—A—MOTHER AND CHILD, A—A—FIFTEENTH CENTURY—"

Fashionable Lady. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT EARLIER!"

Bonifac Brancione. "A—HAT I ASK WHY!"

Fashionable Lady. "OH, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY COULD PAINT BETTER THAN THAT, SO LATE AS THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY!"



MAKING SURE.

1861.

MAKING SURE.

"COME INTO THE CLUB, OLD MAN. I'VE GOT A BET ON THE RACE, AND IF I WIN, I'LL STAND A BOTTLE OF PIPEE!"

"BUT IF YOU LOSE?"

"OH, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO KEEP OUR SPIRITS UP."

"BUT WE MAY BE TOO EARLY TO KNOW, YOU KNOW."

"OH, WELL, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO PASS THE TIME!"

"ALL RIGHT!"



SOLEMN FUNCTIONS OF MASHEDOM.

1861.

THE CIGARETTE AND UMBRELLA DRILL.



LAST FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

1872.

"HULLA, CHARLIE! WHAT'S THE MATTER! TRAINING FOR A RACE!"

"No, TOM. RACING FOR A TRAIN!"



SOME PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING THINGS.

"Now do let me propose you as a Member."
"But suppose they blackball me?"
"Poor! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the Club that knows you, even!"



SOME PEOPLE GET SO SOON FAMILIAR.

Socorro. "Ullo, Monty, how are you?"
Lord Mustapha Brummell. "Pretty well, thanks, and how are you?"
—And—a—what is your name?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Professor Chatterleigh, "By George! I'm so hungry I can't talk!"
Fair Hilda (in hospitable thoughts intent). "Oh, I'm so glad!"



AN ENTHUSIASTIC PATRON OF ART.

1870.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC PATRON OF ART.

(SCENE.—The Lobby of
the Royal Academy
on the day of the
Private View. The
doors have just been
opened.)

"WHAT, YOU HERE,
CAPTAIN RADDE?"

"YAAS! GOT A
COUPLE OF HUNDRED
POUNDS TO SPEND, AND
THOUGHT I MIGHT LIKE
TO BUY A PICTURE,
YOU KNOW."

"O I indeed! LET
ME CHOOSE ONE FOR
YOU."

"WILL YOU, REALLY?
THA-ANNE! IN THAT
CASE I SUPPOSE IT'S
HARDLY NECESSARY FOR
ME TO GO UP, AND I'LL
SAY GOOD-BYE."



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

1874.

A CHOICE OF
EVILS.

Fascinating Widow.
"Now that we are
alone, Mr. Silvertongue,
and likely to remain
undisturbed for another half-hour
or so, I have a
very great favour to you!"

A amateur Fossilist.
"PEAT—PEAT DO?"

Fascinating Widow.
"Will you, will you,
Sister, play me the
Piano, and sing me
Beethoven's 'Annie-
Laddie' eight times,
from beginning to end,
first in German, then
in Italian, and then
in English? Will
you, Mr. Silvertongue?"

Much flattered, the
gracious widow remu-
bles, and falls
drama, that the fair
one's sole object in
getting him to play
is to ascertain his am-
bition.



1876.

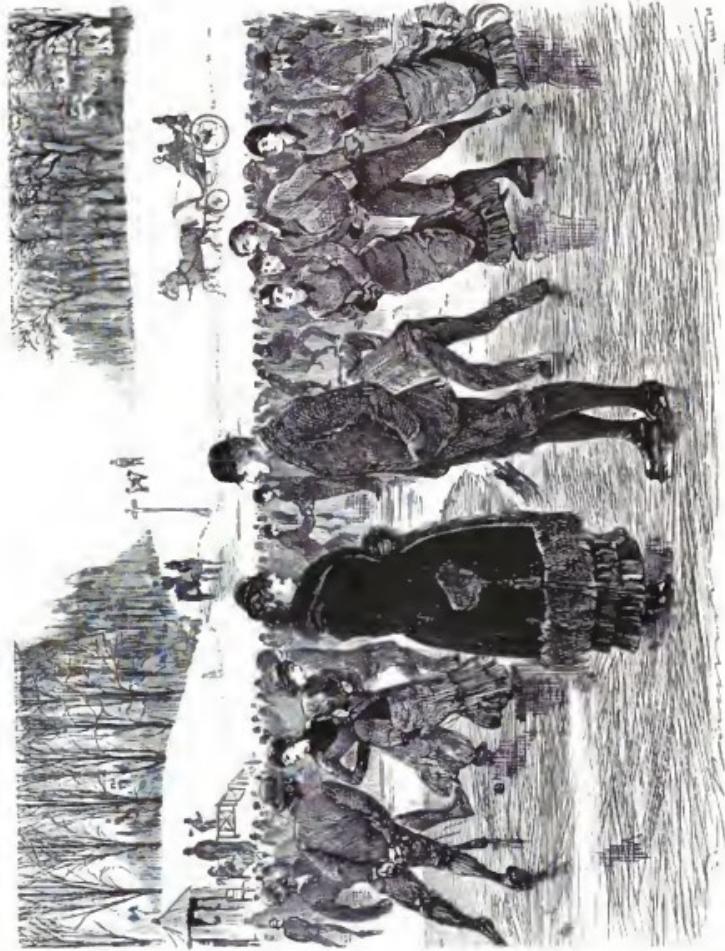
YOUNG BUT PRACTICAL.

"WHAT! HARRY! NOT IN BED YET, AND IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! WHAT WILL
PAPA SAY WHEN HE COMES HOME?"

"OH, PAPA! HE'LL SAY, 'SUPPER! SUPPER! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?'"

MODEST ASSURANCE.

Fancy people, "WHAT, not BEAVERS, Mrs. MARSHALL?" Mrs. Marshall is fascinated! "What of ever since-and-forth, but who doesn't look it?" "No, I'm too old you THAT sort of Town." Fancy people, "WHAT do you call 'you Old' Mrs. MARSHALL?" Mrs. MARSHALL (anxious). "Doesn't your call TWENTY-FOUR
you Old, Mrs. SATTERLY? I do!"



W.C. GOBLE
1919



A HOME-THRUST.

1874.

"AH, BISHOP, WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON THAT WAS OF YOURS LAST SUNDAY, ABOUT WORLDLINESS AND THE VANITIES OF FLESH!—IT NEARLY MADE ME CRY! AND I SAY, BISHOP, HOW HARD IT HIT YOU AND ME!!!"



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

1882.

Eliza. "DULL PAPER THIS MORNING, AIN'T IT, ANGUS!"

Angus. "YES! NOT A SOUL ONE KNOWS MENTIONED!—NOT EVEN IN THE DEATHS!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1875.

"By the bye, Clara, I expect a great friend of mine this afternoon—Major Minster."
 "Horrid man! I can't bear him." "And why, pray?" "Because I know he hates me!"
 "Does he, really? I thought we scarcely knew you!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

STUDY OF AN AMATEUR COMIC SINGER STRUGGLING WITH AN UNSYMPATHIZING AUDIENCE.

1872.



POLITE FICTIONS.

1878.

POLITE FICTIONS.

Mrs. Brown. "DEAR ME, MRS. JONES, ARE THOU TALL YOUNG LADIES REALLY YOURS? I HAD NO IDEA YOU HAD DAUGHTERS GROWN UP!"

Mrs. Jones (who is still possessed of considerable personal attractions). "OH, YES! I WAS MARRIED AT FIFTEEN, YOU KNOW! AND IS THAT YOUNG GENTLEMAN REALLY YOUR SON?"

Mrs. Brown (who is also possessed of ditta ditta ditta). "YES—A—I WAS MARRIED AT TWELVE!"



FESTIVE HOUSE-KEEPING.

1878.

Daughter of the House (to her Cousin). "HAVEN'T YOU BEEN DOWN TO SUPPER BEFORE, CHARLES? I ASK BECAUSE WE HAVE ONLY RECKONED FOR ONE SUPPER EACH!"

(Charles has not yet touched a morsel, but his Fair Companion is coming down to supper for the Third time. Let us hope she takes the hint.)

4—E



1876.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Coffer. "ONLY FANCY, MRS. DOWDERTY, I WAS VERY NEARLY CALLING ON YOUR NEIGHBOUR, LADY MANHAM, YESTERDAY AT HOME IT IS TOO! WHEN I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED I WASN'T DRESSED FOR PAVING CALLS!"



1888.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Lady of the House (anxiously). "MY HUSBAND'S NOT AT HOME, MR. GOODNOUGH. HE'S GONE TO CALL ON SOME PRETTY WOMEN OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE!"

Coffer. "AH, I'VE GIVEN THAT UP LONG AGO!"



A MAN'S REVENGE.

1874.

OUR GALLANT, THOUGH MIDDLE AGED, FRIEND, HAS GREAT PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING HIS SECOND LOVE (WHOM HE IS GOING TO MARRY NEXT WEEK) TO HIS FIRST (WHO JILTED HIM JUST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO).



DIGNITY.

1881.

Pretty Cousin. "WELL, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE WOOLWICH, BOBBY?"
 Bob Snodder (Gentleman Caller). "OH, IT AIN'T BAD!"
 Pretty Cousin. "AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK?"
 Bob. "A--AT WOOLWICH WE DON'T 'GO BACK,'--WE--A--'GO!'"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1884.

"I WAS SO SOOKY NOT TO BE AT HOME WHEN YOU CALLED, MR. BINKS!"
 "OH, PEAT DON'T MENTION IT! IT DIDN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST, I CAN ASSURE YOUT!"



STANDING ON CEREMONY.

STANDING ON CEREMONY.

"THAT WAS A
FENNY STORY MR.
DIXON TOLD, AUNTY
JENIE — THE ONE
THAT MADE YOU
LAUGH SO MUCH,
YOU KNOW!"

"YES. WHY
DON'T YOU LAUGH,
IDA?"

"OH, I DON'T
KNOW MR. DIXON
WELL ENOUGH!"



EGOISM

"COME HERE, DORA! I WANT YOU!"
"THANK YOU, ERIC; BUT I WANT MYSELF!"

1882.



BREAKING THE ICE.

Gulliver Colclough (who has just been made a grandfather, and can talk of nothing else). "DO YOU
TAKE ANY INTEREST IN THESE YOUNG CHILDREN, MISS CRAUCHER?"
Fair Authors of "A Pair of Country Moustaches," &c., &c., &c. "I LOATH ALL CHILDREN!"

1880.



DEFINITION WANTED.

Aunt Maria. "AND SO, LAURET, YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF VERY MUCH AT THE BROWNS' PARTY. AND DID YOU FLIRT MUCH?"
Louisa. "O DEAR, NO! ON THE CONTRARY, AUNT, I DANCED WITH THE SAME LITTLE GIRL THE WHOLE EVENING!"



TIT FOR TAT.

Mamma (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "Please"). "YOU MAY COME OUT NOW, HAMILTON!"
Hamilton. "NOT TILL YOU SAY 'PLEASE,' MOTHER!"

1879.



A LUCID DIAGNOSIS.

1871.

A
LUCID DIAGNOSIS.

"WHY, JARVIS,
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN
SINCE CHRISTMAS? YOU
SEE WE'VE BEEN TRYING
TO DO WITHOUT YOU."

"WELL, MINE, TO TELL
THE TRUTH, I WAS TOO
VERY HIN-DIFFERENT,
AN' 'AD TO GO TO THE
HOSPITAL, WHERE I'VE
BEEN SINCE!"

"AND WHAT WAS THE
MATTER WITH YOU?"

"WELL, MINE, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THEY CALL
IT; BUT THE YOUNG
MEDICAL GENTLEMAN AN'
LOOKED AFTER ME, HE
SAYS:—'WHAT YOU'VE
GOT IN FOCK 'ED,' HE
SAYS, 'I'LL AS LIKES IN
THE NEXT BED TO YOU,
HE'S GOT IN 'IS
SIDE.'"



ANOTHER OF MR. JARVIS'S DIAGNOSES.

1871.

ANOTHER OF
MR. JARVIS'S
DIAGNOSES.

"O, GOOD MORNING,
JARVIS. YOU'VE NOT
BEEN ILL AGAIN!"

"NO, MINE; IT'S THE
MOSSES HAVE BEEN TOO
INDIFFERENT THIS
TIME!"

"WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH HER?"

"WELL, MINE, THE
YOUNG MEDICAL
GENTLEMAN HE SAYS TO
ME: 'WHY, JARVIS!'
HE SAYS, 'YOUR MUSSES
ARE GOT ENROUGHED IN
EVERY SECONDED LINE
OF 'E BODY!'"



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

1866.

"BY THE VEE, I WISH YOU WOULD GET ME A CARD FOR THE DUCHESS OF BEAUMONTIN'S DANCE!"

"I'LL TRY. BUT YOU'LL HATE TO GET A GIFTIN' FROM HER, OR A BUFFET, OR SOMETHIN'—AS SHE ONLY ASKS HER CUSTOMERS!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1865.

"BY THE WAY, ARE YOU DINING WITH THE MONTMORENCY BROWNS TO-NIGHT?"

"OH, HEAVENS! NOW I REMEMBER, THEY DID ASK ME TO DINE THERE TO-NIGHT!"

"WHAT—AND YOU FORGOT TO ANSWER?"

"OR, I ANSWERED PAST ENOUGH; BUT I'VE CLEAN FORGOTTEN WHETHER I ACCEPTED OR DECLINED!"



EFFUSIVENESS.

1864.

EFFUSIVENESS.

"OH! HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR MR. BROWN?"

"MY NAME IS JONES; BUT I'M PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"

"NO GLAD! AND HOW IS THAT LOVELY CHILD OF YOURS — TOMMY!"

"IT'S NAME IS TOTTIE; BUT SHE'S PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"

"SO FEEF GLAD! AND THAT SWEET LITTLE DOG, TOWER!"

"IT'S NAME IS JACK; BUT IT'S PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"



BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Grown-up Sister. "OH, CHARLEY, IF YOU MUST GO AWAY, CAN'T YOU INTRODUCE ME TO ONE OF YOUR SCHOOLFELLOWS, TO LOOK AFTER ME TILL YOU COME BACK?"

Charley. "OH NO! IT WOULDN'T DO! IT WOULD BE SO RUINOUS FOR A FELLOW TO FAG HIM OUT LIKE THAT!"

AWKWARD INCIDENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THE BEAUTIES Mrs. Yavarone Biscione and Mrs. Leroy Barnes were the way in New Cointeration. They had unpeased TAN THE RECEPTION AT
BRAASDORF HALL, WOULD TAKE PLACE IN THE PALAIS RITZ OF ROOMS OF THE GAVRIN-PLOOS, AND MRS. V. H. HAD COME IN A SUIT OF SUCH FASHIONABLE TOURETTE
THAT TO MIGHT A SLIGHT STEP IN AN IRREGULARITY; WHEREAS THE GAVRIN-PLOOS BETTER IN FASHIONABLE ALPHABETATION, AND MRS. BRAASDORF BY HER TOURTEENES IS
ENTERTAINING HER GREATS UP-THERE.

1878.





1878.

"VAPID VEGETABLE LOVES."—"The Talking Out."

(SCENE—*The Room of Fancy Ball.*)*Uncle John* (who is chaperoning his *Niece*). "WHAT ARE YOU, MY DEAR?"*Pretty Niece*. "OH! I AM A SALAD, UNCLE JOHN! SEE, THERE'S ENDIVE, AND LETTUCE, AND SPRING ONION, AND RADISHES, AND BEETROOT. NOTHING WANTING IN THERE!"*Uncle John*. "H'EE!—AH!—PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE DRESSING, MY DEAR!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"AND HOW, MY DEAR GENERAL, COME AND SIT BY ME, AND TELL ME ALL THE SCANDAL THAT'S HAPPENED WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY!"
"WELL, REALLY, MRS. MALLECHU, ER--YOU SEE--ER--THE FACT IS, THAT WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, THERE'S BEEN NO SCANDAL!"



AT HER OLD TRICKS AGAIN.

Lady Badlington (née Sheldy). "OK, BY THE WAY, MR. LOWE, DO YOU EVER DINE OUT WITHOUT YOUR WIFE? I'VE A RICH LITTLE BOHEMIAN DINNER-PARTY ON SUNDAY--NICE CLEVER PEOPLE YOU WILL LIKE. COME AND DINE, AND BRING YOUR BANJO, IF MRS. LOWE WILL SPARE YOU, JUST FOR ONCE!"

Mr. Lowe (the Eminent Sculptor). "ACE! YOU ARE PRETTY GOOT, LADY SCHOPENHUGER! IF IT IS PERRY POEMIAN INTEET, AND DE LATIES ARE COINO TO SCHONNER, AND DE GRENDBLUMM ARE COMING TO TINE IN DEIN SCHEIT-SCHLEEP, I TO NOT MIND PRINGING MY PANCHO, AND LEAPING MY WIFE AT EKEE, CROOFT FOR VUNCE!"

AT HER OLD TRICKS AGAIN.



BLADE!

1882.

Hester. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MR. LESTRANGE. LET ME FIND YOU A PARTNER!"
 Splendid Master. "A—THANKS, NO. I—A—STAN DANST,—EXCEPT AT CHILDREN'S PARTIES!"



MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

1882.

Susceptible Youth. "WOULD YOU PRESENT ME TO THAT YOUNG LADY WITH THE BLACK FAN?"
 Hester. "WITH PLEASURE, IF YOU WILL TELL ME HER NAME—AND YOURS!"



A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Tenor Warbler (with passionate emphasis on the first words of each Line) —
 "ME-E-E-EY ME ONCE AGAIN,
 ME-E-EET ME ONCE AGA-A-AIN ——"

[Why does the Cat suddenly jump up of the Hearth-rug, rush to the Door, and make frantic endeavours to get out?]

1875.



A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.

Babibelle. "MOTHER! DON'T IT SUCCEED TO SAY 'YOU BE BLOWED,' AS ALY DOES?"
 Mother. "IT'S WORSE THAN WICKED, MY DEAR—it's PELL-MELL!"

1876.



A LAMENT.

1884.

Dowager. "IT'S BEEN THE WORST SEASON I CAN REMEMBER, SIR JAMES! ALL THE MEN SEEM TO HAVE GOT MARRIED, AND NONE OF THE GIRLS!"



A CONSCIOUS MARTYR.

1885.

"WHY ARE YOU SO CROSS, ANGELA?"—"OH! BECAUSE I HATE SELFISHNESS, AUNT! AND THEY'RE ALL OF THEM SO SELFISH!"
 "WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?"—"WHY, THEY ALL WANT TO GO ON THE RIVER, JUST WHEN I WANT TO PLAY LAWN TENNIS!"
 "WELL, YOU NEEDN'T GO WITH THEM!"—"OF COURSE I NEEDN'T; BUT HOW AM I TO PLAY LAWN-TENNIS ALL BY MYSELF?"



MUSIC AT HOME.

1885.

Mrs. Gushington (who is always to the fore). "OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH, FRÄULEIN, FOR YOUR QUITE TOO DELIGHTFUL SINGING!—WITH EXQUISITE ENUNCIATION, YOU KNOW?—SO RARE!!! I SHOULD SO LIKE TO HEAR YOU SING A SONG IN ENGLISH!"
Friedlein Nachtragl. "AVL LIEBEE GOTF! YV, MY LAST SHEK ZUVOS SAY I HAF CHOOSE PEEN ZINGING, EBT FERE IN ENGLISH!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE JEUNE PREMIER.

1885.

"WHAT, ELEANORE! YOU KNOW *Sir Lionel Wildbake*, THE HANDSOMEST, WITTEST, MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN TOWN! HE OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO RESIST HIM YET?"
 "THE SAME, LALLY! BUT HUSH! HE COMES—"

[Enter Calvert Sir Lionel Wildbake.]



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1867.

SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Disadvantages of associating
a Celebrity.)

Mrs. "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON! HAVE YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR SITTING YOU AT MRS. LID HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT? I WAS ACTUALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT BOHEMIAN BOSS, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIEEL—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."

Mr. "A—A—I WASN'T AT MRS. LID HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME IS TETTERBY THOMPSON!"



APPRECIATIVE SYMPATHY.

1860.

Herr Bogulubofski plays a lovely Nocturne, which he has just composed. To him, as he softly touches the final note, Fair Avanture, "OH THANKS! I AM SO FOND OF THAT DEAR OLD TUNE!"



THE NEW CRAZE.

1862.

Herr Gräfe (to the Heiress, with pardonable pride). "YOU MUST LET ME PRESENT MY SON, LORD ALGERNON, TO YOU, MISS GOLDBECK. HE CARRIES THE BANNER IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE KIRK AND THE COCKCHAFER, AT THE PARTHEON, YOU KNOW!"

[Defeat of the Army, the Church, the Bar, Diplomacy, Literature, Science, and Art—even young Georges Méliès will have to hide his diminished head!]



THE NEW CRAZE.

1863.

THE NEW CRAZE.

(SCENE—The Green-Room of the Parthenon, before rehearsal.)

Hard-working Baronet. "HERE'S THE DUKE, CONFUSED HIM! ONLY BEEN SIX MONTHS ON THE STAGE, AND GETTING TWENTY GUINEAS A WEEK!"

Concussioned Fiddler. "YES! AND IS ONLY GETTING SIX AFTER TEN YEARS OF IT. I HATE THESE BEASTLY DUKES, COMING AND SPOILING THE PROFESSION!"

Ambitious Earl. "UH! I HATE ALL AMATEURS, MAND 'EM, TAKING THE BELLAD OUT OF ONE'S MOUTH!"



MRS. BOREHAM AT HOME.—AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

1866.



PARADOXICAL.

Ebd. "IT WAS A most wonderful performance, Aunt Tabitha! First, she was shot out of a cannon's mouth on to a trap-door fifteen yards above the orchestra, and then she swung herself up till she stood on a rope of one leg at least a hundred and twenty feet above our heads!"

Aunt Tabitha. "Ah! I always think a woman lowers herself when she does that!"

MRS. BOREHAM AT HOME.

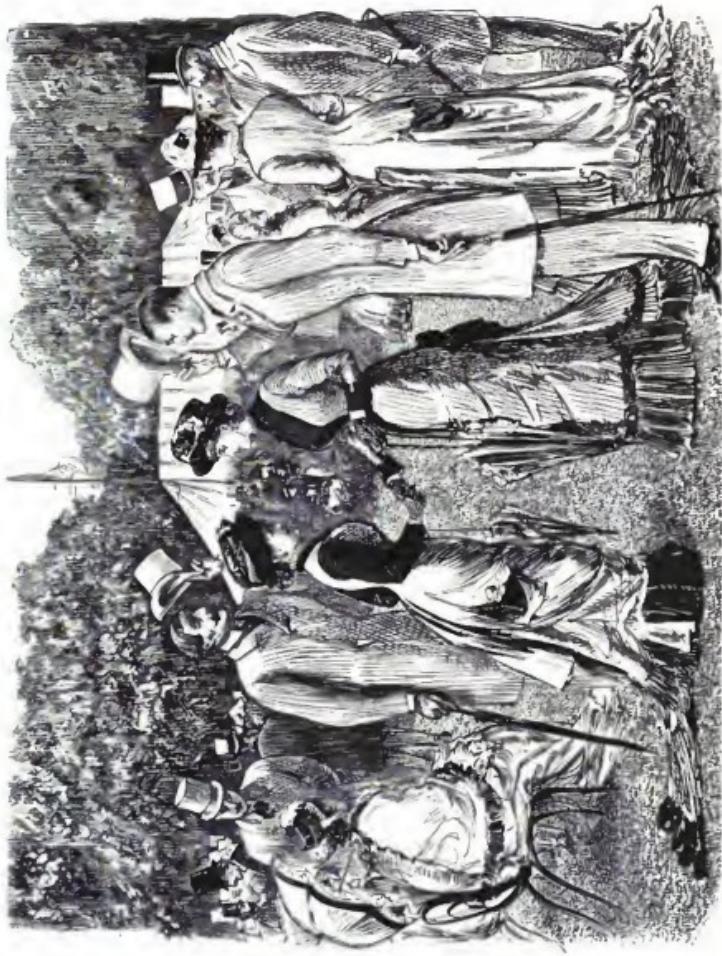
AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Sir Pompey Bedoll. "Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Boreham, on a very successful entertainment! I have never set foot inside a theatre myself, I am proud to say, nor attended even *private theatricals* before — such things are not in my line! But I can honestly assure you that I have ~~rarely~~ ~~seen~~ histrionic ability more consummate, or a dramatic performance more exceptionally complete in every respect, than that which it has been my privilege to witness this evening!"

1866.



A SKETCH IN ULSTERMARINE



A SWEET DELUSION.

*Little Lady Poxie Pinupriggins (to the steady Mrs. Zemphry, whom she *feels* like a hawk). "How do you do, Dearie? I declare we are more like each other than ever, with these hands - and is *so* anxious at you I feel as if I were looking at *Mum* in the glass. I suppose you *feel* the same, Putter, Dearie?"*

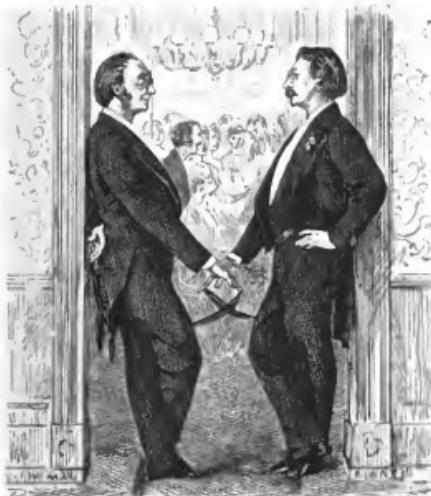


FRENCH FOOD FOR ENGLISH BABES—AND MOTHERS.

1880.

Grigby (during entr'acte). "WHAT ! YOU HERE, MISS JONES ?"*Miss Jones.* "YES ; I GOT MAMA TO BRING ME. SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND FRENCH, YOU KNOW ! AIN'T IT FUN !"

*[Grigby tells himself that he sees the face of a *Fidèle Royal* play as well as anyone on this side of the Channel, but he does draw the line somewhere ; and does not see the fun of a respectable *Materfamilias* being present at such an entertainment, —and with her daughter, too ! a thing that is not even done in the country of Zola !]*

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS.

THE PIANIST.

Grigby. "I TRUST YOU WILL PAY US THIS EVENING, MR. BELMANNAS ?"*Mr. Belmannas.* "WELL—NO—HARDLY ! THEY DON'T CARE FOR SERIOUS PIANOFORTE-PLAYING IN THIS HOUSE, YOU KNOW. I HOPE YOU WILL GIVE US 'HE'S GONE AWAY,' MR. GERSHWIN."*Mr. Grigby.* "WELL—I—NO—THICK NOT—SCARCELY ! YOU SEE IN THIS HOUSE THEY DON'T APPRECIATE STRAIGHT COMIC SINGING !"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PIANIST.

1880.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1881.

(Janey has just been unsewed.)

Hester and Billy (sudsy). "GOOD NIGHT, SIE. IT'S VEE OUT TO GO TO BED."*Distinguished Professor (who is taking down the Hostess).* "AH, MY DEAR, THAT'S WHERE WE'RE ALL WINNING WE WEEK!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1882.

Proud Mama. "DON'T YOU THINK DEAR BART'S THE IMAGE OF HIS PAPA?"*Doll but Well-meeting Family Friend.* "WELL, PERHAPS HE IS--BUT I DARE SAY HE'LL OUTGROW IT IN TIME."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mrs. Parker. "BY THE WAY, SIR BUSES, WE'VE JUST SEEN YOUR FRIEND, MRS. POPEN, AND HER TWO PRETTY DAUGHTERS!"
Young Sir Buses. "HAVE YOU REALLY? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM EVERYWHERE. SUCH A CROWD, YOU KNOW! ONE'S ALWAYS MEETING THE WRONG PEOPLE!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MAJOR MORTIMER? YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME?"—"OH YES, INDEED I DO!"—MRS. KENNEDY!
'AH, THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU MET ME WITH MR. KENNEDY!'—"OH NO, NOT AT ALL!"



"LE MONDE OÙ
L'ON S'AMUSE."

Mrs. "BY THE BY,
I MET YOUR BROTHER
AT DUNKEE LAST
NIGHT. SUCH A DE-
LIGHTFUL PARTY!
SUCH A DINNER!!
SUCH FLOWERS!!!"

Hr. "INDEED!
WHERE WAS IT?"

Mrs. "AT THE—A
—THE—A—UPON MY
WORD, I REALLY FOR-
GOT WHOM HOUSE IT
WAS I WAS DINING
AT!"

"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

1867.



"WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT!"

"I'M MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AS YOU SEE, DR. EQUUS! AND
WHO ARE YOU?" "I'M HORACE WALPOLE!"

1868.



A REMINDER.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. WE'VE HAD A HIGH OLD TIME IF
DEAR OLD PARIS HAVEN'T WE? TO ME IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A DREAM!"

"SO IT WOULD TO ME, OLD MAN IF YOU DIDN'T OWE ME THIRTY
FRANCS!"



1885.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"YOU REMEMBER THAT PARTY AT MADAM GELASMA'S, TO HONOR JOACHIM, RUMINSTEIN, AND THE HENSCHELS, AND DE SOUSA—QUITE A SMALL PARTY!"
"No; I wasn't there!" "No! Ah—well—it was very select!"



1885.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"AHEM! GRACIOUS LADY, I HOPE SAT MY LONG GERMAN LECTURE ON THE BOTANICAL ASPECTS OF THE EOCENE PERIOD DID NOT MAKE YOU FEEL MUCH THIS AFTERNOON?"

"OH, NOT AT ALL, PROFESSOR WOHLGEMUTH. I DON'T UNDERSTAND GERMAN, YOU KNOW."



1885.

KEEPING ON THE
SAFE SIDE.KEEPING ON THE
SAFE SIDE.

"AND SO IT'S A BOKE THOAT YE'VE GOT, MADAM! AND HAVE YE EVER HAD ONE BEFORE?"

"OH YES, OFTEN!"

"AND WHAT DID YE DO FOR IT, NOW?"

"OH, SOMETIMES ONE THING, AND SOMETIMES ANOTHER."

"AND DID YE GET RID OF IT THAT WAY?"

"OH YES!"

"THEN FO JUST ADVISE YE TO DO WHAT YE'VE ALWAYS DONE, AND MATERE YE'LL GET RID OF IT AGAIN!"



WHAT NEXT INDEED!

Grateful Recipient. "BLESS YOU, MY LADY! MAY WE MEET IN HEAVEN!"*Brougham Driver.* "GOOD GRACIOUS!! DRIVE ON, JAEVIN!!!"

[She had evidently read Dr. Johnson, who "didn't want to meet certain people ANYWHERE."]

1870.



CEREMONY.

*"WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. JONES. I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE ME NOT HAVING CALLED—THE DISTANCE, YOU KNOW! PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A FAREWELL."**"O, CERTAINLY! AND PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A FAREWELL RETURNED!"*

1870.



VETO.

"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?"

"I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"

1876.



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Enthusiastic Amateur. "OH! HANG IT, CELIA! NOT READY YET! AND I'VE GOT TO PLAY IN THE FIRST QUARTET . . . DO LOOK SHARP!"

Celia. "NOW DON'T FIDGET, MY DEAR! THERE'S LOTS OF TIME! AND IF WE ARE A LITTLE LATE, YOU CAN PLAY A LITTLE FASTER, YOU KNOW . . ."

1870.



MODEST
ASSURANCE

Lady of the House.
"WELL, MILICENT,
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR
NEW HORSE, 'ROLAND'?"

Milicent. "O, I
MUSICAL! BUY ME
WANTS A FIRM HAND,
YOU KNOW. HE'D VERY
SOON RUN AWAY WITH
ME, IF I GAVE HIM A
CHANCE; WOULDN'T HE,
ROBERT?"

*Robert (first). (Concilia is
Milicent).* "RUN AWAY
WITH YOU, IF YOU GAVE
HIM A CHANCE! BY
George, IF I CAN JUDGE
OF 'ROLAND'S' FEELINGS
BY MY OWN, I
SHOULD JUST THINK HE
WOULD!"

MODEST ASSURANCE.

1878.



A FLATTERING REQUEST!

Lady of the House. "O, BRUNO BENGALI, I AM SO GLAD YOU'RE COME!—WE'RE ALL SO DEADBUTTLY DULL! NOW DO SIT
DOWN AND PLAY US THAT LOVELY SONATA OF YOURS. THEY'LL NEVER BEGIN TO TALK TILL THEY HEAR THE PIANO GOING!"

1878.



HAPPY THOUGHTS



PLEASURE AND BUSINESS.

Lulu. "A PLEASANT SIGHT, AND' IT, D'YOU'LL TELL ME! I HOPE YOU DON'T ENJOY YOURSELF AT THESE PARTIES!"
Dr. Zatchelus (turning to his Diagram of Polyvalent Elements). "I, MY DEAR MAMM! ON THE CONTRARY—I LIFT MY THEM!"



CONSEQUENCES OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

(SCENE.—*A Table d'hôte Abroad.*)

Hr. "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS, MADAMONDELLE?" Sie. "No, Sie."—Hr. "SPEAKEN SIE DEUTSCH, FRÄULEIN!" Sie. "No!"
 Hr. "HABLA USTED ESPAÑOL, SEÑORITA?" Abg. "No."—Hr. "PARLATE ITALIANO, SIGNORENA!" Sie. "No!" (Sighs.)
 (Fisher.)
 Sie. "Do you speak English, Sie?" Hr. "Hélas! non, MADAMONDELLE!" (Sighs deeply.)



A FACT.—(FREE TRANSLATION.)

1877.

A FACT.—(FREE
TRANSLATION.)

Custom-House Officer.
 "Has your dog been verified?"

Brown. "What do you mean?"

Custom-House Officer.
 "Has he been famed by the Veterinator, like the rest of your 'bagage'?"

Brown. "My dog's not a 'bagage'!"

Custom-House Officer.
 "He is very large for a dog! How would you know if he does not contain objects of contraband, par-etc?"



A GRACELESS CHILD.

1872.

Uncle George. "FOR ALL THAT WE'RE GOING TO RECEIVE," AC.
Tiny Tim. "NOW, READ FOOL PLATE, AUNT MARY, AND SEE WHAT THAT SAYS."



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

1872.

Mamma. "NOT KISS PROFESSOR JACKSON, LUCY! WHY NOT?"
Lucy. "HE'S GOT SUCH A STUBBLY BEARD, MAMMA, AND IT PRICES SO! NOW, I DON'T KISS CAPTAIN THROFTON'S MOUSTACHE: DO FEE!"



A WHISPERED APPEAL.

1875.

"MAMMA! MAMMA! DON'T SCOLD HIM ANY MORE! IT MAKES THE ROOM SO DARK!"



AN EARLY QUIRREL.

1872.

*George. "There, Aunt Mary! what do you think of that? I drew the horse, and Ethel drew the jockey!"**Aunt Mary. "H'm! But what would Mamma say to your drawing jockeys on a Sunday!"**George. "Ah! but look here! We've drawn him *Edgar to Church*, you know!"*



1881.

"DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!"

Matured Biren (scrubily putting up her "idle誕生") . " Ah ! now which of you is going to put on my Skates for me ? "

[Merry-go-round bout among the Gentlemen—sure, we doubt, to bankruptcy.]



A PAIR OF ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS.

A PAIR OF ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS.

Air Sleepy Jesus:
"SICK THAT OLD FELLOW,
MISS DIANA! FELLOW,
DOCTOR KATCHET, WHO
SWEARS HE'S GOING TO
FIND A CURE FOR LE-
PROPS! JUST OUT IN
TROUBLE, BEEN TRYING
THE EFFECTS OF ED-
THIE, TESSON AND
BOGGY FATHIS OF A
RABBIT, AND WHETHER
CALORIFORM, TOO, THE
OLD RUFFIAN! AND
THEN HE KILLED IT, AND
DIRECTED ITS BRAIN
GOING TO BE MAD UP
BEFORE THE BREAK FOR
IT! BOB STERK, YOU
KNOW?"

Miss Diana: "SEND
HIM NIGHT, HOCKID
MAN! DON'T WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT SUCH
PEOPLE. BUT TALKING
OF RABBITS, WHAT A
SPANNED HEN THAT
SECOND-MATE GAVE TO
ME-DAY! THIRTY-
SEVEN GALLONS WITHOUT
A CRISP!—WASN'T IT
LOVELY!?"—AND I WAS
IN AT THE DEATH!"

1881.



CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

(The new Bishop-elect of Bursbury tries on his new Retinues in the house of his Family.)

Youngest Daughter of the House. "WELL, I MUTH THAT, PAPA, YOU DO LOOK TRUFFENEL WIDGLET!"

1862.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mrs. Mandy (wife of the Dean of St. Boniface's College, Oxford). "AND SO YOU USED TO BE AT ST. BONIFACE'S, DEAR LORD FULLACRES! HOW VERY ODD THAT I DON'T REMEMBER YOU AT ALL!"
Noble Earl (who succeeded his Cousin). "AH, WELL, YU SEE—I WAS ONLT MR. DODS IN THOSE DAYS—NOT EVEN HONOURABLE!"

1862.



1875.

THE WORST OF A SOCIAL FIRE.

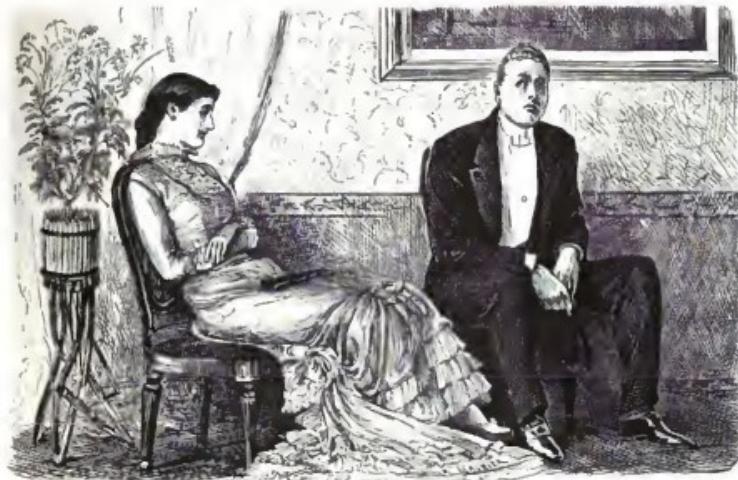
"O, HENRY, THIS IS TOO AWFUL! HERE COME THE WELLINGTON SLOWGOERS, WHO'VE INVITED US TO DINE WITH THEM QUITE QUIETLY, AT FIVE O'CLOCK, NEXT DAY, AND I'VE JUST POSTED A LETTER TO THEM TO DECLINE THE INVITATION, AND I'VE SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN WHAT EXCUSE I MADE!"



1872.

THE NEW CURATE.

Orthodox Elderly Spinsters. "WHAT A RELATIVELY BISHOP, MARIA! THERE, IF YOU'D HAVE ONLY SHUT YOUR EYES, I declare you might have thought it was a BISHOP!!!"



BREAKING AN AWKWARD SILENCE.

Mrs. Montague Smart (suddenly, to bashful Youth, who has not opened his lips since he was introduced to her a quarter of an hour ago). "AND NOW LET US TALK OF SOMETHING ELSE!"

1880.



AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

*Herr Professor (to young Workman Pinocchio, who has just sung Beethoven's "Adelaide"). "Ach! VAT A PFAUDI-
VET. ZONO ZAT IN! I
HAF RESET IT JENG PT
CAEDÖNL. I HAF RESET
IT ZENG PT ZENG REEP.
ZET ZENG IF VEET
VEEL! PUT I HAF NEF-
FER EVITE KNOWN HOW
PFAUDI-VE IT VAP TILL
I HAF RESET IT ZENG
PT YOU! (Young W. P.
Pinocchio.) VY, BT TOEGO
VRENT, EVEN YOU CAN-
NOT MAKE IT RITCE-
THER!"*

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.



TRUE TACT.

1873.

Mrs. Silvertronous (who has been chatting most agreeably to Mr. Wilkes for the last two hours). "O, DON'T TALK TO ME OF UGLY MEN, MR. WILKES! I MAKE A POINT OF NEVER EVEN SPEAKING TO ONE!"

[Mr. Wilkes, who is rather sick of being told by Women that they on the whole OBJECT to good looks in the male sex, appreciates the remark immensely.



1873.

A DOOMED MAN.

Frail and Delicate Individual (with much Pathos). "AH, MRS. BROWN! I SHALL NEVER MARRY!" Mrs. Brown. "WELL!"

Frail and Delicate Individual. "BECAUSE I'M CONSUMPTIVE!—QUITE CONVINCED OF IT! ONLY DON'T TELL MY POOR MOTHER!—IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART!"



THE COMING RACE.

THE COMING RACE.

Dr. Engeline. "BY THE BYE, MR. SAWTEER, ARE YOU ENGAGED TO MARIAM AFTERNOON? I HAVE RATHER A THALASSI OPERATOR TO PERFORM AN AMPUTATION, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Sawyer. "I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU."

Doctor Engeline. "O, NO, NOT THAT! BUT WILL YOU KINDLY COME AND ADMINISTER THE CHLOROFORM FOR ME!"



"HONESTY IS THE
BEST POLICY."

*Hud (really in agony
about his polished (albeit
floor). "HADN'T YOU
BETTER COME ON THE
CARPET, OLD FELLOW!
I'M SO AFRAID YOU
MIGHT SLIP, YOU KNOW."*

*Gord. "O, IT'S ALL
RIGHT, OLD FELLOW--
THANKS! THERE'S A
NAIL AT THE END, YOU
KNOW!"*

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

1873.



HAPPY THOUGHT—DIVISION OF LABOUR.

1872.

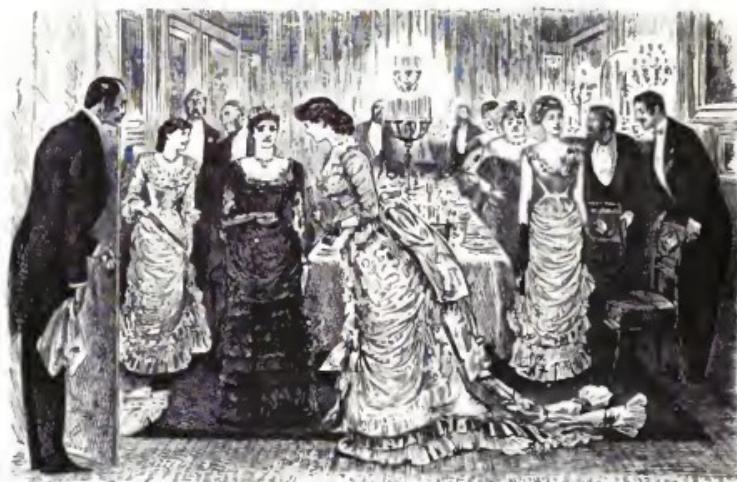
"A—LOOK HERE, MISS BONAMY! I'VE GOT TO LOOK AT THE PICTURES,
WHILE I CONFINE MY ATTENTION TO THE CATALOGUE! GET THROUGH
THE JOB IN HALF THE TIME, YOU KNOW!"



"HOW SHOULD I MY TRUE LOVE KNOW?"

"EX—WHAT COLOUR DID YOU SAY YOUR CARRIAGE WHEELS WERE?"
"GREEN, PICKED OUT WITH RED!"
"EX—THANKS! I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR 'EM IN THE PARK!"

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.



BEREAVEMENT.



CONSOLATION.



KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.



1878.

IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR.

Putherford. "IT WAS ON THAT OCCASION THAT CRAKE SENT THE FAMOUS
DISPATCH: 'FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!'"

Impenitent Beg. "AH, THAT WOULD GO FOR SIXPENCE!"



HAPPY THOUGHT!

1888.

Sir Pompey Bedell (poking the fire in his new Smoking-room). "THIS WRETCHED CHIMNEY HAS GOT INTO A MOST OBJECTIONABLE WAY OF SMOKING! A—I CAN'T CURE IT."

Bedell Junior. "JUST GIVE IT A COUPLE OF TUE CIGARS, GOVERNOR!—IT'LL NEVER SMOKE AGAIN!"

A VALUABLE
ACQUISITION.

*Dutiful Nephew. "O,
UNCLE, I TROUVE YOU
WOULDN'T MIND MY
BRINGING MY FRIEND,
GEOG, FROM OUR
OFFICE. HE AIN'T
MUCH TO LOOK AT, AND
HE CAN'T DANCE, AND
HE DON'T TALK, AND HE
WON'T PLAY CARDS—
BUT HE'S SUCH A
MINNIE!! To-Morrow
WE'LL IMITATE YOU AND
ACT BETTER IN A WAY
THAT'LL MAKE ALL THE
FELLOWS ROAR!!"*

A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

1872.



FELINE AMENITIES—TWO CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

1887.

Mrs. de Vere Jones (rushing up to Mrs. Stanley Brown, whom she hates). "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR LADY WATMOUGH!"*[Lady Wrymouth is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Empire!]**Mrs. Stanley Brown.* "VERY WELL, THANKS, DEAR MRS. CORROKAN. HOW ARE YOU?"*[Mrs. Corrokhan is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Empire!]*

FORM.

1882.

First Master. "LET'S STOP AND LOOK AT PUNCH AND JUDY, OLD CHAPPIE! I'VE HEARD IT'S AS GOOD AS A PLAY!"*Second Master.* "I DUESAY IT IS, MY BRAVE BOY. BUT WE AIN'T DRESSED, YUG KNOW!"

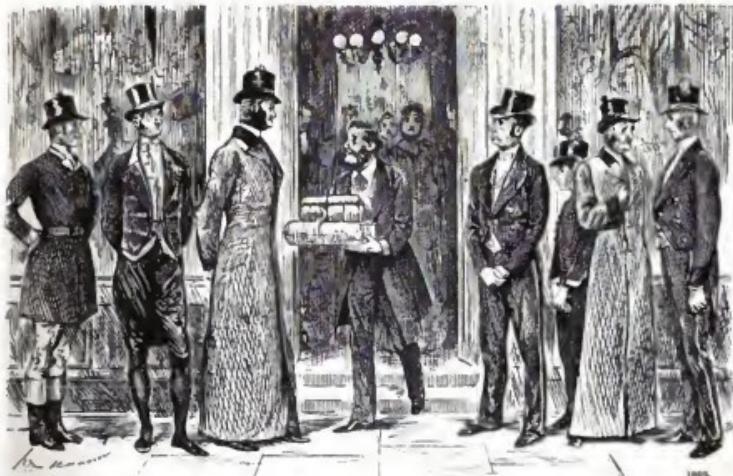


OVERDOING IT.

1885.

"WHAT I GOING ALREADY! AND IN MACKINTOSHES! BEKELY YOU ARE NOT GOING TO WALK!"

"OH, DEAR NO! LORD ASCHERALD IS GOING TO TAKE US TO A DEAR LITTLE SLUM HE'S FOUND OUT NEAR THE MINORIES—SUCH A PEARL PLACE! FOURTEEN POOR THINGS SLEEPING IN ONE BED, AND NO WINDOW!—AND THE MACKINTOSHES ARE TO KEEP OUT INFECTION, YOU KNOW, AND RIDE ON DIAMONDS, AND ALL THAT!"



REFLECTED GLORY.

1885.

Sherman. "HEEY! HEEY! ARE YOU HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BATHWATER?"

Magnificent Flunkery. "I HAM!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1885.

Enter Mr. Chesterfield Grandison Pitts. "How F'ret do, my dear Mrs. Pittsiffer! I've come to congratulate you on your performance of the *Lady of Lyons*, at Mrs. Tomesyn's. It was simply perfect!"

Distinguished Lady Aesthete. "Oh, far from perfect, I fear! To be perfect, alas! the part of *Faustine* requires that one should be young and lovely, you know!"

Mr. C. G. Pitts (who piques himself on his old-fashioned courtesy). "My dear lady, you are a *Living Proof* to the contrary!"



THINGS ONE WOULD
RATHER HAVE LEFT
UNSAID.

Herr Professor. "Him-mel! Yat a vonder-foll Dreez!"

Lady Godiva. "Yes; isn't it. I love it better than any tree in the place. It's full of sweet and tender associations for me!"

Herr Professor. "Ach! Zeh! Your Latyship has perhaps blantied it yourselfff! Yes!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1868.

Hs. "YES, I KNOW Booter Nightly, and confess I DON'T THINK HIGH OF HIM!"*Sig.* "I KNOW HER A LITTLE TOO. HE TOOK ME IN TO DINNER A LITTLE WHILE AGO!"*Hs.* "AH, THAT'S JUST ABOUT ALL HE'S FIT FOR!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1868.

Hs. "AH! I'M AFRAID I'M NOT WHAT I USED TO BE! I'VE CHANGED A GOOD DEAL, YOU KNOW, IN THE LAST FEW YEARS!"*Sig.* "OH, BUT ANY CHANGE IS YOU MUST BE FOR THE BETTER!"



FAINT PRAISE.

1863.

Ethelistic Lady. "IS NOT THAT MRS. BRABAZON, WHOSE PHOTOGRAPH IS IN ALL THE SHOP WINDOWS?"
The Professor. "IT IS. SHE IS HANDSOME, IS SHE NOT?"
Ethelistic Lady. "WELL, YAH—BUT—A—ESSENTIALLY A WOMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!"



ART IN EXCELSIS.

1874.

THE MONTGOMERY STIFFNESSES HAVE JUST HAD THEIR DRAWING-Room CEILINGS ELABORATELY DECORATED BY ARTISTIC HANDS. THEY ARE MUCH GRATIFIED BY THE SENSATION PRODUCED UPON THEIR FRIENDS.



MUSIC AT HOME.

1872.

Mrs. Lyons Chace. "HOW CRUEL OF YOU TO GET UP SO SUDDENLY, DEAR MR. KUMELTUMSKI! IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE PIANO?"
Mr. Kumelturnski (with pardonable severity). "NO, MATAH, BUT I YON AFRAID DAY I INDESTITUTED DE GENERAL CONFERRATION!"
Mrs. Lyons Chace. "O DEAR NO! NOT AT ALL!! PRAY GO ON!!!"



MISUNDERSTOOD.

1873.

Hopkins (on solitary thoughts infra). "PRAY, MISS JULIA, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Miss Julia. "ENGAGED? MR. HOPKINS! O, DEAR, NO! I AM GOING BACK TO SCHOOL NEXT WEEK!"



DIFFERENT VIEWS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

1873.

DIFFERENT VIEWS
OF HAMPSTEAD
HEATH.

Edwin (to his Angelina).
"WITH YOU BY MY SIDE,
MY VERY OWN, WIFE
YET, I COULD WANDER
AMONG THESE BEAUTIFUL
HILLS AND DALES
FOR EVER!"

Angelina (to her Edwin).
"AND SO COULD I WITHE
YOU, MY FERVENT OWN!"
FOR EVER, AND EVER,
AND EVER!!!"

*Angelina's Sister (to
herself).* "O DEAR ME!
WHAT A TRAVAIL IT
AND DOWN IT ALL IS TO
BE BURE!"



TWO VANITIES.

1873.

TWO VANITIES

(*Amateur Fancist and
his Wif'e, alone together
after a Evening
Party.*)

"DID I LOOK NICE
TO-NIGHT, LOVE?"

"O, NO, ERNIE, HU'
WAS I IN GOOD FORM?"

"FIRST-CLASS, LOVE!
TELL ME, DO YOU PREFER
ME WITH A RIBBON IN
MY HAIR, OR FLOWERS?"

"O, RATHER! LOVE
ME. WHICH STYLE
GIVES ME BEST, DO YOU
THINK?—THE PRETTY
FASHION OF EASTLAW,
OR THE TREMENDOUS
DEPARTMENT OF DE SUEZ?"

"O, BOTH! DON'T
YOU THINK A TALL
RIBBON WITH BLACK
LACE," ETC., ETC., ETC.



1878.

THANKS WHERE THANKS ARE DUE.

(Mrs. Penruddocky Tomkyns of Heron.)

Mr. Penruddocky Tomkyns. "HOW KIND OF MADEMOISELLE SERRIERIE TO COME TO US, MY LOVE, AND SING TO US IN THIS FRIENDLY WAY, WITHOUT BEING PAID FOR IT, I MEAN! I'LL GO AND THANK HER."

Mrs. Penruddocky Tomkyns. "GOOD HEAVENS, YOU GOON, DON'T THANK HER! TELL HER SHE HAS MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION, AND THAT WE HOPE TO HAVE HER AGAIN SOON—AM, YOUR GRACE, GOING AWAY ALREADY?"

The Duchess. "YES. THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR A PLEASANT AFTERNOON!"

Mrs. Penruddocky Tomkyns. "THANK YOU, DUCHESS! HOW KIND OF YOUR GRACE TO COME TO US!! MADEMOISELLE HAS A NICE VOICE, HAS SHE NOT?"

The Duchess. "CHARMING! I ONLY WISH I COULD AFFORD TO ENGAGE HER FOR TUESDAY! I'VE ONLY GOT ANNUITIES, YOU KNOW. BY THE EVE, I SHALL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU A CARD, IF YOU CARE TO COME."

Mrs. Penruddocky Tomkyns. "OH, THANK YOU, DUCHESS! WE SHALL ONLY BE TOO DELIGHTED, ETC., ETC., ETC."

Madeemoiselle Serrierie and her Mother, who think Mrs. Penruddocky Tomkyns a tremendous Snell, are waiting for her Grace's departure to say, "NOUS VOUS REMERCIONS INFINIMENT, MADAME DE TOMKYN'S, DE VOTRE SI AIMABLE ET SYMPATHIQUE ACCUEIL!"

To which Mrs. Penruddocky Tomkyns will reply, "OH—EX—NE LE MENTIONNEZ PAS. JE NE SUIS SI CHARRÉE DE VOUS ÊTRE CTE, VOUS SAVVY! ER—BON JOUR!" (Clear Mrs. P. T. !!!)

1877.



SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE BROWNS GIVE A JUVENILE PARTY, AND INVITE SOME GODPARENTS, LIVELY YOUNG FRIENDS, OR BORN SAVES, TO ANNOY THE LITTLE ONE.
[N.B.—Brown is just now adding the last touch to the Christening of the Little, and Mrs. B. is superintending the final arrangements for supper, "alternative,"



"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

(SCENE—*Mrs. Lyon Hunter's Drawing-Room, during a Lecture on "Women's Rights."*)*Modest Youth* (in a whisper, to *Young Lady* looking for a Seat). "ER—EXCUSE ME, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES, *Miss WILHELMINA*?"*Young Lady*. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO, MR. JONES."*Modest Youth*. "HAW! IN THAT CASE OF COURSE I NEEDN'T GIVE YOU UP MY CHAIR!"AGGRAVATING
FLIPPANCY.*Useful Sister* (to ornamental Sister, who has been levelling the dustbin of her existence for the last hour). "BELLA, YOU'RE THE MOST EGOTISTICAL CREATURE I EVER MET IN MY LIFE!"*Bella* (who always gets out of everything with a joke). "WELL, JANE! IF I AM EGOTISTICAL, AT ALL EVENTS IT'S ONLY ABOUT MYSELF!"

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.



THE ANGLO-SAXON COMPLEXION.

1882.

From von Schmeiligrath. "Ach! Himmel! Mister Choses! Vat peautiful Hides they rap, the young English Miners!"

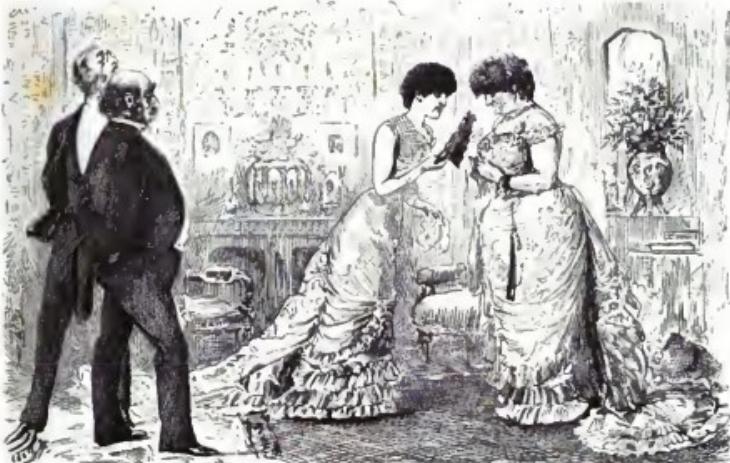


THE LATEST FASHION IN MUSIC AT HOME.

1882.

"By MENDELSSOHN, IS IT NOT, Miss PRIGGY?"—"WE BELIEVE SO." "ONE OF THE 'SONGS WITHOUT WORDS'!"—"POSSIBLY. WE NEVER LISTEN TO MENDELSSOHN." "indeed! YOU DON'T ADVISE HIS MUSIC!"—"WE DO NOT." "MAY I ASK WHY?"—"BECAUSE THERE ARE SO WRONG NOTES IN IT!"

(Our gallant Colonel is "out of it" again.



"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER"—ALAS!

1881.

"OH, MAMMA, REN UP AND CHANGE YOUR GOWN BEFORE ANT-SHOOT COMES!"

"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"WELL, YOU'RE ONLY ENAMELLED FOR A SQUARE DOGT, YOU KNOW, AND YOUR MAID HAS PUT YOU ON A LOW-NERKED DRESS!"



IT IS ALWAYS WELL TO BE WELL-INFORMED.

1884.

SIR. "WHO'S MY SISTER'S PARTNER, FIF-L-YA, WITH THE STAR AND RIBBON?"

He. "OH, EX—AR—HE'S SIR—SIR—DEAR ME, I FORGET HIS NAME—BUT, YOU KNOW, HE WENT SOMEWHERE OR OTHER TO LOOK AFTER THAT SCIENTIFIC FELLER—WHAT WAS HIS NAME?—YOU KNOW, WHO WAS LOST OR SOMETHING, OR WAS KILLED BY SOMEBODY?"



OFFENSIVE MODESTY.

1883.

New Customer. "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE WHAT THE THINGS ARE MADE OF, YOU KNOW. ALL I WANT IS TO LOOK LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

Tailor (with unrolled-for display). "WELL, SIR, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT I WILL DO MY VERY BEST!"



NOT SO BAD FOR AN "OLD CHAPPIE."

1882.

First Old Chappie. "THENE WE'RE TIME FOR A CIGARETTE, OLD CHAPPIE!"

Second Old Chappie. "WELL, OLD CHAPPIE, CONSIDERING THRETT YEARS ARE SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN THIS LAST ACT AND THE NEXT, I THINK WE HAVE!"



AN AGGRAVATING TEUTON.

1880.

AN AGGRAVATING TEUTON.

O'Reilly (in the heat of a political discussion). "THE FACT IS, BOKE, ALL YOU GERMANS ARE PRUSS, REGULAR PRUSS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WORL! ALL VE CHEESMANS ARE BRICKS, REGULAR BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "I SAID PRUSS, BOKE—not BRICKS!"

Herr Müller. "I HAT ZARB, MY VRENT! YOU SAID BRICKS, OF COURSE—NOT PRUSS."

O'Reilly. "PRUSS, BOKE! PIOD-HEADED COULD-KRANTZ PRUSS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WORL! PIOD-HEADED, GOLD-KRANTZ BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "AN! GET OUT WID YE! YE'RE PAST PRAYING FOR!"

Herr Müller. "ZERN VU DO YOU GO ON BRAVING, MY VRENT!"

[Exit O'Reilly, fuming at the mouth. Herr Müller chuckles for the rest of the day.]



A TRUE FRIEND.

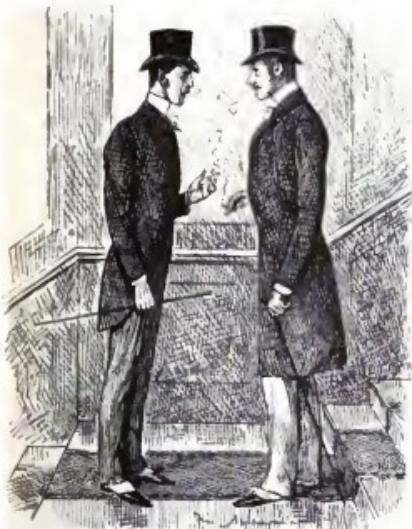
A TRUE FRIEND.

Humble Host. "I SUPPOSE YOU FIND SWELL SOCIETY VERY DELIGHTFUL, DON'T YOU, TOPSWEEF?"

Generous Guest. "I RECEIVE THEE, MY BOY! WEE, LAST NIGHT AT DINNER, NOW, THERE WAS I WITH A BARONET'S LADY ON ONE SIDE, AND A DOWAGER VISCONTESS ON THE OTHER, AND A LORD ALFRED SITTING JUST OPPOSITE, AND EVERYTHING ELSE TO MAKE A BET, LO'RE BLESS YOU, I'M QUITE content to come and dine with THEE, dear old BOY, and drink THEE HALF-CROWN BEER!"

[Helps himself to another glass.]

1874.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

1875.

"WHAT, BACK IN TOWN ALREADY, OLD CHAPPIE?"

"YES, OLD CHAPPIE. COULDN'T STAND THE COUNTRY ANY LONGER. COUNTRY GAVE ME THE HEADACHE!"



HOSPITALITY.

1875.

"BY THE BY, MR. JONES, THEY'VE ELECTED YE AT THE DINATHEUM, I'M RAPPY TO OBSERVE. WILL YE GO ME THE PLEASURE OF DINING WITH ME THERE NEXT THURSDAY?—THAT IS, ACCORDING TO ME, YE KNOW?"

U - A - A



THE LAST VALSE BUT FOUR—TIME 2:36 A.M.

1890.

Wife of his Boss. "DON'T KEEP LOOKING AT YUCK WATCH, ALLOT! ONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE IN CHURCH!"

ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURE.

1890.

Mrs. BOUCYB SMITH AND HER DAUGHTERS HAVE BEEN "AT HOME" TO THEIR LONDON FRIENDS EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS. LAST WEDNESDAY SOME VISITORS ACTUALLY CAME!



A NEW TRADE!

1868.

"YOU, MUM, FATHER KEPT AN INN AT LITTLE PEDDINGTON, AND MOTHER KEPT THE POST-OFFICE THERE."
 "AND YOUR LATE MISTER—WHO AND WHAT WAS HE?"
 "THE REVEREND MR. WILKINS, MA'AM. HE KEPT A VICARAGE AT MEDLINGHAM, CLOSE BY!"



MORBID SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Mother. "HOW IS IT
 YOU CAME HOME FROM
 YOUR PARTY SO EARLY
 LAST NIGHT, SUSAN?
 DIDN'T YOU ENJOY
 YOURSELF?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM,
 BUT THE YOUNG MAN
 WHO TOOK ME HOME TO
 SUPPER INSULTED ME!"

Mother. "INVITED
 YOU, SUSAN? WHY,
 WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM.
 HE ASKED ME IF MY
 PROGRAMME WAS FULL;
 AND I TELL YOU I NEVER
 TOLD ANYTHING BUT A
 SANDWICH AND A GLASS
 OF LEMONADE, SO I
 COME AWAY HURRY."

MORBID SUSCEPTIBILITY.

1873.



AESTHETIC WITH A VENGEANCE.

1875.

AESTHETIC WITH A
VENGEANCE.

TOM. "I SAY, OLD MAN, NOW YOU'VE GOT THAT STUNNING HOME OF YOURS, YOU OUGHT TO BE LOOKING OUT FOR A WIFE!"

EDDIE. "QUITE SO. I WAS THINKING OF ONE OF THOSE MISS GIBSONS, DON'T YOU KNOW—"

TOM. "AH! LET ME RECOMMEND THE TALL ONE, OLD MAN. SHE'LL MAKE THE BEST WIFE IN THE WORLD!"

EDDIE. "QUITE SO. BUT THE SHORT ONE SEEMS TO HAVE NO MIND BETTER WITH THE KIND OF FURNITURE I ODE TO FOR—BURL AND MARQUETTE, DON'T YOU KNOW."



PIETY THAT OVERFLOWETH.

1875.

"ULLA! ANNIE! CLARA! MARIA! WHY, WHAT THE DOOZY—
"H-H-H, HERBERT! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT! WE'RE IN CHURCH!"



1880.

MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYNS'S "DAY AT HOME."

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "So good of you to take pity on us, Duchess! and you too, dear Lady Adeline! We were really feeling quite deserted, and—"

Footman. "Mrs. MacAlister?"

Mrs. MacAlister (an Aunt of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's—quite unexpected, and by no means a person of fashion). "Hush! ye duina think to set eyes on me the day, my Bonnie Bairns!" And boos a' wi' ye and the guidman, Lassie!"

[Sis doon and makes herself quitte at haur.

Stunned by the awful apparition, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns mortally ejaculates, "O! HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THE DUCHESS THINK!" and loses all presence of mind.

What the Duchess said to Lady Adeline, driving home:—"NICE MOTHERLY PERSON THAT MRS. MACALISTER! SHE'S THE WIFE OF LORD FENSBURY'S STUDY BAILEFF, IT REEMS. I'D NO IDEA MRS. TOMKYN HAD SUCH RESPECTABLE CONNECTIONS!"

MUSIC AT HOME.

("To such have we come at last.")

Distinguished amateur ("Home Price is not quite what it used to be"). "I THOUGHT I WOULD."

"TO HOMES TILL GONE AT THE END!"

Editor. "TO—BUT THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH—AND I WANT SOME OF THE PEOPLE TO GO!"





HISTORY OF A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

1868.

Griphy. "BY THE WAY, THAT'S A NEW PICTURE, SIR POMPEY—THE KNIGHT IN ARMOUR, I MEAN!"*Sir Pompey Bedell.* "EX—TEN. IT CAME TO ME IN GATHERS A CURIOUS WAY—ER—TOO LONG TO RELATE AT PRESENT. IT'S AN ANCIENT OF MINE—A BEDFELD OF RICHARD THE THIRD'S PERIOD!"*Griphy* (who made an all but successful offer of three-thousand-a-year for said Picture, last week, to old *Mess Isacco*, in *Wardour Street*). "BY Jove, HE WAS FABULOUS NEAR BEING AN ANCIENT OF MINE TOO!"

[Pounds to explain, but is interrupted by Sir P.'s proposing to join the Ladies.



SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

1868.

SUFFICIENT
GROUNDS FOR
REFUSAL(SCENE—Office in Dublin
Life Assurance.)*Surplice of the Company.* "HEART AND LIVER SOUND AS A BELL. HE JASPER, YE'VE THE FOISIEST LOOF I EVER SAW, SOB! WHAT'S YUR BUSINESS, OR PRO-FES-SHUN, NOW?"*Applicant.* "I HAVEN'T GOT ANY."*Surplice.* "WHAT! YE DON'T MEAN TO SAY YE'VE GOT *LADS*?"*Applicant.* "A FEW ACRES."*Surplice.* "FAITH! THIS I'M SORRY FOR YE! BUT YE WON'T DO FOR *US*!"

[Certificate refused.]



THE NEW SOCIETY CRAZE.

The New Governess (through her pretty nose). "WAALL—I come right sick away from New York City, an' I ain't had TIME FOR POOLIE" ABDUND IN EUROPE—TOD BET! So I can't fix up those GALS IN THE EUROPEAN LANGUAGE, no-how!"

Governess Mamma (who knows there's a Duke or two still left in the Matrimonial Market). "OH, THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I WANT MY DAUGHTERS TO ACQUITE THE AMERICAN AGENT IN ALL ITS PURITY—AND THE INHOMES, AND ALL THAT. NOW I'M SURE YOU WILL DO ADMIRABLY!"

1888.

1888.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

[Why shouldn't a Portrait Painter make his sitting-room in proportion to the size of his subjects? He might put it to them decently, but firmly.]

Alderman Sir Robert. "AH, VERY LIKE THE COLONEL—VERY LIKE, indeed. Five HUNDRED GUINEAS DID YOU SAY? WELL, I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO PAINT ME LIKE THAT."

Our Artist. "OH, FOR FOG, Sir. ROBERT! IT WOULD BE THE THREE AND I DON'T WISH TO FLATTER, BUT YOU HAVE—A—A REPEITIVE CAST OF FEATURES. THE COLONEL'S FEATURES ARE OR-REPART, FOOLISH CHAP! HOOB NOSE, SHORT UPPER LIP, PROMINENT CHIN, LITTLE MOUTH, BIG EYES, HIGH FOREHEAD, AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW—VERY CHEAP, INDEED!"



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

1888.



CUTTING.

1864.

Eloise. "THESE CONFUSED FRENCH DUTTRES DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN LANGUAGE, ANY!"
Angelina. "NOT AS YOU SPEAK IT, LOVE! BY THE WAY, I WOULD RECOMMEND YOU ALWAYS TO SPEAK FRENCH IN FRANCE, WHEN YOU HAVE ANYTHING OF A CONFIDENTIAL NATURE TO IMPART TO ME BEFORE THE NATIVES! SO MANY OF THEM UNDERSTAND A LITTLE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"



A GENERIC DIFFERENCE.

1876.

First Schoolgirl (Sweet Eighteen). "I AM SO TIRED OF WALKING ALONG BY TWOS AND TWOS IN THIS WAY! IT'S AS BAD AS THE ANIMALS GOING INTO THE Ark!"
Second Dillie (dilis dillie). "WORSE! HALF OF THEM WERE MANLY!"



A TRUE ARTIST.

1878.

*Momma (to Tommy, who has been allowed for a few minutes to wait at table). "Now, TOMMY, KISS ME, AND GO TO BED."**Tommy (to Footman). "DO YOU EVER KISS THE MUSES, CHARLES?"**Footman. "No, Sir!" Young. "Tsk! I won't!"*

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

1878.

*Eldot of Faversham. "WHERE'S BABY, Madge?" Madge. "IN THE OTHER ROOM, I THINK, EMILY."**Eldot of Faversham. "GO DIRECTLY, AND SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING, AND TELL HER SHE MUSTN'T!"*



UNCONSCIOUS REPARTEE.

1862.

*Uncle Dick (an eminent R.A.). "WELL, JOHNTY, AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?"**Johnny. "I SHALL BE A JUDGE, LIKE PAPA!"**Uncle Dick. "AH, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BRAINS ENOUGH, MY BOY!"**Johnny. "OH, THEN I'LL BE AN ARTIST, LIKE YOU!"*

A CONTENTED MIND.

1872.

*"O, MAMMA! WE HAVE HAD SUCH FUN! FANCY, WE'VE BEEN DOING PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AND ALL OF US TOOK A PART!"**"Indeed! And what part did you all take?"**"O, THE PART OF THOSE WHO LOOK ON AND CLAP THEIR HANDS, YOU KNOW."*



PROPRIETY IN A FIX.

Mrs. QUIVERET HAS THREE DAUGHTERS JUST ENGAGED, AND THE PLEASING DUTY DEVOLVED UPON HER OF CHAPERONING THEM WHEN THEY TAKE THEIR WALKS ABROAD WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE LOVERS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE YOUNG COUPLES WILL GO THEIR OWN DIVERGENT WAYS!



BEAWE HOW YOU
INTRODUCE YOUR
INTIMATE FRIENDS
TO EACH OTHER.

THE TONKINSONS
THINK THOSE GEAR JES-
KIRSONS WOULD GET ON
SO WELL WITH THOSE
DELIGHTFUL WILKIN-
SONS THAT THEY GIVE
A SMALL DINNER-PARTY
TO EAWE THEM TO MEET.

BEE-GOLD THEM AFTER
DINNER: — THE WIL-
KINSONS AND JES-
KIRSONS ARE GETTING ON SO
FAT WELL TOGETHER, THAT POOR T. AND HIS
WIFE ARE COMPLETELY
LEFT OUT IN THE COLD
AND HAVE TO ROLL BACK
ON THEIR OWN PHOTO-
GRAPH-ALBUMS!

BEAWE HOW YOU INTRODUCE YOUR INTIMATE FRIENDS TO EACH OTHER.

1676



DUE APPRECIATION OF ARTISTIC MERIT.

1878.

"THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN, MARY, AND HE SAYS THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS THE MATTER WITH COOK, BUT THAT SHE REQUIRES
PORT WINE. SO I'M GOING TO GIVE HER SOME OF THAT WE GOT FOR BABY LAST YEAR."

"GOOD HEAVENS, MARY, DON'T GIVE HER THAT! GIVE HER WHATEVER REMAINS OF THE '31 YOUR UNCLE, THE DEAN, LEFT US;
AND THEN GO ON WITH THE '47, YOU KNOW!"



ALTRUISM.

Afable Strength. "AND ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE?" *Small Boy.* "OH, NO! THERE'S PAPA AND MAMMA, YOU KNOW!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1886.

BROWN (THE EMINENT AND WITTY Q.C.) WOULD BE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL COMPANY IN THE WORLD, BUT FOR A HABIT HE HAS, WHEN HE HOLDS FORTH, OF UNCONSCIOUSLY BUILDING THE MOST ELABORATE AND TOP-HEAVY STRUCTURES WITH HIS BOUTEIN'S BEST WINE GLASSES AND DECANTERS.



A SEVERE CRITIC.

1884.

Ble (inconsolately). "Landowape! NATURE, indeed! Why, it's no more like Nature than I am!"



BREAKING THE ICE.

1885.

Pompous Briton. "A—a—A COUSIN OF MINE MET SOME PEOPLE OF YOUR NAME RESIDING AT NAPLES. COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THEY MIGHT BE?"
Police Foreigner. "MY ELDEST BROTHER AND HIS FAMILY."
Pompous Briton. "OH, BUT THEY ARE GREAT SWELLS DUT THERE!"



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Ego. "WHAT I IS THAT BEAUTIFUL MISS JONES? WHY, I ADMIRE YOU MORE THAN EVER, MAMMA!" *Mamma.* "OH, MY DEAR!"
Ego. "I THINK SHE'S PERFECTLY HIDEOUS!"

1866.



PERFUNCTORY.

"CAN I HAVE A DANCE?"—"OH YES. NUMBER EIGHTEEN!"
 "THA-ANES! ONLY I WAN'T BE HERE!"—"NO MORE SHALL I!"

1866.



SEPARATE INTERESTS.

Husband. "HII MARIA! TAKE CARE OF THE PAINT!"
Painter. "IT DON'T MATTER, MA'AM. IT'LL ALL 'AVE TO BE PAINTED AGAIN!"

1876.



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE NEXT LONDON SEASON—FOOTWOMEN.

TWICE AS ORNAMENTAL AS MALE PLUMMETS WITHOUT BEING A BIT MORE
BUDDEN OR CONCEITED.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Miss-Dernon (in a stately air). "Lady Jane, I'm so sorry, dear Mrs. Lyons Huxley! Poor Sir John is so oppressed by the heat, that he did not dare venture out to dinner to-night. But I have arranged for our box at his place!"
Lady Jane. "I'm so sorry, dear Mrs. Lyons Huxley! Poor Sir John, as everybody knows, is the lion of the season, hardly being the robust man in London, and all the people intended for dinner at Mrs. Lyons Huxley's have been invited expressly to meet Sir John there!"



1878.

CHERUBIC.

"IS THAT GREAT-GRANDPA, AUNTIE BEATIE?"—"YES. THAT'S GREAT-GRANDPA!"
"AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPA CLEVER?"—"VERY CLEVER, indeed!"
"AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPA VERY GOOD?"—"VERY, VERY GOOD!"
"AND IS THAT ALL THERE WAS OF GREAT-GRANDPA?"



LEVELLING TENDENCY OF MODERN DRESS.

1872.

Old Gentleman (shocked beyond description) to Voyer. "DON'T YOU THINK THOSE YOUTHS HAD BETTER BE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR HATS OFF!"
 Voyer. "TAKE THEIR 'AT'S OFF! BLESS YOU, SIR, THOSE ARE THE DEAN'S YOUNG LADIES!"



QUID PRO QUO.

Madame Gaminet
 "ON TE, MONSEUR
 JONES, FAISKE LES
 ANGLAIS! ZET UNDER-
 STAND BISSEKET? FOR
 EXAMLE, ZEV PAY ME
 SIXTY FOURS — FIF-
 TEEN UNDRED FRANC—
 TO SING 'LA BLAUS-
 DOUSE DE TAMBOUR-
 MARIE' AT A EVENING
 PARTY! IT SEEM A
 GREAT DEAL! BUT ZIV
 LAUREL, AND ZET SAY,
 'OH, SHARON! OH,
 RAV DOODOO!' AND IF
 MEN EVERDOT SINK
 ZAT EVERYDOT TIME
 KNOW FRENCH — IT
 ALMOST WEE DEN SINK
 ZAT KEE KNOW IT TEN-
 SILE! CA VAUT BIEN
 QUINZE CENTS FRANC,
 JE PENSE!"

QUID PRO QUO.

1862.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

1876.

"GOOD HEAVENS, GIRLS! WHAT—WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? A POST-CARD, ADDRESSED TO ONE OF YOU, AND ON IT I READ!—'ARE YOU AND YOUR SISTERS COMING TO THE E. AND S. CLUB THIS AFTERNOON?'"
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, PAPA DEAR! E. AND S. STANDS FOR BILLIARDS AND SHUTTLECOCK!"



A FRIEND IN NEED.

1884.

Bobby Short. "I SAY—I CAN'T FIND MY PARTNER, MISS WILSON! HAVE YOU SEEN HER?"
Tommy Long. "I DON'T KNOW HER BY SIGHT, EVEN! BUT, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL LIFT YOU UP, AND YOU CAN HUNT FOR YOURSELF!"



A NEW TASTE IN MEN AND WOMEN.

1863.

Sgt. "WHAT A FINE-LOOKING MAN MR. O'BRIEN IS!"*Hr.* "H'M—HAD—RATHER ROTG-BEWS, I THINK. CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE THAT LOUD-LAUGHING, STRONG-VOICED, BUSTY KIND OF MAN. NOW THAT'S A FINE-LOOKING WOMAN HE'S TALKING TO!"*Sgt.* "WELL—EE—SOMEWHOW EFFEMINATE, YOU KNOW. CONFESS I DON'T ADMIRE EFFEMINATE WOMEN!"

A VENIAL TRESPASS.

1863.

Squire Bunction. "NOW THEN, SIR! CAN'T YOU READ? DIDN'T YOU OBSERVE THAT THIS ROAD IS PRIVATE?"*Edwin.* "A—H—YES! TO TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAME HERE!"



TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

1863.

TOWN MOUSE AND
COUNTRY MOUSE.

Dorothy. "LOOK—LOOK,
DOROTHY! THERE'S
RICHARD MARVEL!"

Dorothy (Courting
Cousin). "RICHARD
MARVEL? WHO'S HE?"

Edd. "WHAT NEVER
HEARD OF RICHARD
MARVEL? WHO, HE'S
THE AUTHOR, YOU KNOW,
AT THE PARTENERS?"

Dorothy. "OH! AN
ACTOR, IS HE! HE'S
SOMETHING LIKE MR.
GRANVILLE SMITH."

Edd. "WHO'S MR.
GRANVILLE SMITH?"

Dorothy. "WHAT!
NEVER HEARD OF MR.
GRANVILLE SMITH?
WHY, HE'S THE GREAT-
EST BREEDER OF SNIF-
F-HORNS IN ALL CREE-
LAND!!!"



HOW FRIENDSHIPS ARE KEPT WARM!

Mrs. Jones. "OH, I'VE LEFT OUT THE BROWNS! MUST WE
INVITE THEM?"

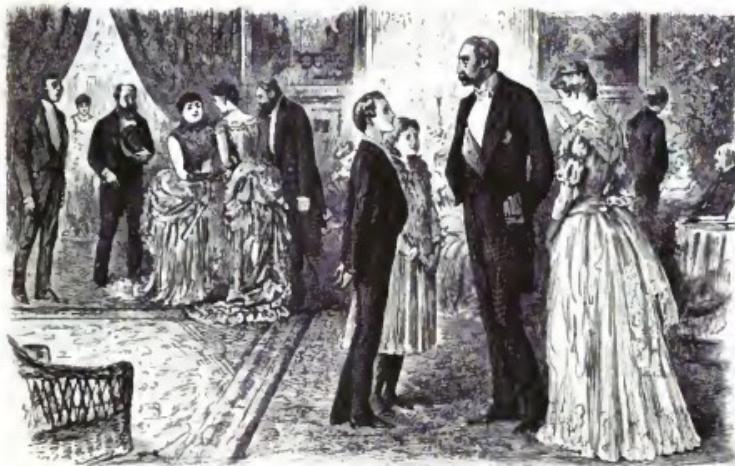
Jones. "HANG IT ALL, IT'S A BRAVELY BORE, BUT I SUPPOSE
WE MUST!"



Mrs. Brown. "AN INVITATION FROM THE JONESSES, LOVE! MUST
WE ACCEPT?"

Brown. "CONFOUND IT! IT'S A BRAVELY NUISANCE — BUT I
SUPPOSE WE MUST!"

1863.



FAME.

(The Quarter of an Hour before Dinner.)

Son of the House (to the Hero of the Day). "ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO THE WILLIAMSON?"
General Sir Archibald Williamson, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., V.C., &c., &c., &c., &c. "THE WILLIAMSON!"
Son of the House. "YES; FRED WILLIAMSON, YOU KNOW, WHO JUMPED FIVE FEET SEVEN AND THREE-QUARTERS AT OUR SPORTS THIS TERM!"

1884.



OUR CURATE.

1885.

"MY VICAR'S AWAY! I PREACH THREE TIMES ON SUNDAY, AND BOSS THE ENTIRE SHOW!"



A DELICATE QUESTION.

Monsieur le Comte. "AND NOW, MADAM, CAN YOU 'AVE SO KINDLY INSTRUCT ME ON DE INTERESTING 'ISTORY OF DE 'OUSE, DARK I PERMIT MYSELF TO ASK HOW FAR DOES YOUR PROPERTY EXTEND?"

1886.



SIR GORGUS ON THE "CONTINENT."

Sir G. Midas (to his Younger Son). "THERE'S A GLASS O' CHAMPAGNE FOR YEE, 'ENRY! DOWN WITH IT, MY LAD—AND THANK EAVES YOU'RE AN ENGLISHMAN, AND CAN AFFORD TO DRINK IT!"

1885.



THE BÉBÉ BONNET.

1876.

THE
BÉBÉ BONNET.

Fashionable Customer.
"BUT IT MAKES ME
LOOK SO INNOCENT!"

Fashionable Milliner.
"OH NO! INDEED,
MADAM! ANYTHING
BUT THAT!"

Fashionable Customer.
"ARE YOU SURE, NOW?"

Fashionable Milliner.
"QUITE SURE, MADAM!"

Fashionable Customer.
"THEN YOU MAY SEND
IT ME!"

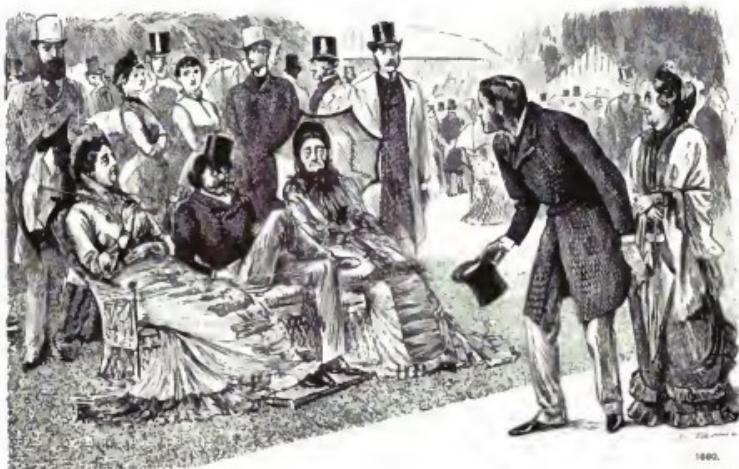


1876.

GENEROUS SELF-DENIAL.

Humor. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MRS. MIRABEL? I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GIVEN UP SINCE A PRIVILEGED AMUSEMENT?"
Mrs. Mirabel (about Lady of considerable personal attractions). "O DEAR, NO! BUT—A—YOU MEN ARE SCOUNDRELS, AND I DON'T
 THINK IT'S QUITE FAIR TO THE GIRLS, YOU KNOW!"

T—B D



SUDDEN RESULTS OF DUCAL CAPRICE.

SUDDEN RESULTS
OF DUCAL CAPRICE.

Todays (a sketch Chas-
terton ever since he
shed beads over Roly,
last week). "LOOK,
AUNT, THERE'S CHAS-
TERTON, THE VIOLENT,
YOU KNOW! BY JOVE,
IF HE ISN'T SITTING
BETWEEN THE DUCHESS
OF IPSWICH AND THE
DUCHESS OF PETSBY!
SPLENDEUR! TELL
THEY ARE WOMEN,
THESE GRACES I-KNOW
THEM BOTH WELL—MUST
INTRODUCE YOU SOME
DAY"—(these eloquently
—is completely ignored—
continues his remarks to
his Aunt)—"UGH! IF IT
AIN'T SICKENING TO SEE
THE WAY THAT FAWN-
ING FIDDLEY CAP
TOADIES THOSE TWO OLD
FOLKS, JUST BECAUSE
THEY'RE DECEASED!
WHAT, THEY WOULDN'T
DO IT, I SWEAR, HIM
IF HE WEREN'T A FO-
RIGNER; AND THAT'S
CUT HIS DEAD NEXT
WEEK—THAT'S A CO-
PORT! UGH! WHAT A
WORLD!"

[*Becomes a Eulogist
again on the spot.*



A NARROW ESCAPE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

(Todays very nearly
becomes a Conservative
again.)

The Duchess (quizzingly
recognizing T.). "OR
HOW D'YOU! I'M SO
GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR.—
MASTER—A—"

Todays (hastily drop-
ping Mrs. Ursula, wife
of the Radical Member
for Springfield). "OH,
DUCHESS! HOW KIND
OF YOU GRACE TO SAY
SO!"

The Duchess. "A—I
CAN'T SEE MY FOOTMAN
ANYWHERE. WILL YOU
BE SO GOOD AS TO VINE
OUT IF THE CARRIAGE
HAS COME?"

[Enters poor T., in
search of the Duke's carriage.]



WHO WOULDN'T BE A DRAWING-MASTER!

AN INVIDIOUS GROWL.

Louie. "Who's THAT CHAMPIONSHIP LAD VALUOUS TO MR. TORNADO, PAPA?"
Louie. "HE'S GONE! HOW CAN YOU TELL ONE'S A DICKEN, PAPA?"

Papa (who, perhaps, is not on speaking terms with Louie). "BY TORNADO'S HORN!"

1866.





A MOTHERLY PUFF.

Mesmerizing Maria (anxious that her Daughter's chief attraction should not escape the notice of the very eligible Young Men who is taking her—the Daughter—down to supper). "MARIA! MARIA!!"

Maria. "YES, MARIA!"

Mesmerizing Maria (in loud whispers). "TAKE YOUR EYELASHES OUT OF TANGLE, DARLING!"

1076.



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

"YOU'VE HEARD
ABOUT THE POOR DEAR
DUCHESS! ISN'T IT TOO
AWFUL?"

"IT IS, INDEED! DID
YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW
HER GRACE?"

"WELL—RE—NO!"

"NO MORE DID I
HAVE TO DO—LET
US TRY AND BEAR UP!"

1075.



CONFUSION OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Moppie. "OH! TOMMY!! LOOK AT THAT SWEET LITTLE THING!!! I'M AFRAID IT'S AFRAID OF CHIBORIZO! JUST WAG CHIBORIZO'S TAIL, TO PUT HIM IN A GOOD TEMPER. THERE'S A GOOD BOY!"



A COUPPLY HINT.

"HOW TALL OUR SHADOWS ARE, CLAUDE!"—"YES, AREN'T THEY!"—"TALL ENOUGH FOR US TO BE MARRIED, I THINK!"



CABINISTIC INGENUITY.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! CHILDREN, CHILDREN! ARE YOU AWARE THAT TO-DAY IS SUNDAY?"
"YES, MAMMA, BUT WE'RE PRETENDING IT ISN'T, YOU KNOW; SO IT'S ALL RIGHT!"



AN EPISODE.

"OH, GEORGE, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU—KISSING YOUR LIPS LIKE THAT, AFTER THAT DEAR LITTLE FRENCH GIRL HAS GIVEN YOU A KISS!"
"I'M NOT KISSING IT OUT, MAMMY!—I'M BUBBING IT UP!"



A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

(On returning from the
Theatre, the Thompsons
find their Housemaid in
great distress, with her
arm bound up in her
Apron.)

Mrs. Thompson.
"WHAT IS THE MATTER,
ANN? HAVE YOU BURST
YOUR HAN^E?"

Ann. "W-W-WORSE
THAN THAT, MA'AM!"

Mrs. Thompson.
"NOT BROKEN YOUR
ARM, I TRUST?"

Ann. "W-W-WORSE
THAN THAT!"

Mrs. Thompson.
"GOOD HEAVENS!—
WHAT IS IT?"

Cook. "THE FACT IS,
MA'AM, THE SILLY GIRL
HAS BEEN TRYIN' ON
YOUR NEW BRACELET,
AND NONE OF US KNOWS
HOW TO GET IT OFF
AGAIN!"

1860.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

1862.

Mistress. "AND YOU MAY ALL OF YOU ASK A FRIEND TO DINNER, YOU KNOW; AND, SISTER, YOU CAN ASK YOUR WIFE."
Bell. "THANK YOU, MA'AM. I THINK SOY, IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM!"



EARLY DOMESTIC TRIALS.

1864.

Young Wife (in great trepidation—to her Brother). "TOMMY, I'M GOING TO GIVE THE COOK WARNING. JUST LISTEN AT THIS CONVERSATION, AND AS SOON AS YOU HEAR ME SAY, 'COOK, I GIVE YOU A MISTER'S WARNING FROM TO-DAY,' MIND YOU CALL ME, AND SAY I'M WANTED IMMEDIATELY!"



A PARAGON.

Lady's Maid (enumerating her Qualifications for the Place). "I MAY LIKewise HADD, MESS, THAT I HALWAYS MANAGE TO MAKE MY YOUNG LADIES MOST SATISFACTORY!"

1872.

T-E-E



A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

1888.

Hr. "It's a Polka; but we can waltz to it."*Mrs.* "Oh, not for worlds! I hate waltzing to a Polka; besides I adore the Polka Step!"*Hr.* "Sorry! I—a—refuse dance the Polka; but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!"*Mrs.* "Oh, good gracious, no! Let us dance it off way you like!"

THE JOYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

1888.

Photographer [about to make his fourteenth attempt]. "Could you manage to look a little bit less dreary, Mrs.—just for half a second—just now?"



AMONG THE TRITONS.

(The Duchess of Shilton at Home—Small and Early.)

1885.

Mrs. Minnow (indignantly, to her husband). "LOOK, LOVE! MR. AND MRS. STICKLERBACk, OF ALL PEOPLE! TO THINK OF THOSE STICKLERBACkS BEING HERE!"

Mr. Minnow. "YES, LOVE! AND TO THINK OF THEIR BEING THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE ROOM WE KNOW!"

[Mr. and Mrs. Sticklerback are saying precisely the same things of their old friends Mr. and Mrs. Minnow,



SNOB-SNUBBING.

"A—I THINK YOU KNOW THE TRITTER-BITS. ARE THEY—A—QUITE THE SORT OF PEOPLE ONE CAN APPEAL TO ONE'S HOUSE, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

"OH, CERTAINLY, IF YOU WISH TO. WHETHER THEY'LL COME OR NOT, IS ANOTHER QUESTION!"

SNOB-SNUBBING.

1886.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE ACTOR.

1884.

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS.
THE ACTOR

Billy Wopold. "I SAY, LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW I THERE'S GOT ME FOR THE PART OF MR. GUT-KARLSTROM, AN' ANYTIME I SEE EVERYONE KEEPS LAUGHIN' AT ME, THE DIRECTOR AN' SO ON ACT SHOW A BRAVE PART AS THAT!—AND HOW AM I TO DARE DO IT, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"

Bronx (Stage Manager). "MY DEAR FELLOW, DEARS JUST AS FOR ACTING, HE IS NATURAL AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN! IT WILL BE AN HERCULEAN SUCCESS!"



HAPPY THOUGHT.—A "SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR THE UPPER CLASSES."

1888.

HAPPY THOUGHT.
A "SUNDAY SCHOOL
FOR THE UPPER
CLASSES."

(Vicar Bishop of Oxford's Speech before the Church Congress.)

Elizabeth Waring (Londress and Cherrystone, and Sunday School Teacher to the U.C.). "AND NOW, MY DEAR LITTLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU HOW I SPENT THE BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY AFTERNOON BY RIVER OR THE RIVER! YOU CAN DO THAT FROM MONDAY MORNING TILL SATURDAY NIGHT, YOU KNOW! HIS LOVELINESS, HERE, WHO WAS AT ETON AND OXFORD, WILL NO DOUBT REMEMBER HOW THE GASS HE HAD PLUNGE SO BUSTLY ALL THE WEEK, LEFT UNTOUCHED OF STEAM, AND YET TOO, MY DEARS, WITH NO TIME TO GIVE IT THE RIVER, OR THAT ONE DAY — TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TOILING ALL THE RUSTY WEEK LONG IN STYLING OFFICES AND GRIMY WORKSHOPS, AND SUCH-LIKE!"



1881.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jinks. "A—HAVE I HAD THE—A—PLEASURE OF SAYING GOOD-BYE TO YOU,
MISS MARY?"

TWO THRONES.



One, Beauty, person of grace,
And with thy robes, and hem thy skirt
(The last moment there), at thy feet
And touch the sceptres of the bower,
Incommodious tasks like vanity impels
The present hour is commanding all

With, Whiston, Bunting, and Taylor meet
Those who sit with thy functions due,
A gift is here, by a grace divine,
Born since previous to creation,
To teach us strength, as of old ;
We have a right Queen to govern,
Whom we see fit to give you ;

And what will thy gloomy crew,
The other shame of thy house,
The difference of the pastures wild,
If, The King's strength, were made to live ?
The King's strength, were made to die !



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1866.

Young Husband. "Yes, Aunty, I flatter myself the Moon Jones pretty well—set, my dear Ellen, where, in the name of Fortune, did you get those atrocious vases? They're a perfect eyesore!"

Young Wifc. "My dear Fred! What are you saying? Why, dear Aunty gave them to us! They're perfectly lovely!"

[Dear Ellen has just exchanged the vases for a Cephalosporid, where they are always kept when dear Aunty is not expected.]



"NO ONE IS A
HERO TO HIS
VALET."

*Sir Arthur Full-
ton, Bart., M.D.,
F.R.C.P., &c., &c.,
d. "And are you
better, Simpson,
after that Mid-
cine I gave you
last night?"*

*Cook. "Well, I
can't say as I han,
Sir Hartlie; and
to tell you the
truth, if you've
no objection, Sir
Hartlie, I should
like to consult a
regular MEDICAL
MAN!"*

"NO ONE IS A HERO TO HIS VALET."

1862.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1884.

"How good of you to come and see me, Mr. Pinkerton!"

"Well, you know, Mrs. Bouddebat, the Mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, so Mahomet had to come to the Mountain!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1885.

Dof Old Gentleman. "The conversation seems very amusing, my dear. What is it all about?"

Mother (frightened). "When they say anything worth repeating, Grandpapa, I'll tell you!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

Host (whom told). "By the way, Bishop, I hear Sir Wimwood and Lady Scobie are in town, and Justice Tupper and his wife. I only wish I had known it before, for I would have asked them to-day to meet you!"

Mental Chorus of Guests. "I wonder which of us would have been left out!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.

Major le Musical. "How charming!—a—ne beautifully played!—a—such a lovely composition!—a—I only heard the last few bars—a—but it was quite enough!"

T-F F



A PHILOLOGICAL POSER.

1873

A PHILOLOGICAL
POSER.

Herr Professeur. "Est
ce non à embrasser
Tino, Latino, bat ou
Latin Race? Savoir
autre de Eustache
Bégoncourt-Azétois ? I
lais croire des Mômes
partent pour les Islands
Chesterian (ACCLAMATION OF MISS
ANN AND FERRY SLEEPY
MAN) who has lifted
in Louis Alphonse au
Loup, as I have
d'ENDY-VILLE ELLAD-
ANT POUR TOUT PEUZ
IT ? HE ARRIVED ELLAD-
VIT A VILLE
SPRING VOLVO IS-
NORATION ! HOW TO
TOUS JARDINER TOR A 20
ECONOMIE - OBTIENANT
ZEERGOONSHANE AT
TAT?"



HIGHLY INTERESTING!

HIGHLY
INTERESTING!

Elderly Belle. "O,
WHAT'S MRS. WILHELM
DE CRESPIER BROWN,
IS IT ? ER - WHO IS
SHE?"

Old Rose. "SHE WAS
A MISS CHICHESTER IN
PROSCENIUM JONES."

Elderly Belle. "AS
ONE OF THE BRIS-
BEELE HALL-OF-FACE
DARNT ROAST DE PUN-
SON BY JONESIN, I AP-
POSE IT!"

Old Rose. "NO -
NO ! - MY DEAR LADY !
ONE OF THE CHAUS-
DIEUF CHORLEY HAF-
LEF CRAWLAT DE PO-
SONNY JONESIN, AS
YOU KNOW."

Elderly Belle. "YOU
DON'T SAY SO, MAJIS!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

The Hostess. "DEAR MISS LENNETT! WOULD YOU—WOULD YOU SING ONE OF THOSE CHARMING BALLADS, WHILE I GO AND SEE IF SUTTER'S READY?"
The Companion. "O, DON'T ASK ME—I FEEL KERFIZED. THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE——"
The Hostess. "O, THEY WON'T LISTEN, BLESS YOU! NOT ONE OF THEM! Now THEN?"

1871.



A POSER.

Enthusiastic Young Lady. "O, MR. ROBINSON, DOES NOT IT EVER STRIKE YOU, IN LISTENING TO SWEET MUSIC, THAT THE RUDIMENT OF POTENTIAL INFINITE PAIN IS SILENTLY WOVEN INTO THE TISSUE OF OUR KEENEST JOY!"

1871.



"LA POLITÉSSE DU COEUR."

Mrs. de M. (after dinner). "Alice dear, let us hear your new song!" Alice. "I'm afraid of disturbing Dr. Schmidt, Mama." Herr Schmidt (striking up). "Ach! do not mind me. I will take myself away from the room!"

1866.



**INTELLECTUAL
CULTURE v.
ARISTOCRATIC
BARTHARISM.**

Mrs. de M. (Montgomery Jones) calls upon Lady Clara Robins (née Fere de Flee) about the character of a nursery governess.)

Mrs. de M. J. "AND
MAY I INQUIRE IF THE
UNNAMEABLE MISS WILLES-
SON IS THOROUGHLY COM-
PETENT TO IMPART
EFFICIENT INSTRUCTION
TO THE YOUNGER FE-
MATE MEMBERS OF MY
FAMILY, AGED RESPECT-
TIVELY FIVE AND
TREBLE?"

Lady C. "WHAT,
TEACH YOU TWO LITTLE
GIRLS? OH, YES!"

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE v. ARISTOCRATIC BARBARISM

1865.



MUSIC AT HOME.

(A Comic Song, in French, by Madame Pitotette.)

Messieur (whisperly). "YEEH, WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH? CAN'T YOU SEE EVERYBODY'S IN THIS?"*Miss Frost*. "HE SINGS SO FAST, MAMMA! I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS!"*Messieur*. "NO MORE SO I—SO MORE DOES ASTRODE. BUT YOU NEEDN'T SHOW IT, YOU NIFTY CHILD!"

1868.



TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

Bast (famous for his Cellar). "GOOD HEAVES—, MAN! DON'T DRINK THAT CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S FOR THE CHILDREN!"

1868



COLONIZING IN IOWA, U.S.

1861.

(A Host to the Younger Sons of our Aristocracy, and etc to the Daughters thereof.)

Lady Mayo. "HOW LATE YOU ARE, BOYS! YOUR BATHS ARE READY, AND I'VE REMOVED YOUR DRESS THISEES, JACK. SO LOOK SHARP AND CLEAN YOURSELVES, AND THEN YOU CAN LAY THE CLOTH, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE MUTTON WHILE KELLY AND I ARE DRESSING FOR DINNER."

Lord John. "ALL RIGHT. HOW MANY ARE WE TO LAY FOR?"

Lady Emily. "EIGHT. THE TALBOOTS ARE COMING, AND MAJOR CEIL IS GOING TO BRING THE DUKE OF STILTON, WHO'S STOPPING WITH HIM."



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

Noble Friend.
"HELLO, DICK! HOW ARE YOU? I WISH YOU'D COME AND DINE WITH ME TOMORROW. BUT NOW YOU'RE A LORD, I SUPPOSE. I DON'T CALL YOU DICK ANY LONGER, OR EVEN ASK YOU TO DINE WITH ME!"

Noble Earl (who has just come into his Title). "LORD BE SAVED! LEND ME A FIVER, AND YOU MAY CALL ME WHAT YOU LIKE—AND I'LL DINE WITH YOU INTO THE BARGAIN!"

1867.



Her Gentle's Footman. "WHERE HAVE YOU DROPPED FOUR PEOPLE, MR. PECKNETT?"

The Duke of Stilton's Footman. "OH, I SHOT MY RIBSIDE AT PRINCE'S GATE. WHERE HAVE YOU SHOT YOURS?"

1863.



A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

1882.

*Self-justified Amazons (showing his Drawings to Our Artist, R.A.). "And
RECOLLECT I'M NOT IN THE TRADE, MIND YOU. I'M A HUMMER, BY
PROFESSION!"*

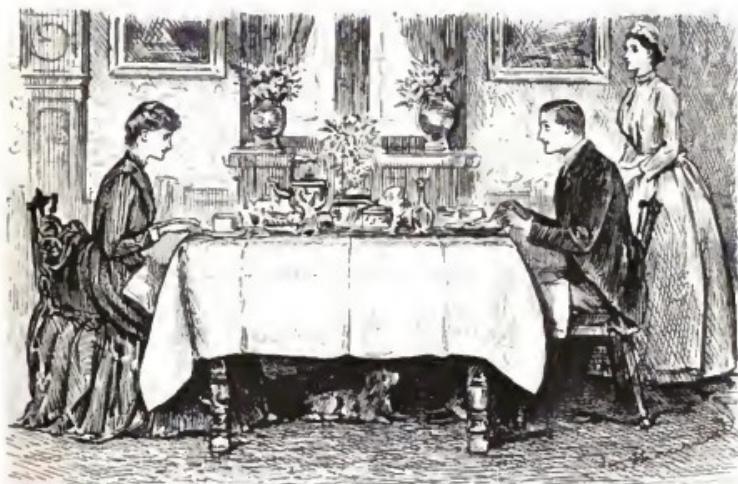


SOME PEOPLE ARE SO LITERAL!

1882.

"OH YES! I WAS AT HOBSON'S WEDDING. I WAS BEST MAN. SAW HER MARRIED TO THE SWELLIEST AND LOVELIEST GIRL I KNOW, WITH A COUPLE OF THOUSAND A YEAR ON HER OUT, AND THEN STARTED THEM ON A SIX MONTHS' TOUR THROUGH EUROPE. LEVY DUE? I COULD HAVE THROTTLED HIM!"

"THROTTLED' HIM, MR. JONES! AND ALL BECAUSE A GREAT PIECE OF GOOD FORTUNE HAS HAPPENED TO HIM! YOF SURPRISE AND SHOCK ME!"



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

1886.

Eduin. — "I'VE JUST FOUND A SHOT IN MY BIT OF THE PARTRIDGE!"

Angelina. — "How odd! So have I. Poor Thing — THEY'VE HAD TO SHOOT IT TWICE!"



LA CHASSE AUX LIONS.

Mrs. Poussay de Touskyas (bursting into her husband's smoking-room). "POUNDING! QUICK! PEN, INK, AND PAPER!!—AND WRITE IMMEDIATELY!!!!"

Mr. Poussay de Touskyas. "WHAT IS IT NOW, MY LOVE?"

Mrs. Poussay de Touskyas. "WHY, MONSIEUR DE PARIS IS COMING OVER WITH HIS FAMILY TO VISIT ENGLAND. WRITE AND SECURE THEM FOR THURSDAY WEEK. WE SHALL RATE 'CROWDED—ALL LONDON'!"

Mr. Poussay de Touskyas. "MY LOVE, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL NEVER COME TO THE JAILS OF PCS!"

Mrs. Poussay de Touskyas. "YOU GOON! IT'S NOT THE COMTE DE PARIS? IT'S MONSIEUR DE PARIS, AS THEY CALL HIM—THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER, YOU KNOW. DO AS I TELL YOU!"

[Following did as he was told. All London arose to Mrs. Poussay de Touskyas's Thursday Afternoon—but Monsieur de Paris didn't. He took his wife and children to Madame Tussaud's instead, to see the Guillotine! Faublent Monsieur de Paris?? Poor Mrs. P. T.!!!



DISASTROUS RESULT OF BEAUTYMANIA.

THE LAST NEW BEAUTY, HAVING AN INDEPENDENT GIFT OF CONFIDENCE, HAS BEEN PUTTED, SCOURGED, AND PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER HEAD ON ONE SIDE, BREAKING HER TEETH. (N.B.—THE GENTLEMEN ARE JOINING THE LADIES AFTER DINNER.)



1874.

A DISCREET HINT.

Melilla (*after-giving*). "HOW I WISH I COULD CATCH A FALLING STAR!"

Young Debts (*whose Picture has been so successful at the Academy this Year*). "THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, M'DEARL! BUT—A—MIGHT I SUGGEST THAT YOU NEEDN'T GO FAR FOR A RISING ONE?"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'INSTRUIT.

(Mrs. Professor Boaz at Home. Conversations.)

Young Modern (to Master). "A—A—HOW D'E DO I—A"—(please round the rose)—"A—H—A—GOOD-BYE."

1885.

[Exit.]



A WOMAN'S REASON.

A WOMAN'S
REASON.

"MAM MORE CONSISTENT THAN D'OMAR!
OH NO, SIR PETER,
LOOK AT MY HUSBAND! IN
IN ALL THINGS HE PUTS
HIS SISTER BEFORE HIS
WIFE. LOOK AT MY
BROTHER! IN ALL
THESES HE PUTS HIS
WIFE BEFORE HIS
SISTER! WHY IN BOTH
CASES IT OUGHT TO BE
EXACTLY THE REVERSE!
NOW DID YOU EVER
HEAR ANYTHING SO ABS-
OLUTELY CONTRADICTORY
IN ALL YOUR LIFE!"

(Sir Peter weakly
gives in.)

1884.



FEMININE PERVERSITY.

1886.

Aunt Betsy. "I WONDER, JAMES, AT YOUR ENCOURAGING YOUNG CASEY TO BE SO MUCH WITH MADELINE! HE'S A BAD MATE, AND NOT A GOOD FELLOW, I FEAR!"

Papa. "CONFUSO HIM, NO! I'VE GIVEN HIM CARTE-BLANCHE TO COME WHERE HE LIKES, AND SHE'S GETTING RATHER TIRED OF HIM AT LAST, FOR I'M ALWAYS CRACKING HIM UP!"

Aunt Betsy. "AND THAT NICE FELLOW, GOODEGOUGH! HE'S NEVER HERE NOW!"

Papa. "ND; I'VE FORBIDDEN HIM THE HOUSE, AND WON'T EVEN ALLOW HIS NAME TO BE MENTIONED. SHE'S ALWAYS THINKING OF HIM IN CONSEQUENCE. I'M IN HOPES SHE'LL MARRY HIM SOME DAY!"



A MATTER OF QUALIFICATION.

1886.

The Squire. "HAVE YOU ENGRAVED YOUR NEW CUPRAE YET, MRS. WHIFFYNDHAM?"

The Reformer. "NO; IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT. YOU SEE, MAUD AND ETHEL AREN'T ON HIS LEVEL A REALLY GOOD LAWN-TENNIS-PLAYER, AND THEY WON'T STAND WHAT THEY CALL A 'DUFFER'!"



SOCIAL INSINCERITIES.

His Lordship (nonchalantly with the rest). "BEAUTIFUL! ESCAPE! BEAUTIFUL! GO ON! I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT!"

(Aside to Postman.) "JUST SEE IF MY CARRIAGE IS COME. LOOK SHARP!"



COMPENSATION.

Ego. "Bet, dear Mamma, how can we help being selfish, Maud and I? You and Papa have always given way to us in everything! Unselfish parents always make selfish children, you know, and vice versa!"

Maud. "Yes; and, according to that, Mummy darling, just think what nice unselfish grandchildren you'll have, if we ever marry!"



LITERAL.

1878.

Soft-hearted Grandpapa (to Tommy, who has just been scolded by his Mamma). "AND YOU KNOW TOMMY, IT REALLY PAINS MAMA MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!"
 Tommy. "OH YES, I KNOW IT DOES! SEE HOW SO! IT BURNS HER HANDS!"



AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.

1877.

The Major. "YOU'RE A VERY NICE FELLOW, TOMMY! DON'T MOST PEOPLE TELL YOU SO?"
 Tommy. "YES, THEY DO. AND THEY OFTEN GIVES ME SOMETHING!"



NORTH AND SOUTH.

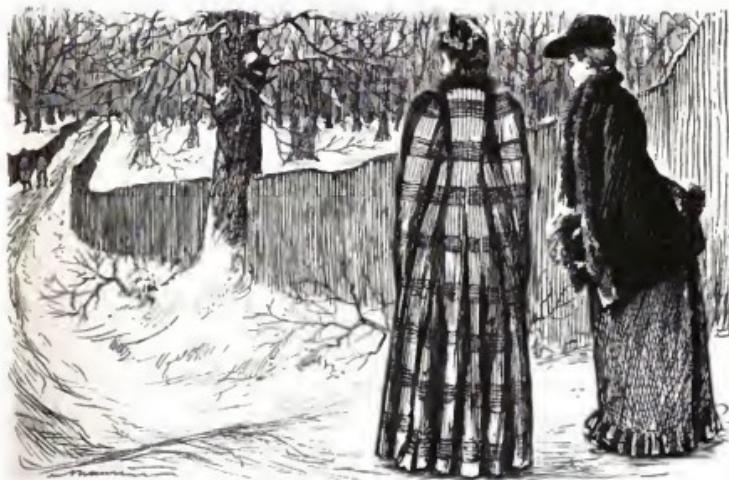
(Differences of Dialect.)

The "Macaulays."
"WELL, MY DEAR WEE
ENGLISH LADDIE! HEESE
HAT I COME A' THE
WAY TO LONDON TO
VISIT Y'S OON FATHER AND Mither, THAT |
BROUGHT YE WITH 'EM
TO SEE ME IN TEAUN-
SISCHKUT LAST YEAR—
WHERE YE WOO A
COCKROSE OR MY
KNEE! U'VE MIND ME,
THE WOO!"

The "Browns" Was Eng-
lish Laddie. "OH NO—
I DON'T MIND YOU—NOT
A BIT. IT'S PAPA AND
MAMMA!"

NORTH AND SOUTH.

1880.



THE WORST OF "A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

1880.

Louisa. "OH, CHARLOTTE, HOW DREADFUL! THERE COME YOUNG MR. MARSHALL, WALKING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I'VE JUST
RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, ASKING ME TO BE HIS WIFE—AND I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO ACCEPT HIM OR NOT!"

1880.
THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.*Miss Bagg.* "OH, BUT MINE IS SUCH A HORRID NAME!"*Young Brown.* "AH—AH—UH—I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO ALTER IT NOW!"1881.
THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.*"By the way, your friend O'Leary dined with me last night. What a dell ing he is!"**"Oh, that depends on what company he's in!"*1884.
THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.1884.
THINGS ONE
WOULD RATHER
HAVE LEFT UNSAID*Mrs. Mildmay.* "ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A SEAT, SIR GUY? COME AND SIT HERE BETWEEN GEORGE AND ME!"*Sir Guy Brewster*
(with playful humor).
"NO; I WILL NOT COME
BETWEEN HUSBAND AND
WIFE. NODDIT CAN
SAY I EVER MADE A
MAN JEALOUS."*Mrs. Mildmay* (wishing to be pleasant). "NO,
EXACTLY—THAT I'M SURE
YOU NEVER DID!"*[Moral—*Beware how
you make carefree
jokes about yourself.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mr. "EVERYBODY WILL BE LEAVING TOWN NOW THAT PARLIAMENT IS DISSOLVED."

Mrs. "YES. INDEED I THINK ALL THE NICE PEOPLE HAVE LEFT ALREADY!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mrs. "AND YOU ARE REALLY BETTER, PROFESSOR, SINCE YOU CAME TO LIVE IN HAMPSHIRE!"

H. "OH, YES, A DIFFERENT MAN ALTOGETHER!"

Mrs. "HOW PLEASED ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

THINGS ONE
WOULD RATHER
HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Tomlinson. "GOOD-BYE, MRS. ELEANORA—."

Mrs. Elmhurst. "BUT
YOU'VE ALREADY SAID
GOOD-BYE TO ME, MR.
TOMLINSON!"

Tomlinson (who is
always ready with some
pretty speech). "HATE
I, REALLY? WELL, ONE
CAN'T DO A PLEASANT
THING TOO OFTEN, YOU
KNOW!"



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

LIGHTS AND
SHADOWS OF
PORTRAIT PAINTING.
THE FINISHING
TOUCH.

Fair Sister's Mamma.
"I'M SURE THE NOSE IS
NOT AQUILINE ENOUGH,
MR. SOPELY!"

The Artist (with one
deserted corner of his
brush). "IS THAT BETTER?"

Fair Sister's Mamma.
"OH, EVER SO MUCH!
NOW THE LOKENESS IS
SIMPLY PERFECT!"

Fair Sister's Papa
(who is always so considerate). "HUM! NOW I CONSIDER THAT LAST TOUCH HAS SPOILT THE LOKENESS ALSO—GETHER!"

[*Sopely's* brush was
perfectly dry, and so
was his canvas.]

1882.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

SOCIAL AGONIES.
(SCENE.—*Mrs. Montgomery Morris's* Drawing-room just before
Dinner.)

Mrs. Sidney Montgometry (to *Husband*). "OH YES, BIASITE WAS ALL VERY WELL, BUT WE GOT INTO A QUARREL WITH SOME PROPER THERE—A DREADFUL COUPLE, WHO ARENTH MOST BEAUTIFUL! I'VE TOLD THE HUSBAND, A CERTAIN MR. HAMILTON ALLOP, MEANS TO FULL SIDNEY'S NOSE, WHETHER AND WHEREVER HE MEETS HIM, AND HIS HORRIBLE WIFE ACTUALLY DECLINED SHE'D!"

Father. "MR. AND MRS. 'AMILTON HALL—
BUT!"

1882.



THE NEW VERB.

BANJO, BANJAS, BANJAT—BANJAMUS, BANJATIS, BANJANT!



FANCY BALL VANITIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns ARE ASKED TO THE FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ARE INVITED TO INVITE THREE FRIENDS TO A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES FOR THAT SOCIETY'S ENTERTAINMENT. If ANYTHING HAS BEEN TOLD YOU BY MR. BURNS, BEFORE THIS, WE PREFER THAT YOU KEEP IT TO YOURSELF, AND NOT TALK OF IT WITH OTHERS; HE WILL HAVE SUFFICIENT PROTECTION FROM US.

1864.
DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(It makes Dancers anxious to oppose propositions, and thereby pass for a person of undecided views.)

Miss Oriens. "DON'T YOU HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DAVENPORT, WITH ITS GLARE AND NOISE, AND NEIGHBOURS, AND GENERAL VULGARITY?"

Miss Lillian. "WHAT, HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DAVENPORT?—WITH THE FRESH AIR AND BLUE WAVES, AND THE DELIGHTFUL LOUNGE AFTER BATHING, AND THE LAWN-TENNIS AND THE CINDERELLA DANCES? I DOAT ON IT, AND I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU DID TOO!"

Daventry (still more fervently). "OH—I—I—I SHOULD THINK I DOO!"

1865.
THINGS ONE
WOULD RATHER
HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(A Winter Health
Reset.)

Enthusiastic Lady Fisher. "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PLACE THIS IS,
PROFESSOR. AND THE BATHS, HOW PRETTY!
I COULD BATH ALL DAY—COULDN'T YOU?"

The Professor. "WELL,
YOU SEE, I'M A BESS-
BET, AND THAT MAKES
A DIFFERENCE!"

Lady Fisher. "AH!
TO BE SURE, I SUPPOSE
YOU NEVER EVEN THINK
OF TAKING A BATH!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1865.



EFFECT OF EPISCOPAL INFLUENCE.

1881.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO BECOME A RATIONAL AND AN ATHEIST, AND ALL THAT; BUT A BISHOP? & SO AT LEAST DOES TODENHAY FINDS OUT, WHEN THE BISHOP OF CLAPMEN (WHOSE HE ONCE MET AT A GARDEN PARTY, LONG AGO) TAKES HIM FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, AND FAVOURS HIM WITH A GRACIOUS WAVE OF THE HAND—THEREBY RECLINING HIM BACK TO THE BOOM OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.



SUBTLETIES OF BRITISH SNOBISHNESS.

SUBTLETIES OF BRITISH SNOBISHNESS.

HOW IS IT THAT NEITHER JONES NOR ROBINSON (WHO ARE TWEAKLY SO POLITICALLY TO PICK UP AND RESTORE TO ITS SHOUTFUL OWNER THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF WHICH THE LADY IN THE FOREGROUND HAS JUST ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED!) SIMPLY RECOGNISE THE LADY IN THE FOREGROUND—APPARENTLY TO BE NO LESS A PERSON THAN THE DUCHESS OF FENTONVILLE—AS BOTH JONES AND ROBINSON ARE AWARE—AND EACH IS AFRAID OF APPEARING, IN THE OTHER'S EYES, A TRAITOR OF THE "ARISTOCRACY"!

1882.



THE DEAD SEASON.

(Showing how to be "In it" is to be "Out of it.")

1867.

Studdington. "TURK seems more deserted than ever, don't it, Miss Mardon?"
 Miss Mardon. "Quite. I've been up to the Top and back again five times—there's positively not a soul in the row!"



HAPPY THOUGHT—A VOCATION!

Eva. "I suppose those extremely well-looking young men are the students, or house-servants, or something!"
 Mand. "No doubt. Do you know, Eva, I feel I should very much like to be a hospital-sister!"
 Eva. "How strange! Why the very name idea has not occurred to me!"

1867.



THE RULING PASSION.

THE RULING
PASSION.

Sir Tatler Bawd
Percy de Vere. "Ah!
GOOD MORNING, M^r.
JONES! DERRIFUL
ACCIDENT JUST OCCURED.
POOR YOUNG
LADY RIDING ALONE
THE KING'S BOLD-
HORSE THRU FIGHT-
REARED, AND FIL
BACK EWON RE-
DREADFULY INJURED.
I'M SORRY TO SAY!"

Mrs. Woolley Bell-
ington JONES. "QUITE
TOO SHOCKING, DEAR
SIR TALBOT! WAS HE
—ER—A PERSON OF
POSITION?"

Sir Tatler Bawd
Percy de Vere. "POS-
ITION, BY GEORGE!
DOOD! UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION, THO', I
SHOULD SAY!"

D.A.

1872.



THE RULING PASSION.

1872.

Cook (miserably). "PLEASE, 'M, IF YOU AIN'T SCITED, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND WOULD RATHER STOP!"
Missus. "O, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU OBLIGED TO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, COOK!"

Cook. "Yes, 'M, so I did; but the Milkman, he tell me this morning as 'ow once Kershaw Profile 'ad used to live
IN THIS VERY STREET."



SOCIAL BEINGS.

WEARIED BY LONDON DISSIPATION, THE MARQUEE-BROWNS GO, FOR THE SAKE OF PERFECT QUIET, TO THAT PICTURESQUE LITTLE WATERING-PLACE, BIRKINGSTON-SUPER-MARE, WHERE THEY TROUVE THAT THEY WILL NOT MEET A SINGLE SOUL THEY KNOW.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THE CHOLMONDELEY-JONESES GO TO THE SAME SPOT WITH THE SAME PURPOSE.

NOW, THESE JONESES AND BROWNS COULD EASILY DETEST EACH OTHER IN LONDON, AND ARE NOT EVEN ON SPEAKING TERMS, YET SUCH IS THE DEFENSIVE EFFECT OF "PERFECT QUIET" THAT, AS SOON AS THEY MEET AT BIRKINGSTON-SUPER-MARE, THEY RUSH INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS WITH A WILD SENSE OF RELIEF!

1876.



THE IMPORTANCE OF EXTERNALS.

"YES"—(thought Miss Pickerton, as she gazed at Louis, sketching)—"I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY IT SHOULD BE SO, BUT A PRINCE-NES IS MORE RECOMING THAN SPECTACLES; AND I WILL GET ONE MYSELF."

8—1 1



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID. 1887.

"WELL, BUT IF YOU CAN'T BEAR HER, WHATEVER MADE YOU PROPOSE?"
"WELL, WE HAD DANCED THREE DANCES, AND I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Sgt. "WE EXPECTED YOU TO DINNER LAST NIGHT, HERR PROFESSOR. WE WAITED HALF AN HOUR FOR YOU. I HOPE IT WAS NOT ILLNESS THAT PREVENTED YOU FROM COMING!"

Hg. "Ach, ne! I WAS NOT HOBSON!"



TU QUOQUE.

TU QUOQUE.

Army Candidate.
"AND I ONLY MUFFLED
ONE THING IN THE
GEOGRAPHY PAPER.
COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE
OF ME THINK WHERE
THE STRAITS OF MACA-
BAN WERE!"

Fond Father. "OH,
RAY, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE
KNOWN THAT. FANCY—
THE STRAITS OF MACA-
BAN!"

Army Candidate.
"WELL, I DON'T, ANY-
HOW. BY THE WAY,
WHERE ARE THEY,
DAD?"

Fond Father. "OH—
WHERE ARE THEY? OH
—ER—THEY'RE—WELL,
THEY'RE—BUT DON'T
YOU THINK WE'D BETTER
GO TO LUNCH?"



COMMUTATION.

The Curate (nervously). "I'M SORRY NOT TO SEE YOU OPENER AT CHURCH, SIR GORDON!"

Sir Gor. "OH—AH—YES! MY OLD HENRY, THE GOAT, YER KNOW. BET IF THE FUNDS ARE DUE, SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO GIV' YOE A CHEQUE!"

The Curate. "OH, THANK YOU, SIR GORDON! THAT'LL DO JUST AS WELL!"



1885.

Professor McPhaerson. "NO, MRS. BROWN, IT'S NOT THAT WE SCOTHS ARE DULL; ACT YOU ENGLISH SEE A JOKE IN ANYTHING? WRT, THE OTHER DAY I WAS IN A ROOM WITH FIVE ENGLISHMEN, ONE OF WHOM TOLD A STORY, AND, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, I WAS THE ONLY MAN THAT DIDN'T LAUGH!"



DISTINGUISHED PROFESSIONALS—THE PHYSICIANS.

DISTINGUISHED PROFESSIONALS.— THE PHYSICIANS.

The Major (who takes an intelligent interest in Science). "I SOMETIMES FEEL—A—ALMOST HALF INCLINED TO—EX—SUSPECT THAT POSSIBLY THE DISEASE YOU MENTION MAY—EH—MAY, UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, NOT BE ABSOLUTELY INFECTIOUS—AT ANY RATE, I—"

Sir Expert Pillingsley (M.D., F.R.S., &c.). "THE SELF-CONFIDENT OF THESE AMATEURS! EH, SIR MALCOLM! WRT, I'VE GIVEN MY WHOLE LIFE TO THE QUESTION!—AND I PRONUOUNCE THAT IT IS NOT INFECTIOUS!"

Sir Malcolm M'Cabe (diss., &c.). "WELL! IT'S A MATTER TO WHICH I HAVE DEVOTED MY ENTIRE EXISTENCE—AND I EMPIRICALY DECLARE IT IS!"

[The Major puts quite unaffected in his convictions on the subject.]



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS—THE MUSICAL DUCHESS.

1881.

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS.—
THE MUSICAL
DUCHESS.

REHEARSAL HER GRACE
REHEARSAL FOR AN
AFTERNOON CONCERT
AT MRS. FUNCH'S
TO MEET, BEFORE AN
APPRECIATIVE AU-
DIENCE, WHICH CONSISTS
OF THE HON. AND
HOSTESS, AND A FEW
PROFESSIONALS WHO
HAVE BEEN RETAINED
TO PLAY HER GRACE'S¹⁸⁸²
OBSCURE ACCOMPANIMENT.
MUSIC. HER COMPOS-
ITIONS ARE ENDLESS;
AND WHEN ONCE SHE
BEGINS, SHE DOESN'T
LIKE TO LEAVE OFF IN
A HURRY. THE WORST
OF IT IS, HER GRACE'S
MUSIC INvariably
DRIVES ALL THE OTHER
DUCHESSAWAT—GIFT
MRS. F. DE T. IS NOT
YET AWARE OF THIS.



HOW TO EFFECT A GOOD RIDDANCE.

1882.

HOW TO EFFECT A
GOOD RIDDANCE.
(SCENE—Royal Academy
Private View.)

Borham Jones, Esq.,
M.P. "AH, BUT LVE
ME, MRS. TOMMYNS?
SO GLAD TO SEE YOU—
A—"

Mrs. Penumbry de Tom-
myns (who thinks Mr.
Borham Jones all very
well, but doesn't want
him just as she's telling
to the Duke of Wimble-
don). "OH, DEAR MR.
JONES! HAVE YOU SEEN
MR. SOPELY'S PICTURE?
IT'S IN ROOM NO. 10.
DO LOOK AT IT, AND
TELL ME WHAT YOU
THINK OF IT!"

[Exit Borham Jones,
much fatigued, to
perform Mrs. Tom-
myns' demand also Mrs.
Tommyns and Mr.
Grice, in the opposite
direction.]



1880.

IN POSSESSION.

Lady (who wants to sit down). "WILL YOU SIT IN MY LAP, DARLING?"

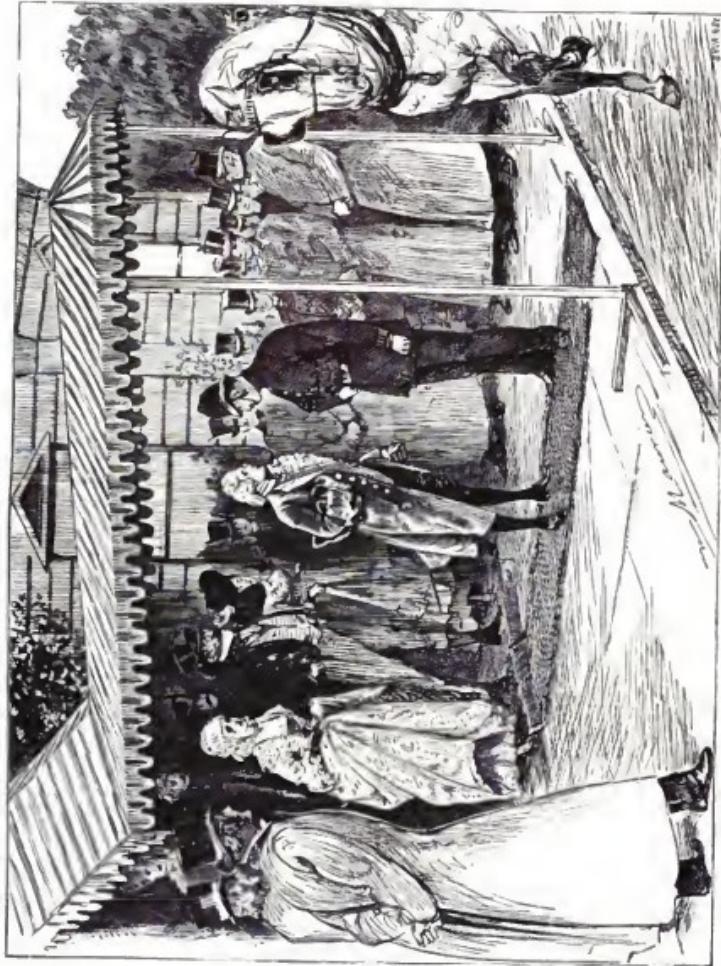
Darling. "BANK TOE—I'VE DOT A CHAIR!"

FANCY BALLS AGAIN.

(HERE AND THERE—A (fanciful) North London sketch, 5:30 A.M.)

Trotsky (whose destination is Chelmsford). "Ask your master if it's my cue, Pugwash! It was to HAVE BEEN HERE AT HALF-PAST ONE!"
Pugwash. "Quite true, Bill, I've been here the last four times!"
Trotsky. "Bill, you aint up to a CHA?"
Pugwash. "No Bill, you aint up to a CHA!"

(Original of Trotsky, the W.C., and his new friends at the principal of a long walk through London in their present station.)



E.P.
1876.



THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

1878.

Aspasia (impressing an inclination to parts). "HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF SOME FRIEND WERE TO TURN UP; WOULDN'T IT, EDWIN?"
Edwin (after pausing elaborately). "YERES I—OR EVEN SOME EVENT!"



NEW IDEAS.

NEW IDEAS.

"THE FACT IS, SIE
ROSER, I DON'T AP-
PROVE OF FOXHUNTING;
AT LEAST, NOT FOR MEN.
I THINK IT AN UN-
MANLY KIND OF SPORT!"

"U.S.-MAN-AT-IT!"

"WELL, YES, YOU
KNOW, WOMEN CAN
HUNT. I HATE, LOTS
OF TIMES I AND HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN IN AT THE
DEATH. I'M ASHAMED
TO SAY!"

"THEN WHAT ON
EARTH DO YOU CON-
SIDER MANLY?"

"WELL—FACTCLING.
WOMEN CAN'T DO THAT,
TOE KNOW, NOT EVEN
WITH DIVIDED SKIRTS!"



THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

1877.

*Jones. "Did you see the Star-Shower the other night, Miss Jessica?"**Miss Jessica (with a rapid but comprehensive survey of the Heavens). "No. But it couldn't have been much, for there are no stars missing!"*

HASTY GENERALISATION.

1892.

Ronald (to his new friend the Village Blacksmith). "There's Aunt Ellen, Williams. Let's cross over. She'll kiss us, you know. She always does!"

A POSER.

1904.

*Molly. "Oh, what a dear little boy!"**Grandpa. "That was me, when I was your age, Molly!"**Molly. "And who is it now, Grandpa?"*



THE PENNY READING.

1867.

Distinguished Amateur Vocalist (both Serious and Comic). "I CAN'T SAY YOU HAVE A VERY APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC UP HERE! I NEVER SANG 'FAJETTE AND MR. DYLIN' BETTER—BUT NOBODY LAUGHED A BIT!"

Harrow Boys. "OH, BET THEY DID WHEN YOU SANG 'THE DEATH OF NELSON.' I SAW THEM!"



FEMALE CLUBS & MATRIMONY.

1878.

Mrs. Firkiner. "SEND YOUR HOUSE HOME, AND STOP AND DINE HERE WITH ME, JULIA! I'VE ASKED TRIXY RATTLED AND ERNEST SHEPPARD."

Mrs. Dolomitic Tompkins, nee Julia W'McLay (with a sigh of regret for the freedom of Ripon school and the chores of Club-Fix). "CAN'T, MY DEAR GIRL! MY SAINTED OLD FATHER-IN-LAW'S DEAD AND BACK IN YORKSHIRE, AND FOUR BOLTS ALL ALONE!"

S.—E. K.



FLOWERS OF FASHION.

1872.

FLOWERS
OF FASHION.

Lady. " AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE LAST SITUATION?"

Cookhouse. " WELL, M'AM, ME AND HIS LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT A BO-KAY. WE WAS ONCE TO A DRAWING-ROOM, AND HER LADYSHIP WANTED TO PUT ME OFF WITH A BO-KAY MADE UP IN THE OVER-KEEPER'S ROOM! WELL, I COULDN'T STAND THAT, SO I WENT AND O'DIDDER A BO-KAY AT COVENT GARDEN; AND, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, M'AM, ME AND HIS LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT THE PAYMENT! SO I GIVE WARNING!"



CHIVALRY IN THE PANTRY.—(A FACT).

1872.

" PLEASE, M'AM, ME AN' COACHMAN'S REGULAR WORK OUT WITH THEM COALS. CARRYIN' 'EM UP BETWEEN US IS THAT BANKET MAKES OUR BACKS AND CHESTS HAKE DEADELL!"

" WELL, BLESSINGS, WHAT IS THAT IN OTHER FAMILIES? I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE FIRES IN THIS WEATHER!"

" O YES, M'AM! BUT THEM THE MAIDS MOSTLY CAREKES UP THEIR COALS THEMSELVES!"



A YOUNG TURK.

1880.

Gerrym. "How dare you, Tommy? I shall tell your Mamma!"
Tommy. "Oh, I don't care what Mamma says! She's too young!"



NEVER SAY DIE!

1880.

Ebby. "Doesn't it make you feel rather sick?"
Tommy. "Yes—b—but I like the feeling!"



THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

1886.

Street Arab (to Doctor, who has just been taking his temperature). "Ah, Sir! THAT DUNCE ME A LOT o' GOOD, SIR!"



GHHC.

*Mrs. Robinson. "How 'chin' she is, George!" Mr. Robinson. "If it comes to that, so's he!"**Mrs. Robinson. "I really must get myself up to look like her!"**Mr. Robinson. "If you do, I'll rig myself out like him, and there'll be a pair of us!"*

1890.



A MISNOMER, SURELY!

*Toselli. "YOU HAVE RATHER A LARGE PARTY THIS AFTERNOON, SANDRO!"**Walter. "YES, SURE! IT IS VLN OF MISTARI COOK'S PARTIES. DERE ARE TWENTY-THREE PATIENTS IN ALL!"*

1890.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

1895

Monsieur. "YOU ARE LATE THIS MORNING, MONSIEUR ALPHONSE!"
M. Alphonse (who is fond of English Idioms). "YES, MADAM, I HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SLEEP OVER MYSELF THIS MORNING, AND I COULD NOT DEDUCE IN TIME!"



AT BULLING.

Mr. Bollerille (who likes to air his French before his friends). "AVYVVOO LA PARFUMÉE DU--ER--DU JOCKEY-CLUB!"
Fair Perfumer. "O YES, SURE! YE HAVF ALL ZE ENGLISH SMELLS!"

1895



"A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

"A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

"Now, Missy, you've seen me shave, so you must just scrubble, please; and I'm going to take my bath."

"I won't tell if you don't take it, Uncle Rowland. Let me stay, please."

"Won't tell what do you mean, Missy?"

"Well, nobody would go into cold water, Uncle, if they wasn't made to, I suppose. Nobody don't make you, do they?"

1875.



DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

1875.

Mamma. "What a din you're making, children! What are you playing at?"

Guy. "O, mamma, we're playing at railway trains. I'm the engine, and Guy's a first-class carriage, and Sylvia's a second-class carriage, and May's a third-class carriage, and Gerald, he's a third-class carriage, too—that is, he's really only a truck, you know, only you mustn't tell him so, as it would offend him!"



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

"WEAT I ALL THAT FOR GRANDPA!"

"NO, DARLING. IT'S FOR YOE."

OH! WHAT A LITTLE BOY!"

1862.



YOUNG HOPEFUL.

Mamma. "YOU'LL BE
SADLY WHEN UNCLE
DICK LEAVES IN TO-
MORROW, WASN'T YOU,
TOMMY?"

Tommy. "OH SO, I
SHAN'T!"

Mamma. "WHY
NOT?"

Tommy. "COZ UN-
CLE DICK ALWAYS GIVE-
ME A SHILLING WHEN
HE GOES AWAY!"

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

1861.



1892.

TANTALISING-VERY!

Society Pictures

II.

SOCIETY PICTURES

DRAWN BY

GEORGE DU MAURIER

Selected from "Punch"

VOLUME TWO

LONDON

BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO. LTD. 8, 9, 10. BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

1891

LONDON :
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LTD., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

SOCIETY PICTURES

FROM "PUNCH."



DRAWN BY

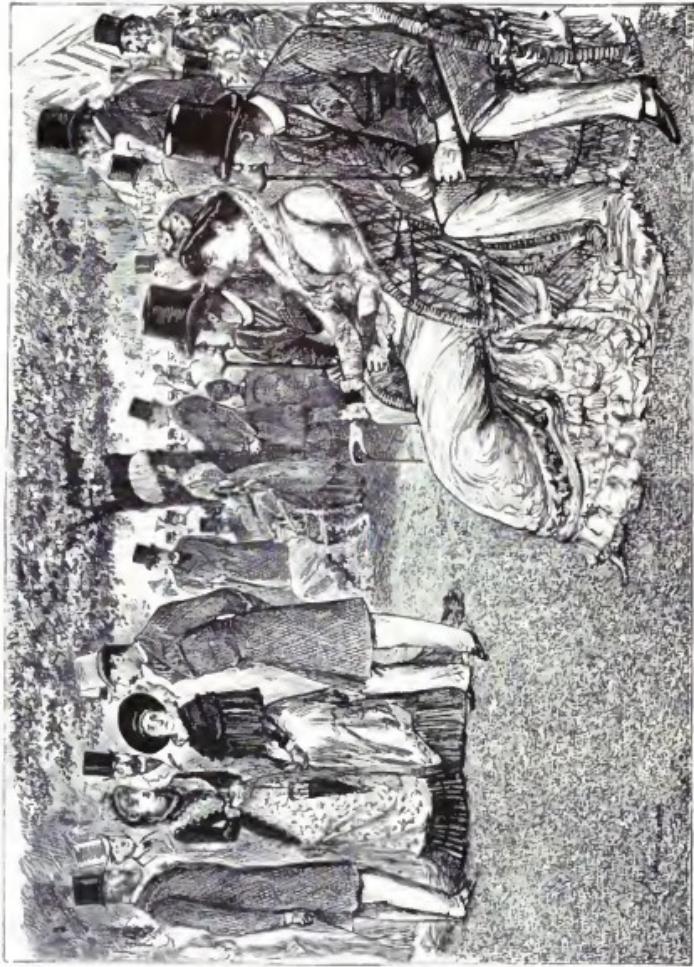
GEORGE DU MAURIER.

BEAUTY A CRITIC ON BEAUTY.

Fred and Charlie, "Texas's Men, Sapphocon 1, Air Park located Lovett!"

Mrs. Bullock (in rigid Boudoir), "We never could see the Loveliness of Mrs. Sapphocon 1, Xmas, THAT'S ABOUT WOMEN, WITH THE LARGE BLACK HAW,

WHO'S WITH HER, OR LOVETT, IF YOU MAKE!"



1876.



HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

1880.

Sir George Miles (who has not been made a Peer). "WELL, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN TURN RADICAL, 'ANGLED IF IT AIN'T, TO THINK OF SUCH SERVICES AS MINE BEIN' REMBURDED WITH NO 'URF TITLE THAN WHAT'S BESTOWED ON A REMINENT SAWBOUNDER, OR A HINDERSHES, OR A LITTERT MAN, OR EVEN A SUCCESSFUL HARTIN!"

Mrs. Poussardy de Tonkyus (sympathetically). "IT DOES SEEM HARD! BUT YOU'VE ONLY TO RIDE YOUR TINT, SIR GOERGE. NO MAN OF YOUR STAMP NEED EVER DESPAIR OF A PEERAGE!" [And Mrs. Poussardy de Tonkyus is, as usual, quite right.]



FAME!

Evan Evans, R.A., the famous Artist, Knight of the Order of Merit in Germany, Officer of the Legion of Honour in France, &c., &c., visits his native place in Wales, and meets his first and only love, who married (alas!) the Village Doctor.

She. "DEAR ME! TO THINK OF OUR MEETING AGAIN AFTER SO MANY YEARS! HOW WELL I REMEMBER YOU! YOU USED TO GO IN FOR PAINTING AND SKETCHING, AND ALL THAT—AND DO YOU GO IN FOR IT STILL?"

1881.

FAME!



1867.

SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE RECITER.

Brown (pointing to next room). "THAT'S NOT THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE A PARTY GO OFF!"

Jones (pointing to himself). "BY JOVE! IT'S THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE THIS PARTY GO OFF! TA-TA!"

[Ed.]



1865.

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE BARITONE.

"OMNIBUS HOC VITUM EST CASTORIBUS!"—Brown.

"DO ASK YOUR HUSBAND TO SING, LIEZIE!"—"I WILL, IF YOU WILL PROMISE TO ASK HIM TO LEAVE OFF!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1882.

Fair Hostess (who is proud of her popularity). "YEH; I PLATTER MYSELF THERE—NOT A DOOR-BELL IN THE WHOLE STREET THAT'S SO OFTEN RUNG AS MINE!"
Fair Visitor. "WELL, DEAR, I HAD TO RING IT FIVE TIMES!"



A SOFT ANSWER.

1882.

"JANE, I SAW THAT POLICEMAN SPEAK TO YOU. THAT'S THE THIRD POLICEMAN I'VE SEEN SPEAKING TO YOU THIS MORNING. I CAN'T ALLOW THAT!"

"NO, MA'AM. BUT THE POLICEMEN ALWAYS DO ADMIRE BABY SO—THEY CAN'T 'ELF STOUTED' AND ASKIN' ABOUT 'IM. THEY ALL SAY AS THEY NEVER SEE SUCH A FINE CHILD!"



TRUTHS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LEFT UNSPOKEN.

1886.

Mrs. Jones. "WHAT? HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YORE SISTER, MR. JONES?"*Mr. Jones.* "NO; THEY COULDN'T COME, MRS. SMITH. THE FACT IS, THEY'VE SAVING THEMSELVES FOR MRS. BROWN'S DANCE TO-MORROW, YOU KNOW!"

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

1886.

Mrs. Jones. "WELL, EVA, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING IN THE GLASS FOR? SHANTENING YOURCELF UP BE!"*Eva.* "OH DEAR ME! I DON'T WANT TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN I REALLY AM."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1867.

Her Ladyship. "I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE COMING TO OUR CONCERT IN THE SCHOOLSROOM TO-NIGHT, PRICE! MISS DAVEY, THE GREAT CONTRALTO FROM LONDON, IS COMING TO HELP US, YOU KNOW?"

Old Servant. "YES, MY LADY, WE WAS A SAYING IN THE SERVANTS 'ALL AS WE FELT VERY HANKEYED ABOUT 'EE. THEY DON'T APPRECIATE ANYTHING REALLY FUST-RATE DOWN 'EE. NOW YOU AND MISS HENMAR ALWAYS TAKES BEAUTIFUL, MY LADY!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1868.

Servant. "LADY GLITTER'S CARRIAGE!"

Son of the House (tenderly, as he hands her *Ladyship* out). "AB, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT ALL THE EVENING!"



TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.

1888.

DEAGON AND CRATE.



A GALLANT ATTEMPT

1888.

"HOW THIS HORRID CAN IS FLARING!"
"PRAY ALLOW ME, MRS. JONES!"



GENEROSITY BEFORE JUSTICE.

1888.

GENEROSITY BEFORE JUSTICE.

First Detainee. "I SAY, JOE, I WISH YOU WOULD LET ME HAVE BACK THOSE FIVE POUNDS YOU BORROWED OF ME LAST WEEK!"

Second Detainee. "OH, MY DEAR FELLOW—SO SORRY—but it's IMPOSSIBLE. I'M IMPERSONAL TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT I—"

First Detainee (*Happily* *Thinking*). "COULD YOU LEAVE ME FIVE POUNDS?"

Second Detainee (*off his guard*). "MY DEAR FELLOW, WITH THE GREATEST PLEASURE IN LIFE—"

(Forks out the money.)



SNOB-SNUBBING.

Snowdon (who has got "Gentlemen" on the Brain, and thinks himself one). "A—YAN—JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW—A—I DON'T KNOW THAT I QUITE CALL HIM A GENTLEMAN, YOU KNOW."

Mrs Sharp (who has a hankering for Jones). "DON'T YOU REALLY? OH—BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT A VERY GOOD JUDGE!"



THE HEIGHT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

She. "I BELIEVE YOU KNOW MY NEIGHBOURS, THE CHESTERFIELD BROWNS?"

He. "HAW—WELL—A—I GO TO THE HOUSE, DON'T WHERE NOW, AND DINE WITH 'EM OCCASIONALLY, AND ALL THAT—BUT I'M NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH 'EM!"



THE BRITISH PASSION FOR INEQUALITY.

THE BRITISH PASSION FOR INEQUALITY.

Steady Briton. "IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TURN UP YOUR NOSE AT FOUR OWN REGULAR COUNTS AND BARONS, MINDON! BUT YOU CAN'T FIND FAULT WITH OUR NOBILITY! TAKE A MAN LIKE OUR DOOK O' BAYSWATER, NOW! WHY, HE COULD BUY UP YOUR FOREIGN DUCHES AND PRINCES BY THE DOZENS! AND AS FOR YOC AND ME, WOULD LOOK UPON US AS SO MUCH DUST BENEATH HIS FEET? NOW THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A NOBLEMAN, THAT IS! THAT'S A KIND O' NOBLEMAN THAT I, AS AN ENGLISHMAN, FEEL AS I'VE GOT SOME RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF!"



THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

1860.

**THE DECIMAL
SYSTEM.**

Brown (entering Pork-butcher's Shop in France, and seeing a large Saucisson done up in silver paper). "KISKESZMEN KEBAB!"

Fair Charcutière. "COST DU SACCUISON DE LYON, MONSEUR?"

Brown (who always confuses measures of weight with measures of distance). "ALORS VOULEZ-VOUS ME DONNER QUATRE KILOMETRES DE SACCUISON DE LYON?"

Fair Charcutière (who is never surprised at English eccentricity). "UN KILOMETRE, MONSIEUR CERTAINEMENT; MAIS IL FAUDRA BIEN DONNER UN PEU DE TEMPS!"



IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT TO SPEAK FRENCH, AFTER ALL.

1860.

**IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT TO SPEAK
FRENCH,
AFTER ALL.**

Mistress (Angrily) "OH—OH—FRANCINE! IL FAUT QUE VOUS ALLEZ CHEZ LE CHEVAL BLANC, DANS HIGH-STREET POUR LE GARNI DE MADMOISELLE MAUD ET CHEZ LE TOY-SHOP POUR LE LAWS-TESTIN PARIS DE MAM'SIE MALCOLM ; ET SOUS C'EST WATERPROOF, CHEZ LE CLEANER, VIS-À-VIS L'UNDERGROUND, RAILWAY STATION ; ET DITE À SMITHSON, LE BUILDE (DANS CRUCH LANE, CÔTÉ DU PUBLICHOUSE VOUZ NAVEZ, QUE LA KITCHEN BOILIE—ED—EST—EST—")

Principale (who has been longer in England than her new Mistress thinks) "Est BURRARD ? Tais-toi, MADAME."



1881.

PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S BEGINS TO ASSERT HIMSELF.

P. de T. (who has had a little too much—Maudie).—“LOOK HERE, M’SA! BLAST IF I CAN STAND THAT FOREIGN ROWDY OF YOCEN ANY LONGER! HE’S ALWAYS PITCHING INTO ENGLAND, BY GOSHIE, WHERE HE MAKES ALL HIS MONEY! HE YAWNS AND WHISTLES, AND PICKS HIS TEETH, AND LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE GLASS WHEN LADIES ARE TALKING TO HIM. DOESN’T CARE WHAT HE SAYS BEFORE LADIES! LOOK AT ‘EM ALL FANNING HIM, AND LICKING HIS BOOTS! MAKES ME SICK!! HALF A MIND TO RICK HIM DOWNTAISIDE!!!”

Mrs. P. de T. “NO, NO! HUSH, LOVE! HE’S A GENIUS! HE PLAYS THE FLAGEOLET BETTER THAN ANY MAN LIVING! THE PRINCESSES WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN HERE TO-NIGHT, BUT FOR HIM!—AND REMEMBER, PONSONBY, HE PLAYS TO US FOR NOTHING!!!”



"*Le Pouvoir*" CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR, EVEN AMONG THE FINEST PEOPLES IN THE WORLD—FOR INSTANCE, IF IT CAN BE CARRIED RIGHT ACROSS THE PAYSAGE, AS TO STOP THE WAY.

EXCESS A FAULT.

1875.



COMING OF AGE—A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

1865.

My Lady. "NO, NO, GENERAL! DON'T TALK TO ME OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HOME INFLUENCE FOR BOYS! MY PRECIOUS DARLING HAS NEVER LEFT MY SIDE SINCE HE WAS BORN—JUST TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO THIS VERY DAY; GENERAL—AND HE HAS KEPT THE HEART OF A CHILD, AND NEVER GIVES ME AN HOUR'S ANXIETY IN ALL HIS INNOCENT LIFE!"

The General. "AH, HE'LL SOON BE WANTING TO MARRY THE LADY-MAID, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT! SEE IF HE DON'T!"
My Lady. "GOOD HEAVENS! (To Footman, who enters.) ADAMS, WHERE'S FARRER?"

The Footman. "SHE JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE THIS MORNING, MY LADY—to get some ASPIRINS, see saip. BUT THEY DO SAT DOWN-STAIRS AS MISTER GEORGE WERE WAITING FOR HER ROUND THE CORNER WITH A FOURWHEEL CAR AND A SMALL FOREMANSTRADE. LEANTWISHER NEVER COME HOME, NOR MISTER GEORGE HASN'T SEENHER. LUNCH IS WAITING, MY LADY!"

EXPERIENTIA
DOCET.

Brewer (Lieutenant Royal Guards). "NOT TAKE MY CHEQUE? WHY, HANG IT! LOTS OF OUR FELLOWS HAVE STOPPED AT THIS HOTEL!"

Hotel Keeper. "YES,
SIR, AND THEY'VE
NONE OF THEM EVER
PAID!"

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

1866.



LA POLITESSE.—(A FACT.)

(SCENE—*A French Tramway Car, so full that Mrs. Parker and her sister Maria have to stand the whole way.*)

Mrs. Parker (who is tired and rather cross). "I WONDER HOW LONG TWO FRENCH LADIES WOULD HAVE TO STAND, MARIA, IN A PUBLIC CONVEYANCE FULL OF ENGLISHMEN!"

1880.



A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

(SCENE—*A French Shop at the Sea-side.*)

Young Lady (winking to impress her friend). "O—EE—ECKER VOOR ATT—" *Tradesman (winking to show off his English).* "O YES, MEERS—SAI—TEFL!"

Young Lady. "ALORE TOOLY-VOO ONTOGETAT—" *Tradesman.* "VATE-VARE YOU WILL PLEASE, MEESEN I—VARE T!"

Young Lady. "Er—JE DEMONT BOO DE UCKEN, NEWMLEO—" *Tradesman.* "VAT NOMMAK, MEESEN!"

Young Lady. "O, RATTER-YANG-RANGER, TIENHEZ LE BEWOO DE BEWOO!"

Tradesman. "YES, MEESEN, IN FACE OF DE OFFICE OF POST.—VAT A BEAUTIFUL TIME IT MEE TO-DAY!" &c., &c., &c.

A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

1875.



A POSER.

A POSER.

Maderfamilie. "AL-
GERIAN, DEAR, DO EX-
PLAIN TO THE MAN!
YOU CAN DO IT SO MUCH
BETTER THAN I CAN!"

Paterfamilie. "ALL
RIGHT, MY LOVE. (To
Attendee.) ECOUTE,
MON AMER—WANT YOU
TO TEACH MY PETTY
DISPOSSE TO SWIM—
ABROSS A HAUT, YOU
KNOW, AND LOOK HERE—
THE MAREN'T KEEP
TREK IN THE WATER
MORE THAN FIFTEEN
SECONDS BY THE WATCH!
PAR PLOU SEE HAUTS
DISPOSSE DONG A'DO
COMPRENDS!"



AT BULLONG.

Paterfamilie (who will do the *Parleying* himself instead of letting it to his daughters). "OH—ER—J'AI CREWANG D'OIX BOOTAIL
DE—DE—DE—HERE, YOUNG LADIES! WHAT'S THE FRENCE FOR EAU DE COLOGNE?"



A FAIR RETORT.

Mrs. Montjoy Helmsie (after several collisions). "IT STRIKES ME, MR. RUDDERFORD, YOU'RE MUCH MORE AT HOME IN A BOAT THAN IN A BALL-ROOM!"

Little Bobby Rudderford (the famous Ordegee orator). "YES, BY JOVE! AND I'D SOONER STEER EIGHT MEN THAN ONE WOMAN AND HAY!"

1882.

CONSOLATION.

Mrs. Penobsky de Touloups. "OH! I FELT SO STOPPED A WEEK AT THE DUCHESS OF BILTON'S! WHO WAS THERE!"

Gorgies Midge, Esq., "OH! A PRECIOUS BUMLOT! WHY, THERE WAS AN ACTOR, BY JINGO! AND A SCIENTIST, CLEVER AND AN ARTIST, FELLER, AND WHATSHISNAME THE FIDDLER, YOU KNOW, WHO WANTED ORATORIO AND THAT, AND A DEAR OLD FUM-SHIPS ABOUT THEM THAN ABOUT YOUS! TRULY, I CAN TELL YOU!"

Mrs. Penobsky de Touloups. "AH, CLEVER AND AMUSING PEOPLE, AND ALL THAT. BUT DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE THAT IF ONE OF THEM WERE TO PROPOSE FOR A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE, HE'D SIMPLY BE TURNED OUT ON HIS HEAD? WHEREAS, WHEN AS, YOU'VE ONLY GOT TO THROW THE HANDKERCHIEF!"

[Which, to do Mrs. P. de T. justice, is no more than the truth.]



CONSOLATION.

1882.



WEDDING PRESENTS.—(JUSTICE BEFORE GENEROSITY.)

"WHAT, MAMMA! THIETH GUINEAS FOR A PRESENT TO BARBARA GOLDMORE, WHOM WE SCARCELY KNOW, AND WHO'S GOING TO MARRY A MAN WE NEVER SAW! AND ONLY A GUINEA FAN TO MARY MORISON, ONE OF OUR OLDEST FRIENDS!—AND GOING TO BE THE WIFE OF DEAR OLD BOB!"

"MY LOVE, WE MUST BE JUST!" MARY MORISON IS A SWEET, GOOD GIRL, I ADMIT, BUT YOU MUST RECKON SHE HAN'T GOT A SOU—AND, AFTER ALL, DEAR OLD BOB'S ONLY A POOR COUNTRY CURATE; WHEREAS MIMI GOLDMORE'S AN HEIRESS, AND SHE'S GOING TO MARRY A BARONET WITH TEN THOUSAND A YEAR!"



A SOCIAL DIAGNOSIS.

Polic Finder. "THERE'S THAT LOVELY WOMAN AGAIN. I WONDER WHO SHE IS!"

M. le Baron (an experienced observer). "MAMMA, I TINK SHE MUST BE A ENGLISH DUCHESS, BECAUSE SHE IS VER PRETTI, SHE DRESS VELL, SHE SPEAK SHOO HER NOSE, HER SAY, 'YOU BET,' AND SHE TALK ABOUT DOLLARS AND CENTS!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Smith (posturing, to Mrs. Brown, in one of those sudden and unexpected pauses with which Herr Sigaro Hammerstein is fond of surprising his Audience). "AND SO I GAVE HER A MOUTH'S WARNING ON THE SPOT!"



FAITHLESSNESS OF THE DANCING MAN.

Husband. "YOU'RE NOT DANCING, MISS PLUMPTIONGTON. SHALL I GET YOU A PARTNER?"

Miss Plumpington. "OH, I ALWAYS GET PLENTY OF PARTNERS; BUT I'M RATHER NEAR-SIGHTED, YOU KNOW, AND SOMEHOW I CAN NEVER MANAGE TO FIND THEM!"



1866.

A FELT WANT.
Eligible Young Apparel. "AND DO YOU REALLY APPROVE OF GYMNASTICS FOR YOUNG LADIES, MRS. PEPPERDANT?"

Proud Mother. "I DO, indeed, Mr. Milday, and always have. I can assure you that there is not one of my daughters that couldn't knock down her own father!"



1866.

WHY, INDEED?"MAMMY, DEAR, OUGHT ONE TO *KNOW*, WHEN ONE DOESN'T KNOW A THING?" ——"YES, DARLING, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU SO."
— "THESE, WHY DON'T YOU MARRY PAPA?"



THE MAIN CHANCE.

1878.

THE MAIN CHANCE.

Wistful Motherfamilies (reading Evening Paper). "HERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE ALLEGEDLY GILES MARRIED!—AND BOTH THAT YOUNG CAREW, OF THE GRANGE, AND ALL PEOPLE! HOW WELL THOSE GILES GO ON, TO BE SURE!"

Paterfamilies. "AN, AWFULLY GOOD-LOKIN' GILES, THOSE ALLEGEDTONS."

Materfamilies (writing). "IT'S NOT THE GOOD LOOKS. IT'S THE CAUSE THEY'RE SO WELL BROUGHT UP!"

Chorus of Daughters. "OH, DO BRING US UP WELL, MAMMA DEAR!"



INDUCTION.

1878.

Sylvia. "THESE GO UNCLE GEORGE, AND AUNT MARY, AND THE BABY! WHAT A FUN THEY MAKE ABOUT THAT BABY, TO BE SURE!"
 Dolly. "PEOPLE ALWAYS MAKE A FUN ABOUT THEIR FIRST-BORN, AND ALWAYS HAVE EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN."
 Sylvia. "I DON'T SUPPOSE ADAM AND EVE MADE MUCH FUN ABOUT CAIN."
 Dolly. "WHY NOT?"
 Sylvia. "WELL, THEY'D NEVER SEEN A BABY BEFORE, AND MUST HAVE THOUGHT HIM QUITE AN IDIOT!"



1874.

"BE READ TO."

(Advice to Undergraduates and others who intend to spend the Long Vacation in Reading.)

EXCELSIOR!

The Major of Shrimpton (the Educational Director), who is commanding his forces on the improvements which have reduced that once dreary marine hamlet into a place of elegant and palatable resort. "REPORTER: MY LOAN YOU HAD BEEN A TRAP. WEY, ONLY LAST YEAR THESE WERE 'NO BETTER AS A CHANCE TO BE YARD IS THE ONE NAMED FIVE; AND NOW YOU MAY PACE ON THIS POND AND LISTEN TO THESE BEAUTIFUL MUSICIAN'S MUSIC TWO—TWO AND THE SAME TIME! BEAUTIFUL!"



1879.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1866

Jones [whose sense of humour is quite absurd]. "OH, BY THE WAY, I MUST TELL YOU A FUNNY THING ABOUT SMITH—SUCH A FUNNY THING!—POO FUNNY?? You'll all die of laughing when I tell you!!!"] *Tells them. Nobody laughs a bit.*



THE WEATHER!

"AND HOW ARE WE TO-DAY, MY DEAR MADAM?"

"WELL, DOCTOR, THE COLD I CAUGHT THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY IS RATHER BETTER; BUT THE ONE I CAUGHT ON MONDAY WEEK IS EVER SO MUCH WORSE—AND I CAUGHT A BRAND NEW ONE LAST NIGHT!"

THE WEATHER!

1866



A FILIAL REPROOF.

1866.

Mamma (to *Noel*, who is inclined to be talkative). "Hush, *Noel*! Haven't I told you often that little boys should be seen and not heard?"
Noel. "Yes, Mamma! But you don't look at me!"



A BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER.

1866.

The Marquis (to the *Baron*). "A—look here, you know, if you think you would like to add my name to the list of those you have already rejected this season, I've no objection to propose on the spot. But let us understand each other. There shall be no mistake about the offer; but, I say, by Jove! there mustn't be any mistake about the refusal!"



COMFORTING.

1882.

Proud Mother. "Did you ever see anybody so light and slender as dear Algernon, Jack?"*Uncle Jack (at thirty-five).* "Oh, you mustn't trouble about that, Maria. I was exactly his build at eighteen!"

FOND AND FOOLISH.

1886.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause). "Darling!"*Edwin.* "Nothing, Darling. Only Darling, Darling!"*Angeline.* "Yes, Darling!"[*Elusive Old Gentleman* feels quite sick.]

9—II



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

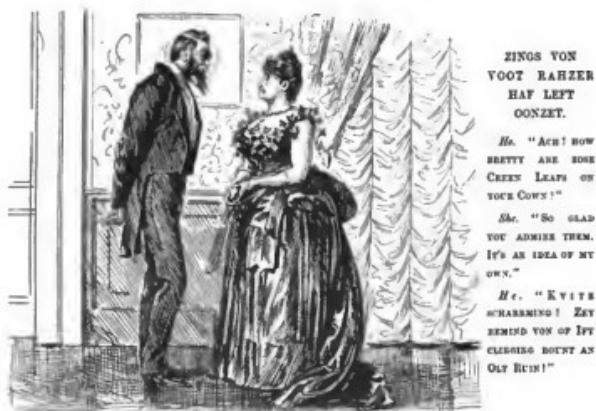
1864.

(It angers Jones to extreme vulnerability, and makes him say things he would much rather leave unsaid.)

"By the way, Mr. Smith—*I*—TALKING OF CONFIDENCES—*A*—DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THE BROWNS, OF OXFORD SQUARE?—*A*—*A*—LITTLE MAN—*big* BRIST COLLAR—*long* UTTER LIP—*A*—THAT IS—*A*—*HIS* WIFE SQUINTS—I MEAN—*A*—*HE*, MOTHER-IN-LAW SQUINTS TOO—*GULF* SHE'S TRIN—*S*—AT LEAST—*A*—THEY'RE ALL THREE GOT RED NOSES—*A*—*A*—NOT THAT I OBJECT TO THAT—*A*—*A*—ON THE CONTRARY—*A*—*A*—I MEAN, THEY'RE MOST DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE—*A*—*CAN'T* THINK WHAT SUDDENLY PUT THEM INTO MY HEAD—*A*—*A*—IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE—*A*—*—*!"

[Perspires profusely, and tries in vain to find another topic of conversation.]

N.B.—When he next meets the Browns, of Oxford Square, his wretched shyness will prompt him straightaway to tell them how he put his foot in it at the Smiths!



ZINGS VON VOOT RAHMER HAF LEFT CONZET.

1868.

ZINGS VON
VOOT RAHMER
HAF LEFT
CONZET.

He. "ACH! HOW
BRETTY ARE THOSE
GREEN LEAVS ON
THOSE COWS!"

Mr. "SO GLAD
YOU ADMIRE THEM.
IT'S AN IDEA OF MY
OWN."

He. "K'VITE
SCHARRING! ZET
REMIND VON OF ITT
CLEMING BOUFT AN
GUT RÜHN!"



NEMESIS.

Inquisitor Old Gentleman. "WHO'S WON?"

Inquisitor Old Gentleman. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT BAG?"

First Football Player. "WE'VE LOST!"

Second Football Player. "THE UMPIRE!"

1880.



BARBAROUS TECHNICALITIES OF LAWN TENNIS.

1882.

Woolwich Cadet (noddingly, to his peer Grandmother, who has had Army on the Brain ever since he passed his Exam.). "THE SERVICE IS AWFULLY REVELLE, MY JOVE! LOOK AT COLONEL PENDRAGON—HE ESTABLISH SHOTS OR HAPSES!"
 His Peer Grandmother. "GOOD HEAVENS, ALOT! I HOPE YOU WUN'T BE IN HIS REGIMENT!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1866.

"OH, I AM SO PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. M'GRUMP! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR WORKS FOR EVER SO LONG—THE LAST TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS, I AM SURE!"

"YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD OF ME AND MY WORKS FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, MADAM!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1866.

(*Auntie of a Quiet Neighbourhood.*)

Demand's Dealer. "COPY OF BURIAL SHEET, SIR?" — *Local Doctor.* "THANKS, NO. I KNOW IT BY HEART!"



AFRAID OF COMMITTING HIMSELF!

1886.

"AND, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, BISHOP, THE TRAIN CAME TO A STAND- STILL IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME, AND MY DEAR AUNT JANE WAS SAVED—ACTUALLY SAVED! NOW WASN'T THAT A MERCY, BISHOP!"

"WELL, MRS. BOBSEY—YOU SEE—I—*I DON'T KNOW YOUR AUNT!*"



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

1886.

The Professor. "A—ah—I HOPE MY LECTURE'S NOT BEEN TOO LONG, MR. CHAIRMAN!"

Chairman of Committee. "NA, NA, SIR. ON THE CONTRARY, I THINK YOU HAD A MOST PATIENT AUDIENCE!"



EMULATION.

1875.

Maud. "I'VE HAD WHOOPING-COUGH!"*Ethel.* "OH! THAT'S NOTHING—WHY, I'VE HAD MEASLES!!!"*Maud.* "WELL—I'VE HAD BRONCHITIS!!!"*Ethel* (after a pause). "I LEARN FRENCH!!!!"

[Collapse of Maud.]



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

1872.

George. "OH, I DO LOVE HAMPTON HEATH SO! I PREFER IT TO SWITZERLAND, REALLY!"*Mabel.* "WHY, GEORGE, YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO SWITZERLAND!"*George.* "NO; BUT I'VE SEEN IT ON THE MAP, AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT AT ALL."

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

1878.

A
PRECAUTIONARY
MEASURE.

"NOW GO TO
SCHOOL, AND BE A
GOOD BOY. AND
MIND YOU DON'T
USE ANY RUDE
WORDS!"

"RUDE WORDS!
TELL ME A FEW
MUMMY, AND THEN
I SHALL KNOW, YOU
KNOW!"



manners!

"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ENGAGING YOU FOR THE NEXT VALUE?"
"ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
"MY NAME? OH—ER—LORD ALGERNON PLANTAGENET MONTGOMERY DE—"
"O, BOther! WHAT A LOT!"

1874.



A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Dad. "WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, WILHELM?"
Willie (*confidentially*). "O, IT'S ONLY A MAN BEING PHOTOGRAPHED
—OR MARRIED—OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT!"

1874.



THE HONEST TRUTH.

THE HONEST TRUTH.

Aunt. "AND SO,
TOM, YOU'RE LEARNING
MUCH AMONG OTHER
THINGS. HOW DO YOU
LIKE IT?"

Tom. "I HATE IT!"

Aunt. "INDEED?
WHICH OF YOUR STUDIES
DO YOU PREFER?"

Tom. "O—WELL—
MUSIC!"

1874.



1877.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

"I SAY, COUSIN CONSTANCE, I'VE FOUND OUT WHY YOU ALWAYS CALL YOUR MAMMA 'MATE.'"

"WHY, GUY?"

"BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO FIND A MATE FOR YOU GIRLS."



A REMINISCENCE OF LORD'S CRICKET-GROUND (ETON V. HARROW).

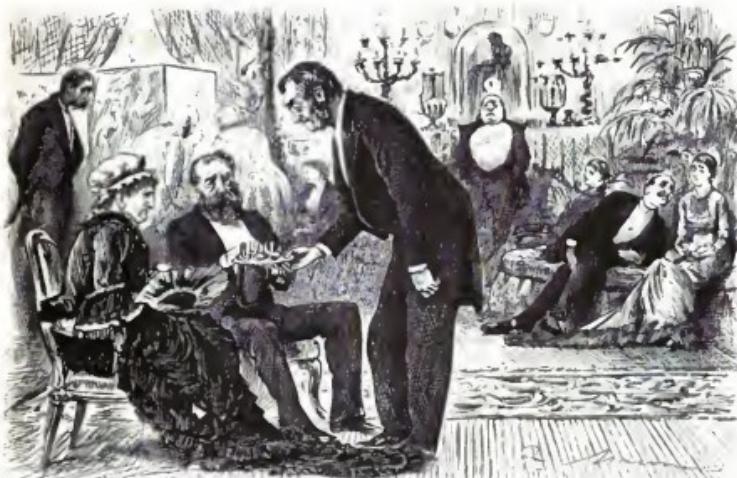
Charles (Grandmamma's), "A WISE AND USEFUL SOUL, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE CRICKET, ANY 'T'!"
Percy (Gandy), "YAH, CRICKET'S AWFULLY SMART, IF IT WERE ONLY RUGBY'S, NOW—OH, ARTHUR, YOU KNOW!"



1877.

Foto chez Tata.

"How you lan behind, Choty!"——"Yes, Mummy! My poor toe is so bad!"
"Which toe is it?"——"My eldest, Mummy."



A BUTLER'S REVENGE.

1861.

*Lady Midas. "WELL, RIVER!, WHAT ARE THESE?"**River! (who has received warning). "THE BUTLER STOPPED, M' LADY. JUST AFTER THE GENTLEMEN LEFT THE DINING-ROOM TO JEST THE LADIES, SIR GORGIE LOCKED UP THE DECANTERS, AN' UNCL, BUT HE FORGOT THE STOPPER; SO I THOUGHT I'D BETTER ERING 'EM ET TO TUCK LAUNDRY!"**[And before His Grace, too, who has at last been induced to accept an invitation!]*

AT LADY CLARA ROBINSON'S (NÉE VERA DE VERE).

AT LADY CLARA
ROBINSON'S (NÉE
VERA DE VERE).*Toddy. "HONESTLY,
SIR, MEN VAN THOM,
DON'T YOU AMERICANS
RATHER ENVY US SUCH
PEOPLE AS OUR ARISTO-
CRATS, FOR INSTANCE?"**Mrs. VAN THOMP.
"WELL, I DON'T QUITE
KNOW ABOUT THAT, MR.
TODDY; BUT WE CERTAINLY
ENVY YOUR ARISTOCRATS
SUCH PEOPLE AS YOE!"*

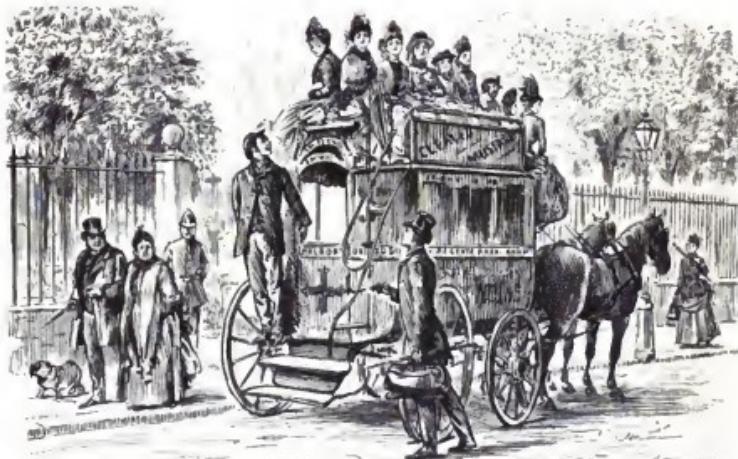


KEEPING THE SOCIAL BALANCE EVEN.

1887.

Captain Beyle (to Wife of his Bonus). "MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN TRYING HARD TO BOW TO LORD AND LADY TYRETT: BUT THEY CUT ME DEAD, CONFOUND IT!"

Mrs. Beyle. "ALL RIGHT. THEN LET'S CUT MR. AND MRS. SPROTTE, WHO ARE TRYING HARD TO BOW TO US!"



TEMPORA MUTANTUR!

1888.

"*Miss Goodfellow.* "WOULD ANY LADY MIND RIDING INSIDE, TO OBLIGE A GENTLEMAN?"

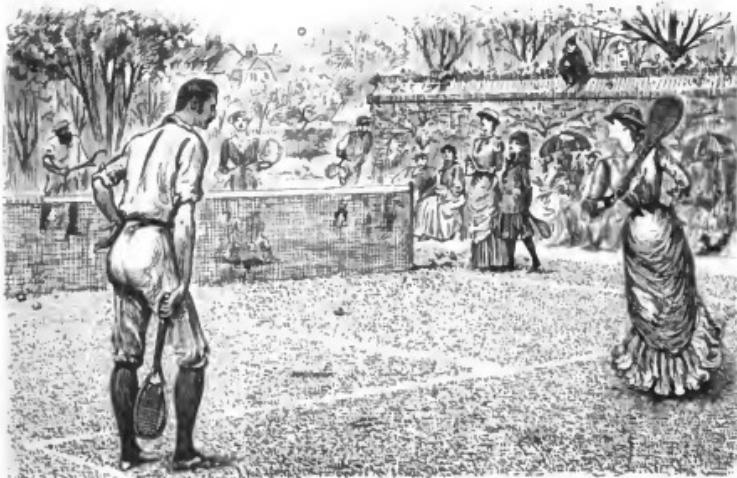


TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

(*A Reminiscence of Auld.*)

1875.

IT SEEMS THAT ALGERIN'S ONLY CHANCE OF SAYING WHAT HE HAD TO SAY TO LELY WITHOUT FEAR OF JEALOUS INTERRUPTION HAPPENED JUST AS FREDERICK WAS WINNING THE CUP. HE HAD A SPLENDID RAVE. LET US HOPE HE WOS THE LADY.

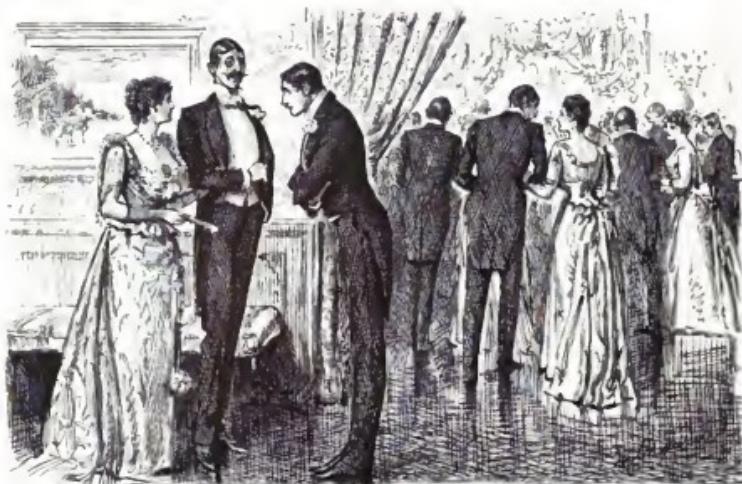


AMENITIES OF THE TENNIS-LAWN.

SIR. "YOU'RE MINE, SIR CHARLES!"

MR. "YOU'RE—AWF'LY YOUNG!"

1882.



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

1869.

Dingley. "I HAD HOPE FOR THE PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU DOWN TO SUPPER, MRS. MARSHAL!"
Egerton. "TOO LATE, MY DEAR FELLOW! IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE WORM!"



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

1869.

The Miss Browns. "OH, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARY! BUT WE'VE SUCH DREADFUL Colds, WE CAN'T KISS YOU, DEAR. WE CAN ONLY SHAKE HANDS!"
Fifer Fisher. "OH DEAR, HOW BAD! I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A COLD, ME, BROWN!!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She (to her Partner). "DO YOU LIKE THE LANCER'S?"*Hr.* "YEAH. IT'S SO JOLLY TO BE ABLE TO DANCE WITH ANOTHER FELLOW'S PARTNER, YOU KNOW!"

1886.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(SHINE—*A Concert for the People.*)*Distinguished Amateur* (about to make his First Appearance in Public). "OH, I DO FEEL SO NERVOUS!"*Sympathetic Friend.* "OH, THERE'S NO OCCASION TO BE NERVOUS, MY DEAR FELLOW. THEY APPLAUD ANYTHING!"

1883.



GERMAN ENGLISH.

German Belle. "Ach! YOU ARE POST OF YACHTING? ZEN I SUPPOSE YOU ARE A GOOT KALLENMAN!"

1887.



RATHER STARTLING.

"WELL, COUNT! ANT SPORT THIS MORNING?"
"HEHAN? BOX AMI, VERY BAD SPORT! I'V SHOT THREE BEAUTIFUL
MINS!"

1887.

[He seems to have missed three beautiful shots]



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Miss Herr Professor (which means *My Lord Professor*—to please John Smith, Eng.). "ACH, ERH! YOU TO NOT ARROUND OF ER BRIP-FILETSCHE OF ER BREHNSCHIE! MY COOT VEFT, HEIR, KRATZEST BRIP-FILETSCHE, IN YORE ~~BR~~ SCHNÖPPFH INLAST! IS RAY YOU GALL EM FROGELT! SEIFT MY LOET, AND DESE VIFER MY LATT! VEAL I WILL KID YOF AN AVTEL. FOR ARE A LOET (OF ER GERAETION) AND YOUR VIFE IS A LATT!—AND DOR LIED-VINE TIE ALL YORE VEFTY! AGREE TO GALL YOUSELFES AND EACH OTHER 'MY LOET' AND 'MY LATT' FOR A GOSPEL OF CINERFATIONS HEZO—AND DEER YOF ARE! AND VEER IS ER HERAGE BET?—VAT SAY YUV TO EAT, HERR LOET SCHMIDT?"

[J. S. is subject of the splendid satirist of the suggestion.]



FELINE AMENITIES.

"I WISH YOU HADN'T ASKED CAPTAIN WARHAW, LIZZIE. HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM!"

"DEAR ME, CHARLOTTE—ISN'T THE WORLD BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU BOTH?"

"YES; BUT YOUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM ISN'T!"

1882.



NEO-FRENCH FOR "DRINKING TEA"—!

1882.

"VENEZ DUSSE FIVE-O'CLOCKTE CHEZ MOI DEMAIN SOIR, CHEZ VIGUETTE!"

"AVEC PLASME, BARBESSE! A QUELLE heure?"



AT "LORD'S."

1884.

AT "LORD'S."

(It is always well to be well-informed.)

Clara (pointing to the Umpire).— "WHO ARE THE TWO MEN IN BLACK COCK HATS AND WHITE COATS?"

Mollie, "OH, DON'T YOU KNOW? THOSE ARE THE HEAD MASTERS OF ETON AND HARROW!"



A PHILOSOPHICAL EXCURSIONIST.

1878.

A PHILOSOPHICAL
EXCURSIONIST.

Elderly Gentleman (politely to middle-aged Spinster opposite, evidently one of Cook's Tourists). "AND WHERE, MAY I ASK, ARE YOU GOING NEXT?"

Middle-aged Spinster.
"OH! LET ME SEE!—
I'M GOING TO GENEVA!"

Elderly Gentleman.
"GOING TO GENEVA?
WHY, YOU ARE IN
GENEVA!"

Middle-aged Spinster.
"AM I REALLY? OH,
THEN I'M GOING TO
MILAN!"



DOUX SOUVENIR DE FONTAINBLEAU.

1890.

THE "PREMIÈRE DÉJEUNERS" OF MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. CAFÉ AU LAIT, CRISP BOLLS, AND FRESH
FRENCH BUTTER! SUBSCRIPTIONS!!!



1882.

ONE OF MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S FAILURES.

(Enter Mrs. P. de T.'s last new Bridesmaid, with young Lord Cobham.)

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "Ah, YOUR GRACE? HOW GOOD IT IS TO COME SO EARLY! I THOUGHT MADAME GAVINOT WOULD PROVE AN INTERESTING ATTRACTION TO YOU!"

Her Grace (with evasive mien). "YEA. SHE HAVN'T SEEN ME, I HOPE!"

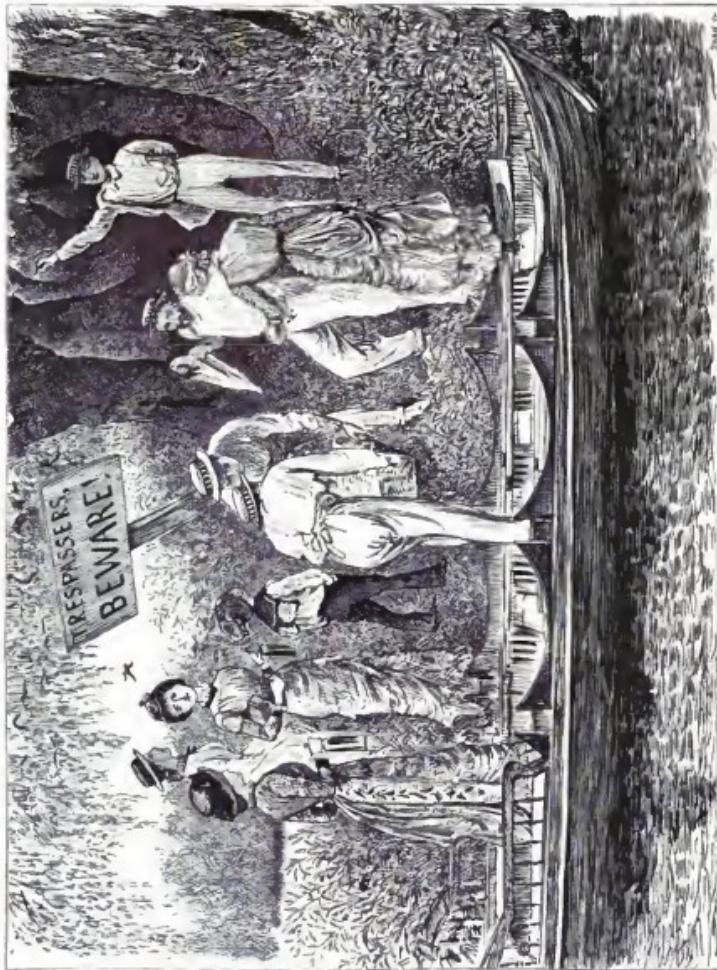
Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "OH, NO. WE'VE ONLY JUST DONE DINNER, AND SHE KEPT US LAUGHING SO; AND YOUR GRACE IS JUST IN TIME. INDEED, HERE SHE COMES, NO DOUBT TO OFFER TO SENN!"

Madame Gavinot. "HELLAS! CHÈRE MADAME TOMKYN, YE MONT EUN AVAY IN GREAT 'ANTE!' DÉCOLLA, VOUS SAVEZ, SEI I'AVE BINÉ AVEC MADAME GELUCKA, AND BIENSOUS DI BIENSOUS, AS YOU SAY À LONDRES. NOUAND NAKS FOR YOUR TROU AIMABLE HOSPITALITÉ—AND GOOD-À-BYE!"

Monsieur Gavino. "MILLE REMERCIEMENTS, MADAME! AU PLASIE!"

(Exit Madame and Madame Gavinot. Exit also, alas! Her Grace, in a very bad temper.)

THE TERRORS OF THE LAW.





"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

1880.

The Bishop (to his youngest and favourite Son). "Now, WHY SHOULDN'T YOU ADOPT THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION, THEODORE? LORD RONALD BEAUMANOIR, WHO'S A YEAR YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF, IS ALREADY GETTING SIXTY-GREEVES A WEEK FOR LOW-COMEDY PARTS AT THE CRITZERON! THE DUVRES TOLD ME NO HERSELF ONLY YESTERDAY!"



GRIGSBY
GIVES UP LAW AND
BECOMES A
WINE-MERCHANT.

(SCENE—*His Next Ev'l
Office.*)

Grigsby. "WHERE DO
YOU DINE TO-NIGHT,
Pompey?"

Pompey Redell Junior.
"WITH THE GOVER-
NOR."

Grigsby. "DON'T
YOU DRINK CHAMPAGNE,
OLD MAN? I WARN
YOU!"

Pompey Redell Junior.
"HOW ABOUT THE
CLARET?"

Grigsby. "CAN'T SAY
ANYTHING ABOUT THE
CLARET. I DARN'T GET
IT HERE, YOU KNOW!"

GRIGSBY GIVES UP LAW AND BECOMES A WINE-MERCHANT.

1883.



1887.

THE IRREVOCABLE PAST.

"This is truth the Poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things!"

"ALAN! IN LOOKING BACK OVER ONE'S LIFE, HOW MANY THINGS THERE ARE TO CAUSE ONE TO REGRET!"

"OR, TEN, INDEED! I OFTEN REGRET I DIDN'T EAT MORE OYSTERS WHEN THEY WERE EIGHTEEN & DAISY!"



1888.

SOCIAL ADVICES.

Mrs. de la Rose-Brown (to *Jessie*, who, instead of listening to her story, has been deeply interested in what young *Smith* is saying to *Miss Edgeworth*). "AND NOW, TELL ME CANDIDLY—WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IN MY PLACE?"



HOW THEY LIVE NOW.

(SCENE.—Smoking-Room at the Olympia. Time, 4 P.M.)

1880.

Young Quincey (Government Clerk on £120 per annum, to admiring Friend). "YEH—BONNID BAD LIPER AGAIN—DROPPED THREE HUNDRED HERE LAST NIGHT. IF THIS SORT OF THING GOES ON FOR A MONTH, I SHALL HAVE TO DRAW ON THE GUYNE. THE OLD BOY'LL FULL RATHER A LONG FACE OVER IT, EH?"

(Considering that the "old Boy" (the Rev. Denis Quincey) has about fourteen children to provide for as a thousand a year, it is not improbable that he will.)



"NOUVELLES COUCHES SOCIALES!"

1880.

"NOUVELLES
COUCHES
SOCIALES!"

"I SAY, UNCLE, THAT
WAS YOUNG BALDOCK
THAT WENT BY.—WIL-
MINGTON BALDOCK, YOU
KNOW—!"

"WHO THE DICKENS
IS HE?"

"WHAT! HAVEN'T
YOU HEARD OF HIM?
HAND IT! HE'S EARNING
HIMSELF A VERY FIRST-
RATE POSITION IN THE
LAWN-TEENNIS WORLD, I
CAN TELL YOU!"



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

1872.

British Tourist (to fellow-Passenger, in mid-Channel). "WHICH ARMS, I SUPPOSE?"
Fellow-Passenger. "YAAK. ARE YOU?"



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"AND NOW HERE! I WANT YOU TO TAKE MY FRIEND HEE AND MYSELF JUST FAR ENOUGH TO BE UP TO OUR CHINS, YOU KNOW, AND NO FURTHER!"

1883.



AN UNREASONABLE PREJUDICE.

AN UNREASONABLE
PREJUDICE.

Ancient Mariner (from France). "PARDON,
M'SIEU! MAIS VOUS
SOUVEZ-VOUS BIEN DECE
QUELLE REUVE IL EST?"

Captain Prettman.
"CERTAINEMENT, MON
AMI! IL EST OSSE
HEUREUX MAIS VISEU
VINGTANS."

Louisa. "DID YOU
HEAR, TOM? CAPTAIN
PRETTMAN SPEAKS
FRENCH WITH QUITE
A PURE PARISIAN
ACCENT!"

*Cousin Tom (who is
rather jealous).* "DID
HE! WHAT BEASTLY
AFFECTION!"



EDWIN AND ANGELINA IN PARIS.

1878.

Angelina. "DO YOU LIKE THIS STYLE OF MURAL DECORATION, EDWIN?"

Edwin. "YES, LOVE! IT ENABLES ME TO SEE ON EVERY WALL THE FACE AND FORM I LOVED BEST IN THE WORLD."

Angelina. "OH, EDWIN! DARLING!—TOO MUCH NE BLUSH!"

Edwin. "I DIDN'T MEAN THAT, LOVE! I MEANT MINE!"



KINDLY MEANT.

(SCENE.—*A Dance at the Parsons' Rooms (See Medicine Tailored etc.)*)

Ingratitude Master (*An Acute Chaperon*). "AH—I SAY—AWFULY BEAUTIFUL HERE, MRS 'TURFELD NAME. WON'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE 'CHAMBER OF HONOURS'!—THEY'VE GOT A STOVE, AND YOU'LL FEEL NO SIGH MORE AT HOME THERE, DON'T YOU KNOW?"



OUR IMBECILES.

Elderly Master (*who can't see that his attractions are wretched*). "I'VE SEEN YOU'RE FOND OF MUSIC!"
Precocious Fair One (*politely*). "OH—YES—LET'S IT PUTS A STOP TO CONVERSATION!"

1886.



FILIAL PIETY.

1882.

Japonaise Footh. "MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?"

The Bishop's Daughters. "THANKS—NO! I NEVER DANCE ROUND DANCES IN MY FATHER'S DISCENSE!"



HARDLY CONSISTENT.

1882.

Brown (to Nelly). "Ugh! THERE GOES JOYCE, AS USUAL, WITH A CLOUD OF ADORING DUCHesses HANGING ON HIS LIPS, AND GROVELLING AT HIS FEET, AND FOLLOWING HIM ALL OVER THE ROOM? HOW DISGUSTING IT IS TO SEE A MAN OF GENIE DOADING THE ARISTOCRACY LIKE THAT!"



HOW TO HAVE IT ALL ONE'S OWN WAY

1884.

HOW TO HAVE IT
ALL ONE'S OWN
WAY.

Mrs. MARYVILLE HOBSON is famed for her pleasant little dinner. She thinks it a mistake to invite husband and wife together. She thinks it a better plan to invite them separately. She invites the husbands first—and always forgets to invite the wives after!

The man with the cigar is the proud and happy husband of Mrs. Maryville Hobson. The discontented individual with the pince-nez is Mr. Spikes, who thinks (and yet properly) that no party is complete without Mrs. Spikes.



MUSIC AT HOME—(IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.)

1885.

Herr Beaulard's (by request). "Ave, if your Latyship shall graciously admit, I shall play for you my Rondo Antartico in F Moll!"

Kiddie Huston. "Oh, that will be fast nice! I'm afraid the piano is not in first-rate order, by the bye. Our tuner died a few years ago, and we've never been able to find another."



1862.

MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMPKYN'S LOSES HER TEMPER.

Mrs. P. de T.'s last new Duchess (graciously unblushing). "WHEN I CAME HERE BEFORE, MADAME GAMINOT WAS HERE; BUT SHE WOULDN'T SING—ME 'TOOK HER HOME,' AS CABINET CALLED IT—WENT AWAY, YOU KNOW!"

Mrs. P. de T. "YOU AND SO DID YOUR GRACE AND LORD CADBURY, IN CONSEQUENCE."

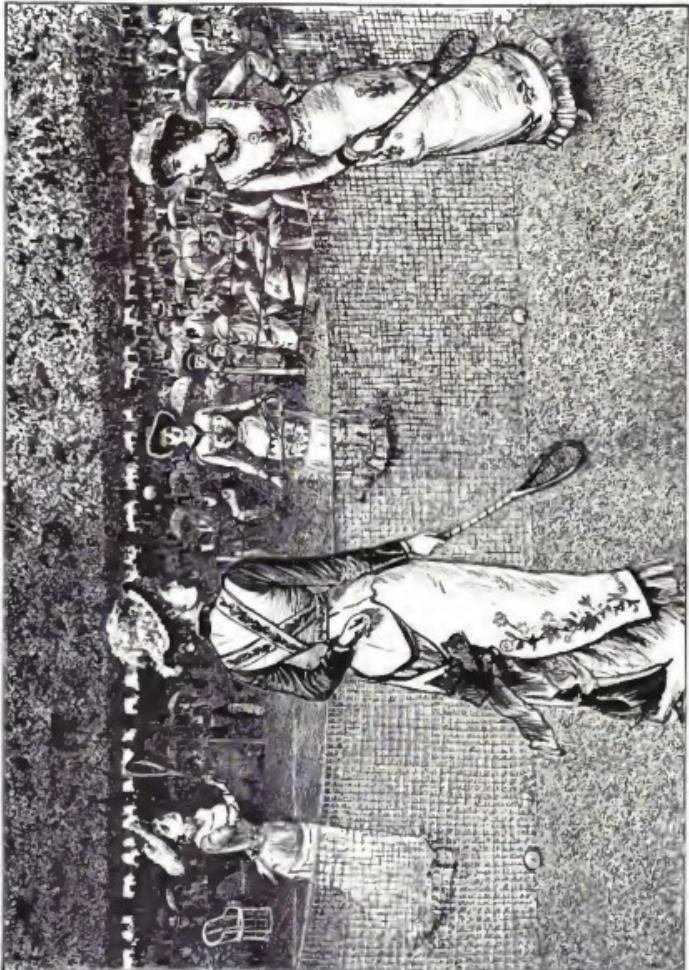
Her Grace (who always speaks her mind). "WHAT? AND THAT VERY FANCY PERSON TALKING TO MR. WHATRISNAME—THINGUMMY YOU KNOW—YOUR CLEVER WRITING FRIEND, FROM AMERICA! IS SHE A COMIC SINGER, AND WILL SHE SING?"

Mrs. P. de T. "NO, BUT I THINK SHE'LL SING. THAT FANCY PERSON IS MY FRIEND, LADY MIDAS."

Her Grace (who always speaks her mind). "WHAT? AND THAT, MRS. TOMPKYN, ARE THERE NO LADIES LEFT IN ENGLAND, THAT I SHOULD BE ASKED HERE TO DINE WITH THE WIFE OF A SUCCESSFUL SAWGAGE-MAKER?"

Mrs. P. de T. "YOU WERE ASKED HERE TO DINE WITH ME, WHATRISNAME, DUCHESS—(THINGUMMY, YOU KNOW)! YOU YOURSELF ASKED ME TO ASK YOU TO MEET HIM; AND I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO HAVE SEEN AN OPPORTUNITY OF SHOWING MY CLEVER WRITING FRIEND FROM AMERICA THAT THERE ARE SOME LADIES STILL LEFT IN ENGLAND, AND VERY GREAT LADIES TOO"—[*Her Grace loses stilettos*]—"WHO CAN'T EVEN BEHAVE AS DECENTLY AS A SAWGAGE-MAKER'S WIFE! BUT PERHAPS YOUR GRACE WOULD PREFER TO—A—TAKE YOUR GRACE'S SHOE! SHALL I SEND AND ORDER YOUR CARRIAGE?"

[*Her Grace reflects that her Carriage is gone—loses her hand—shivers—distracts—apologizes, and is quite civil to Lady Midas after dinner.*



INTERNATIONAL RECIPROCITY.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Mrs. Bercross at Home. House. Early and Late.)

1866.

*Sir Justice,
Mr. Justice Parker,
The General,
The Professor,
Dr. Prendergast,
Brown.*

"HERE! HI! Is MY
CARROUSEL CORE?"

Foolishness.

"No, Sir."
"No, Sir."
"No, Sir."
"No, Sir."
"No, Sir."
"No, Sir."

*Sir Justice.
Mr. Justice Parker,
The General,
The Professor,
Dr. Prendergast,
Brown.*

"THEN WIND AOE LET
ME KNOW THE FAIR
HONEST IT DOSE!"



SNOB-SNUBBING.

SNOB-SNUBBING.

The Vicar's Wife.
"AND SO YOU FIND OUR
SUBURB A PEASANT
CHANGE AFTER LONDON,
MR. SNOBINS!"

Sophy. "VA-AN—
PRETTY LITTLE PLAIN—
A—CAN'T SAY I CARE
VERY MUCH FOR SCRUB-
BAG SOCIETY, YOU
KNOW!"

The Vicar's Wife.
"AH—YOU FIND THEM
A LITTLE HIGH AND
MIGHTY, I SUPPOSE!"

[Digest of Sophy
who thinks herself
no end of a Swell!]

1867.



TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

TOWN MOUSE AND
COUNTRY MOUSE.

Unapostolized Cousin.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN
TO BE WHEN YOU GROW
UP, JACK?"

Jack. "O, I MEAN
TO BE A SOLDIER; AND
YOU SHALL BE MY
NERE."

Unapostolized Cousin.

"WELL, BUT SOLDIERS
DON'T HAVE NERES,
JACK!"

Jack. "O, DON'T
THINK, JUST! THAT
SHOWS YOU'VE NEVER
BEEN IN THE PASSES!
WELL, I DON'T THINK I
EVER SAW A SOLDIER
WITHOUT ONE!"

1873.



A CHAPTER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

A CHAPTER ON
NATURAL HISTORY.

Jack. "JUST LOOK
AT THAT SNEAK OF A
ROOK! WOULD'T I
CATAPULT HIM IF I HAD
A CHANCE!"

Chris. "CATAPULT A
ROOK! FOR SHAME,
JACK!"

Jack. "OH, IT'S ALL
VERY WELL, BUT IF
THERE IS A HERD I HATE
MORE THAN ANOTHER,
IT'S A ROOK. THEY
COME SNEAKING UP TO
YOU IN THE WINTER—
WHEN THEY WANT
CHIPS—JUST LIKE THE
FELLOWS AT SCHOOL
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A
HAMPER—AND THEN IN
THE SUMMER, WHEN
THEY'VE GOT THEIR
HAMPER, THEY WON'T
LOOK AT YOU!"

1874.



LATE FOR DINNER.

1863.

*Mary Jane. "THEY'VE SAT DOWN SOME TIME, SIR?"**Effe. "OH, NEVER MIND! YOU COME ON THE STAIRS WITH US, AND HAVE THE THINGS AS THEY COME OUT!"*

A TIMELY CAUTION.

1863.

Jock. "YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF YOUR HAIR, EFFE! REMEMBER THAT AT ANY MOMENT IT MIGHT ALL BE TAKEN OFF THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD, AND STUCK ALL OVER YOUR FACE, LIKE POOR MAJOR PEENDERGOAT! MIGHTN'T IT, AUNT MATILDA?"

10—1



OUT OF TOWN.—(UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.)

1886.

Visitor, "WHAT A BOARING TRADE THE HOTELS WILL BE DOING, WITH ALL THESE HOLIDAY FOLK!"
 Head Waiter at The George, "LOR' BLESS YER, SIR, NO! THEY ALL BRING THEIR NOSEBAGS WITH 'EM!"



AMENITIES OF THE "GENTLE CRAFT."

1886.

"BE FISHER WITH HIM, MINE! BE FISHER!"



PUBLIC SPIRIT.

1881.

Mrs. Smith. "WHAT HAVE YOU GENTLEMEN BEEN PLOTTING DOWN-STAIRS, THAT YOU LOOK SO GUILTY?"

Mr. Smith. "PLOTTING, MY LOVE! POOR! THE FACT IS, WE'VE BEEN HAVING A SERIOUS CHAT ABOUT THE DISGRACEFUL—YES—DISGRACEFUL WAY FOULDX HOTELS ARE—ER—DRAINED, AND ALL THAT; AND (IN THE INTEREST OF OUR FAMILIES AND OTHER EXOLINE FAMILIES WHO GO ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN) JONES, BROWN, ROBINSON, AND—ER—I, HAVE ELECTED OURSELVES INTO A KIND OF SANITARY INSPECTION COMMITTEE, AND HAVE SETTLED TO POP OVER, JUST FOR A WEEK OR TWO, YOU KNOW, AND REPORT UPON SOME OF THE HOTELS AT THE BEST-KNOWN FRESH WATERING-PLACES, INCLUDING—ER—PARIS. RATHER A RISKY THING TO DO, OF COURSE; BUT WE—ER—LOOK UPON IT IN THE LIGHT OF A DUTY!"



GAUL AND ALBION.

GAUL AND ALBION.

Tom. "ASK THEM TO COME AND PLAY CRICKET WITH US, ETTIE."

Ettie. "YEAH—YOU VENIE JOUER CRICKET AVEC NOUS?"

Alphonse. "NO, SANK YO, MEENS! MY PARENTS SAY IT IS NO GENTEL FOR ER LITTLE MEENSES TO PLAT ER CRICKET! VR VILL PLAT ER SKIPPING! IF YOU VILL, OR ER SHUTTLEDOOD, AND ER BATTLENOOK!"

1880



AN INNOCENT DISCLAIMER.

Mamma. "Now, Billy, you mun't be shy, you know!"*Billy.* "I've just say—I've just!"

1874



IMPENITENT.

Jack (who has been put in the corner for misbehaviour). "MAMMA!"*Jack.* "WHAT REMARKABLY NICE CORNERS THERE ARE IN THIS HOUSE!"*Mamma.* "WELL, SIR, WHAT IS IT?"

1876



A NEW PROFESSION.

1877.

Very Small Boy (in answer to Inspector Lady). "OH, TED'S GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND TOM'S GOING INTO THE ARMY, AND MALUF'S GOING INTO THE NAVY, AND JACK'S GOING INTO THE CIVIL SERVICE, AND BUN'S GOING INTO MEDICINE, AND ARTHUR'S GOING INTO LAW, AND GUS'S GOING INTO BUSINESS, AND I'M GOING INTO KEEPERHOUSES!"



A STATEMENT TO BE RECEIVED WITH CAUTION.

1874.

"WHO'S THIS FRIEND ON THE POST, JACK?"

"WHY, THAT'S THE BOY WHO GAVE YOU SUCH A 'JOLLY LOOKING,' AS YOU CALL IT!"

"AH! YES; BUT THAT WAS EVER SO LONG AGO, WHEN I WAS MUCH YOUNGER, YOU KNOW, AND HE WAS JUST ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS HE IS NOW."

"O, ONLY BOBBY LAVENDER!"



THE ORNAMENTAL V. THE USEFUL.

1875.

Servant. "I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE!"*Servant.* "I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT HAVE TO MAKE THE BEDS!"*Servant* (*thinking the place will suit*). "AND I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT BE EXPECTED TO ANSWER THE DOOR!"*Lady.* "OF COURSE NOT! THE FACT IS, I WANT A SERVANT TO LOOK AT, AND I DON'T THINK YOU WILL DO!"*Lady.* "O, NO! I WANT A HOUSEMADAM."*Lady* (*surprised but composedly*). "CERTAINLY NOT!"

SELF-RESPECT.

SELF-RESPECT.

Cook (*to Fellow-servant who has been after a new Piano*). "WELL, 'LEIA, WILL IT SUIT IT?"*Ella.* "NOT IF I KNEW IT! WHY, WHEN I GOT THERE, BLEST IF THERE WASN'T THE TWO YOUNG LADIES OF THE 'ONE WITH A-EVEN' UP ON PIANO AT THE SAME TIME! 'WELL,' THINKS I, 'THIS HUS A COMIN' DOWN IN THE WORLD!' SO I THOUGHT I WAS BEST SAY GOOD MORNING!"



A PIQUÉ FRAUD.

Emily. "REALLY, JOHN, I DON'T THINK IT NICE, JUST AS THE PEOPLE ARE COMING OUT OF CHURCH, FOR YOU TO SET LIKE THAT, WITH A PIPE IN YOUR MOUTH, AND YOUR HAT AT THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, AND YOUR CLOTHES ANTHONY!"

John. "BOSH, EMILY! I AM DOING NO HARM, AND THEREFORE I DON'T CARE WHO SEES ME, OR WHAT ANYBODY THINKS!"



1890.

Emily. "WELL, JOHN, YOU KNOW BEST. BY THE EYE, WHO DO YOU THINK WERE IN CHURCH, OF ALL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD? THE DUCHESS OF STILTON AND LORD ARCHIBALD! HERE THEY COME!"

John (hastily getting off his perch, buttoning his Coat and Wristcoat, and thrusting his Pipe behind his back). "GOOD HEAVENS, EMILY!—WHERE! WHERE! I CAN'T SEE THEM!"



REGRETS.

Lou Gourmandier. "I SAY, JACK, DO YOU RECOLLECT A CERTAIN SADDLE OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD WELSH MUTTON WE HAD AT TOM REDKETT'S ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR?"

Fat Ditta. "I SHOULD THINK I DID!"

(Pause.)

Lou Gourmandier. "THAT WAS A BADGE OF MUTTON, JACK!"

Fat Ditta. "AH? WASN'T IT?"

(Long Pause.)

Lou Gourmandier. "I OFTEN WISH I'D TAKEN ANOTHER SLICE OF THAT BADGE OF MUTTON, JACK!"

REGRETS.

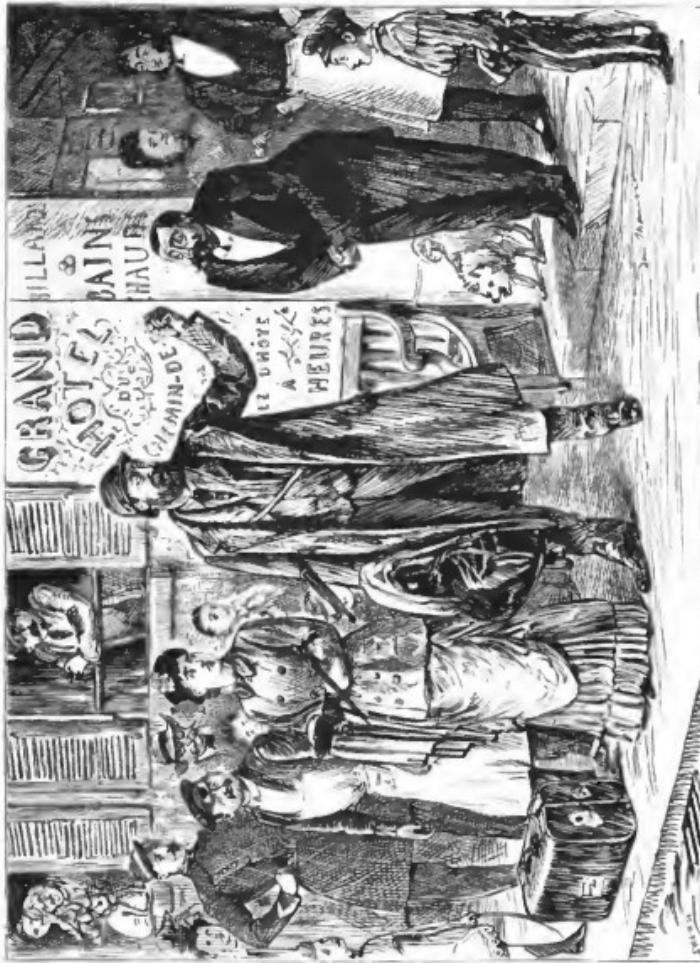
1872.



1872.

GRACE BEFORE POWDERS (BUT NOT AFTER).

Young Innocent (*about to powder*). "FOR ALL WE ARE GOIN' TO RECEIVE MAY
THE LORD MAKE US TOOTLY FANEFUL!"



THE TIME-HONOURED BRITISH THREAT.

Independent Anglo-Saxons (ie Provincial French Junkers), who is having his hands to the front (referring to his so-called and much exaggerated success)—"Ore, ore, Monde! vous le MATHIEURS DE PARIS ? Mais avec vous RAVAGEURS NON. Ainsi : ET ATLAS—VOTRE MAISON—Mme ! JE PUIS MAIS JE SUIS LE TERRAIN ?"

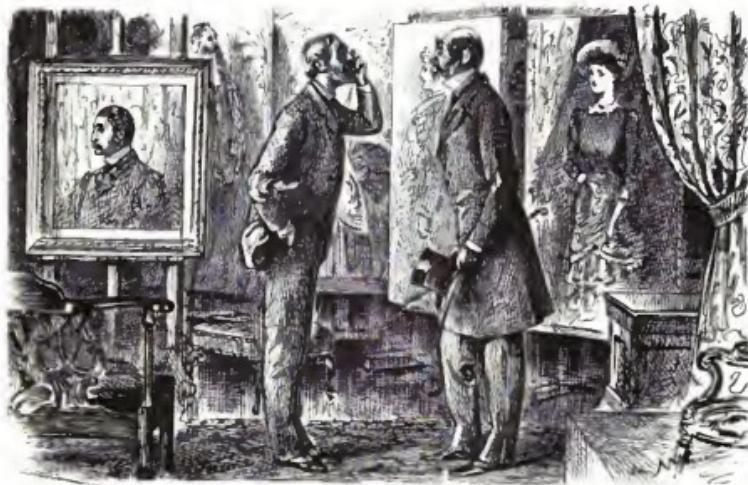
*C. M. Woodiwiss.*

1878.

YOUNG, BUT SMART.

Aunt Mary. "Now, don't quarrel, children! Recollect that 'Birds in their little nests agree!'"

Bab. "Well, it wouldn't do for them to 'fall out'—an'how, not before they could fly. Would it, Aunt Mary?"



WHAT PORTRAIT PAINTING IS COMING TO.

1884.

The Duke of Dilucate. "I—have taken the liberty of calling to say that I shall esteem myself highly honoured if you will be so very kind as to accept from me a commission to paint my portrait, at any time most convenient to yourself."

Painstaking Artist (after careful survey of His Grace's features). "You must excuse me, Duke, but I really can't. I—a—always choose my own subjects now, you know, and I'm sorry to say your Grace won't do!"



A MEDICAL OPINION.

Emigrant Physician.
I FEEL VERY QUELL.
I WONDER WHAT CAN
BE THE MATTER?"

Awkward Husband.
"Shall I send for
DOCTOR FALCON OR
DOCTOR SQUILLS?"

E. P. "No, no."

A. W. "Or ANY
OTHER DOCTOR!"

E. P. "No; we ALL
GO IN FOR THINKING
EACH OTHER SUCH
HUMBUG!"

A MEDICAL OPINION.

1885.



THE WORST OF BEING TOO FUNNY.

1884.

Cheekless (who is of a decidedly humorous turn). "I SAY, OLD MAN, THAT WAS A STICKUP SET OF PEWS AT OLD BROWN'S LAST NIGHT! BY Jove, THOUGH—I DID MANGAGE TO BUCK OFF THEM A BIT, EH?"

Hest (his fervent admirer). "I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY! THEY ALL SAID WHAT A BEASTLY LITTLE CAD YOU WERE WHEN YOE'D GONE. AND IF TOE'D HAVE STOPPED FIVE MINUTES LATER, YOE'D HAVE HAD A REGULAR TRIUMPH—FOR OLD BROWN WAS GOING TO KICK FOE DOW'S STAIRS!"



MUSIC AT HOME.—

1884.

LAMENTABLE RESULT OF INSISTING ON SILENT SILENCE IN THE MUSIC-ROOM DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF GOOD MUSIC.

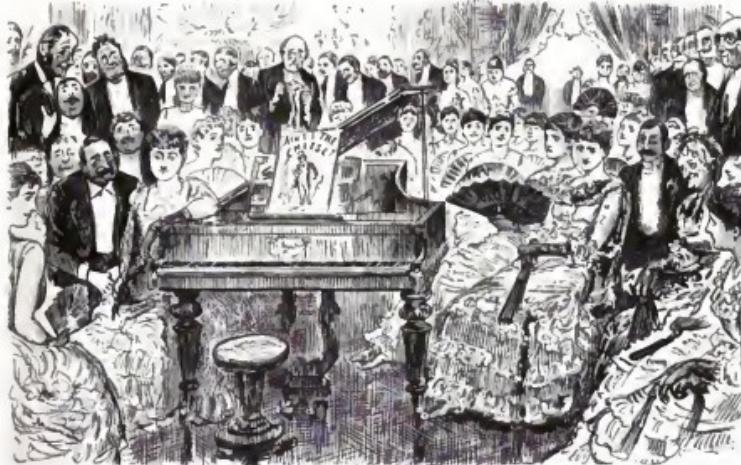


"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIR!"

Lady Civee (who is rather tired, and wants to sit down). "IF YOU ARE REALLY SO DEVOTED AS YOU SAY YOU ARE, SIR CHARLES, I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN SHOW YOUR DEVOTION."

Sir Charles (of the Grenadier Guards). "TELL ME! OH, TELL ME!"

Lady Civee. "WELL—YOU CAN TAKE THAT NICE OLD LADY DOWN TO SUPPER, YOU KNOW—AND THEN I CAN HAVE HER COAT!"



MUSIC AT HOME.—2.

ASPECT OF THE MUSIC-ROOM AFTER THE GOOD MUSIC IS OVER, AND SOMEONE HAS ESTIMATED THAT SOMEBODY OR OTHER IS GOING TO SING A COMIC SONG;



A DIFFERENT THING.

Pepépation. "UULL, SMYTHE! IS THAT YOU? HOW ARE YOU, OLD FELLOW? HOW MUCH BETTER THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS IN FRANCE, EH? SO JOLLY FOR A FELLOW TO BE ABLE TO BATHE WITH HIS OWN FAMILY, YOU KNOW!"

Captain Smythe (confidentially). "HAW—TIS—OR ANOTHER FELLOW'S FAMILY, YOU KNOW."



SIX OF ONE, HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Three of our Countrywomen Abroad. "WELL, I ARST! TO TURN ROUND, AND STARE AT US LIKE THAT?"



A SKETCH AT TROUDEAUVILLE.

1880.

AFTER THE BATH, THE COUNT AND COUNTESS DE ST. CAMENBERT HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH THEIR FRIENDS BEFORE DRESSING; AND MONSEIGNEUR BOCCOUY, THE FEROCIOUS HABITUE, SMOKES A QUIET CIGARETTE, ERRE HIS PLUMES INTO THE SANDY RIFFLE.



"LIBERTÉ—ÉGALITÉ—FRATERNITÉ!"

1877

(Mrs. Tapscott de Toulouse (of Baywater, London, but staying for a Month in *La Belle France*) chooses to go out marketing with her French Cook.)

Fair Green-grocer. "BONJOUR, MESSAMES! QU'VOUS FAUT-IL EN MATIN, MESSAMES?"

[Delight of ye haughty Mrs. T. de T.]



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

1866.

Doctor. "WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR YOU TO DO—YOU MUST GO YACHTING FOR NINE MONTHS!"

Patient. "OH! THAT COSTS SO MUCH MONEY—BESIDES I'M A BAD SAILOR—IS THERE NO ALTERNATIVE?"

Doctor. "WHY—YES—BY NO MEANS AN EXPENSIVE ONE—NOR ONE THAT WILL MAKE YOU SICK! DON'T EAT SO MUCH!"

[Patient chooses the Doctor.]



1866.

SECTARIAN.

"HELLO, JOHN! WHAT A JOLLY DISH! POTATOES, GREEN CARROTS, BEANS! WHO'S IT FOR?"

"MR. BUNNS, SIR."

"IS MR. BUNNS A PROTECTORIAN?"

"OH NO, SIR! I BELIEVE HE'S CHURCH OF ENGLAND!"



MISSING THE POINT.

1872

MISSING THE POINT.

Legal Adviser (speaking technically). "IN SHORT, YOU WANT TO MEET YOUR CREDORS."

Innocent Client. "HANG IT, SO! WHY, THEY'RE THE VERY PEOPLE I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO AVOID!"



A VOCATION.

"AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE, TOMMY?"
"I'M GUNNA' BE BIGGER DAN YOU!"

1866.



1867.

HUMAN NATURE.

Apolo. "WHATEVER HAVE YOU TELL Uncle巴FAGON YOU'RE
MAKING £2000 A YEAR—WHEN, WITH ALL YOUR HARD WORK AND ALL
MY ECONOMY, WE CAN SCARCELY MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET?"

Edie. "MY LOVE, HES WORTH HALF A MILLION, AND IF HE
THINKS WE DON'T WANT IT, HE'LL VERY LIKELY LEAVE IT ALL TO US!"



DEGENERATE TIMES.

DEGENERATE

TIMES.

First Dragoon.
"AWFUL FINE GIRL,
THAT I!"

Second Dragoon.
"YA'S—HE HASN'T
GOT A WORD TO SAY
FOR HIMSELF. ASKED
HER IF SHE WASN'T
AWFUL FOOL OF
HUNTING! SAID SHE'D
NEVER BEEN ON A
HORSE IN HER LIFE!
NOW, WHAT'S A FELLER
TO SAY AFTER THAT?
CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT
GIRLS DO TALK ABOUT
IN THESE DAYS!"

1878.

II-L



CHRISTMAS AT LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

1866.

CHRISTMAS AT
LITTLE
PEDDLINGTON.

The Castle (*à la Loui*)
HOTEL. — "What's new ?
A MAX REINHOLD IN
THE DESERT OF SARAKH !
YOU GIVE IT TO ? WHO,
BECAUSE HE CAN FITT
ON THE SAKH WHICH IS
THERE, YOU KNOW ?"

[Chorus of delight,
Appreciation French
style.] "QU'EST-CE QU'IL
DIT, CE BON MUSIEUX
GRISSE ?"

Sir Pompey Bedell.
"OH—EH—EH—DENONCE
POURRAIS IL S'ATTEINDRE
NÉCESSAIRE POSSE COM
BON DE MOUILLER DU
FANG DORÉ LE DENONCE
IN SARAKH !" AT ALLO
IL REPOND : "PARFOIS IL
PEUT MOUILLER LA SARAKH
KESAP LAN, VOUVEAU
TRÈS BOISS, N'EST PAS ?"

Appreciation French
style.] "QU'EST-CE QU'IL
DIT, CE BON MUSIEUX
GRISSE ? TRÈS BIEN
VOILÀ BIEN L'ENDRIE
ANGLAIS !"
[Mémoirs à Note of it.]



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

1866.

MEN.—AND SEE FRIENDS VERY PROPERLY RESOLVE TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF THIS YEAR, AND TO GIVE UP DISCOURSES,
WHENEVER THEY MEET, THE LITTLE WEAKNESSES, &c., &c., OF THEIR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS.

Result of their Virtuous Resolution.



HASTY GENERALISATION.

Momus. "WE'D BETTER GO IN, DARLING! IT THREATEN'S TO RAIN."

Harry. "OH! THEN IT WOS'T!"

Momus. "WHY?"

Harry. "PAPA ALWAYS THREATEN'S TO FIZZ ME' BUT HE NEVER DOES!"



1901

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

After Dark THE Browns AND THEIR FRIENDS HAVE THEIR DANCES AMONGST THEM, AND UNDER THEM, HUMMINGBIRDS ON THE LAWNS.
Old Brown says it's all right as Providence !



A DISENCHANTMENT.

1864.

Grandpapa. "H'may! BOY IN LOVE WITH MISS FORTALIS, THE COMIC ACTRESS AT THE PARTHENON?"

Bob (spring up). "YES, GRANDPA! AND IF YOU'VE GOT A WORD TO SAY AGAINST THAT LADY, IT HAD BETTER NOT BE SAID IN MY PRESENCE, THAT'S ALL!"

Grandpapa. "I SAY A WORD AGAINST HER! WHY, BREAK YOUR HEART, MY DEAR BOY! I WAS HEAD OVER EARS IN LOVE WITH HER MYSELF—WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND—"



THE SHRUB LEONINE.

1860.

THE SHRUB LEONINE.

(At Mrs. Lyon Hunter's.)

Lion No. 1 (loudly). "I—
A—THINK I HAD THE PLEASURE
OF MEETING YOU AT SIR
GEORGE MIMA'S, AT DINNER,
LAST WEEK!"

Lion No. 2. "AH—I DESAY.
I'M VERY BAD AT RECOLLECT-
ING FACES."

Lion No. 1 (with pardonable
pride). "MY NAME IS RANDOLPH EDWARD WIGGINS!"

Lion No. 2. "AH—indeed!
I've a wretched memory
for names!"

*N.B.—Lion No. 2 is no less
a person than J. Robinson,
who is said to have personally
introduced his wife further
into the interests of Australia
than any other man,
and has got to believe that
he is the original discoverer
of that continent.*

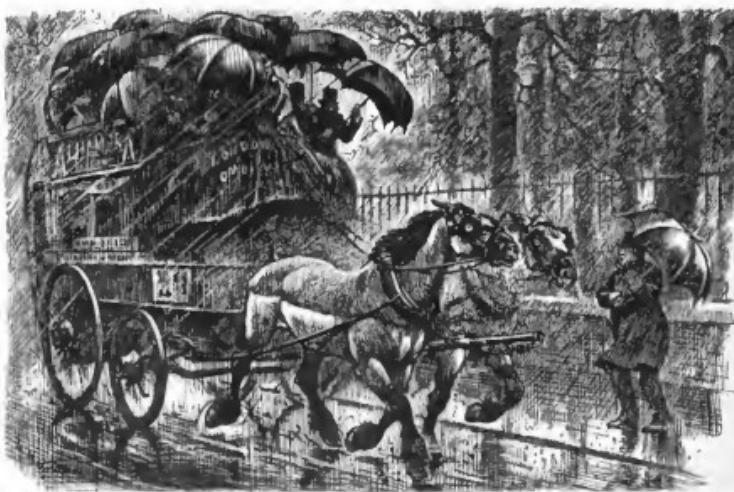


SOCIAL AGONIES.

1866

Angelina. "Loor, Edwin! Mr. and Mrs. Dedlebor Boerah! I'm quite ashamed to meet them! They're always asking us to dinner, and we've never even asked them inside our house! We really must make some return!"

Edwin. "Some return? Why, confound it! Once we actually did dine with them! What more can they expect?"



A COMBINATION OF DISAGREEABLES.

1866

MONDAY MORNING—EAST WIND AND RAIN—AND THE CITY BUS FULL INSIDE AND OUT.



"READY! AYE READY!"

1862.

"READY! AYE
READY!"

Mrs. Penruddock de Toulouse. "THAT LADY
WAS EVIDENTLY IN-
TENDED BY NATURE FOR A CHINEESE, SIR
CHARLES! I WONDER
WHO SHE CAN BE!"

Sir Charles. "SHE
HAPPENS TO BE MY
SISTER, LADY PLANTAGENET DE LA ZOUTHE.
MAY I ASK WHY YOU
THINK NATURE IN-
TENDED HER FOR A
CHINEESE?"

*Mrs. P. de T. (equal,
as usual, to the emer-
gency).* "SHE STRUCK
ME AS HAVING MUCH
EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL
FEAT!"



A COMBINATION OF AGREEABLES.

1860.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—WEST WIND AND SUNSHINE—ROOM FOR USE, SAY, TO HILLINGDON AND BACK, OR ANYWHERE YOU LIKE.



A SUBJECT FOR TRIUMPH.

1877.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN CYTING FOR, GEORGE?"
"WITH MAMMA WOULDN'T GIVE ME A TRIFUNGE-CAKE, 'THOT I'VE GOT
A TURNMACH-ACHE!"
"AH HA! I'VE GOT A 'PEPPERS-CAKE AND A 'TURNMACH-ACHE, TOO!"



CONTUMACY.

1877.

"HOW STUPID YOU ARE TO-DAY, EVA!"
"I'M NOT STUPID! I'M INATTENTIVE!"



UNPREDICTED CONTINGENCIES.

1881.

UNPREDICTED

CONTINGENCIES.

Egg. "WHY DO THEY
LEAVE ALL THESE SHOES
OUTSIDE?"

Mosie. "IN THE
EAST, THEY ALWAYS
UNCOVER THEIR FEET
ON ENTERING HOLY
PLACES."

Tommy. "RATHER
AWKWARD FOR PEOPLE
WITH BUTTONED BOOTS."

Billy. "WHO DON'T
CARET A BUTTON-HOLE
ABOUT WITH THEM!"



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

1871.

Aud. "CANDIDE, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BAD ENOUGH,
ETHEL?"

EtheL. "I MAY THINK SO, AUNTY, BUT I DON'T FEEL SO!"



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

1871.

Mabel. "IS THE PARTY OVER, AND EVERYBODY GONE?"

Mesd. "YES, DEAR—HUM! GO TO SLEEP!"

Mabel (with an eye to the *Sweets* next day). "WAS IT A GRASSY
PARTY, MAMMA?"



"THE THINKER AND THE WORKER."

1871.

"THE THINKER AND THE WORKER."

Governess. "NOW,
MAY, YOU'VE GOT TWO
THINGS TO LOOK
AFTER—"

Moy (who is evidently
profound). "ALL EIGHT
—HAND-BOX AND CAR-
PET-BAG!"

Governess. "AND
YOU'VE THREE THINGS
TO TAKE CARE OF,
CHARLIE. NOW, WHAT
ARE THEY?"

Charlie (a dreamy and
absent boy). "THREE
THINGS TO TAKE CARE
OF! O! YES! THE
WORLD, THE FLESH,
AND THE D—"

Governess. "WHAT
ARE YOU TALKING OF,
CHARLIE?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Nervous Person (speaking at last to his *Neighbour*). "Do you know who that remarkably ugly person is just opposite—
TALKING TO THE BLACK-HAIRED LADY, YOU KNOW—UH—ER?" *Neighbour*. "That, Sir, is my *BROTHER*!"
Nervous Person. "Yes? I—I—I beg your pardon—I—I—STUPID OF ME NOT TO HAVE BEEN THE *FAMILY'S* *LIEUTENANT*—
A—A—A—"

[Colleagues and disappoar.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Gard. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!—AND YOU'VE REALLY GOT A VERY NICE LITTLE PLACE HERE!"
Hort. "YAN; BET IT'S RATHER BARE, JUST NOW. I HOPE THE TREES WILL HAVE GROWN A GOOD BIT BEFORE YOU'RE BACK,
OLD MAN!"

1887.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

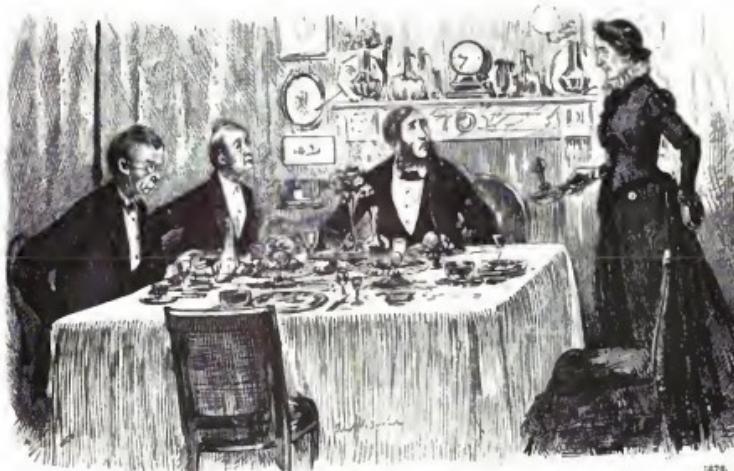
(Our Seal-detached Neighbors.)

Graz. "AND YET, DEAR, HOW LITTLE WE HAVE SEEN OF EACH OTHER LATELY—CONSIDERING THERE IS ONLY A PARTITION-WALL BETWEEN US!" *Emily.* "BUT THEN, DEAR, IT IS SUCH A COMFORT TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hof. "WILL YOU TAKE IN MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, MAJOR? SHE ALWAYS COMES IN WITH A STICK, YOU KNOW."



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

Jane (nearly married, to his bachelor friends Brown and Roberts).—“No, it’s not YOU, THE BEAUTY, nor WEALTH, nor BRAVE THAT A SENSIBLE MAN WOULD LOVE FOR IT’S WIFE. IT’S COMMON SENSE, UNIFIED BY THE FEELING OF LOVE, OR THE STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS OF THE PERSON, COMBINED WITH A DEEP THROB BY SO MEANS UNPRACTICAL SENSE OF THE FLEETING NATURE OF MORTAL EARTHLINE ON THEM.—

Broader Mrs. Jones, suddenly. “I’m sorry to distract you, my love, but it’s getting late, and you have an early start to-morrow to town, to-morrow with the consulting physician of the—ahem!—of that life insurance company, the experts.”

[Taking his coat, Brown and Roberts depart, each forming a separate resolve that he will throw himself away on the girl he loves, until his Heiress of Folly is happy in her bed.]



A TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

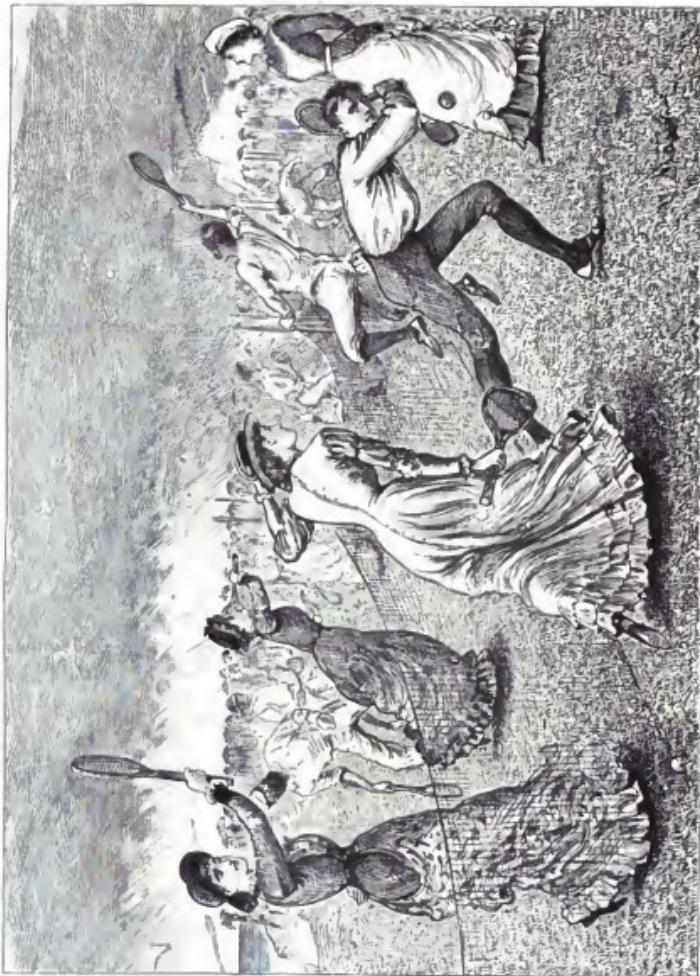
A TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE

Mrs. Edy. “A BOY FOR GRANDMA FOR SOON? O HOW KIDS OF YOU, MR. LOVELL! UNFORTUNATELY, MAID AND I ARE ENGAGED, AND MAMMA IS AWAY; SO WE SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO GO WITH YOU—but GRANDMAMA AND AUNT TATITRA WILL BE DELIGHTED TO TAKE YOUR PLACE!”

[Grandmama and Aunt Tatitria are overjoyed at their delight. Their faces resemble Mr. Lovell’s bad measles—all his presence makes him—he looks on a chair for support.]



THOSE BROWNS AND THEIR LUMINOUS PAINT AGAIN.



A MODERN TOURNAMENT.



1868.

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

The Duchess of Belgrave. "THAT'S MY COSTUME FOR THE DANCE IN THE THIEF ACT—RAVEEN COLD IN THIS WEATHER—BUT IT'S FOR THE POOR CROMPTON-SWEETENS' WIDOW'S HOME, YOU KNOW! ARE YOU COMING TO SEE US, CAPTAIN DE DOOPS?"
Goldfin Hooch. "HAW! HAW! I SHOULD THINK SO, DUCHESS—RAVEEN! WOULDNT MISS IT FOR THE WORLD! BRING THE WHOLE REGIMENT! FETCH 'EM AWAYL, THAT THIEF ACT WILL! HAW! HAW! HAW!"



PICTURE SUNDAY.

PICTURE SUNDAY.

Artist. "YOU'LL COME AND SEE MY PICTURES BEFORE THEY GO!"

Infernal Critic.
 "MY DEAR FELLOW, I NEVER GO AND SEE PICTURES IN FELLOWS' STUDIOS—IT'S WITH A BOOK, YOU KNOW. EVERYBODY SAYING THE PICTURES ARE SO CHARMING, AND TOO DELIGHTFUL, AND ALL THAT!"

*Artist's Wife (very
anxiously).* "OH, THERE'S NEVER ANYTHING OF THAT SORT IN OUR HOUSE—A——"

*Widder de la la la!
spudia.*



A LINGUISTIC OPPORTUNITY.

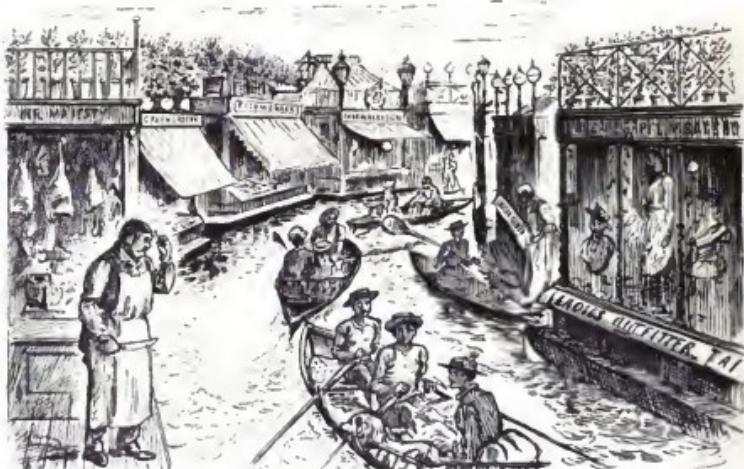
1877.

Madeleine

(Mother).

"Look, Ma'am, there's a nice little French girl—go and play with her, and mind you speak nothing but French!"

"Tina, Madeleine, voilà une petite Anglaise qui me paraît bien gentille; va donc jouer avec elle, et surtout parle Anglais tout le temps!"



THE THAMES.

(Development of the House-boat System.)

1887.



AWKWARD.

The Aristocratic Jones (rather ashamed of his loud organdie, Brown). "YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING IN THE WORLD I PARTICULARLY OUGHT TO, IT'S TO HAVING ANYBODY TAKE MY ARM."

Brown. "ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW!—THE TAKE MINE!"



A HAPPY ENTANGLEMENT.

WHETHER IT WAS BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN, NODDY CAN TELL, BUT HER LIVES GOT INEXTRICABLY MIXED WITH HIS, WHILE ANDLENG IS IN A HIGHLAND STREAM—AND NOW THEY ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED!

1885.



WHAT A PITIY!

1881.

(New York Millionaires about to start for Europe. They are studying—not Murray and Baedeker—oh, dear, us!—but Burke and Debrett, and taking note of all the unmarried Peer.)

Clara has Depended. "WHAT A PITIY THEY DON'T PUBLISH THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS AS WELL AS THEIR AGES AND TITLES!"



BRITISH PROPIETY.

1881.

Hawker. "BOOK o' THE WORDS, MY LADY. HORTHRFRESH COPI. THE DAM o' CANELERS!"

Mrs. Jones (for the benefit of the bystanders). "OR NO, THANK YOC. WE'VE COME TO SEE THE ACTRES, WE DO NOT WINE TO UNDERSTAND THE PLAY!"



HEAVING ON THE HORRORS.

1863.

Lady Molas. "AND WE WERE SCUTLED INTO THE TRAIN ANYHOW, MY DEAR MRS. DE TOMILYNS; AND ONLY IMAGINE OUR HORROR, WHEN THE TRAIN HAD STARTED, AT DISCOVERING THAT WE WERE ACTUALLY IN A SECURED-CLASS CARRIAGE!!!"

Griphy (severally). "DEAR ME! YES! VERY AWKWARD indeed! YOU'D TAKEN THIRD-CLASS TICKETS, I suppose!"

(Woman of Lady and Miss Molas, who generally take a Saloon Carriage all to themselves!)



"HERE'S A HOW-D'Y-DO!"

1787.



1867.

(A Chapter on the Evolution of Deportment.)



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

1876.

(This is the second time that Mudge has pricked her finger—the first time it did as much that Mamea felt quite FAINT, and had to DRINK A GLASS OF SHERRY [—now it's Jack's turn.]

Mamea. "Well, what's the matter with you, Jack?"

Jack. "Oh! I feel rather faint, that's all. Is there such a thing as a BUN IN THE HOUSER?"



JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

1875.

Eddy (much impressed). "O, Miss GRUMPH, do look! THAT MUST BE ADAM!"



A SWEET TOOTH.

Mamma (softly). "OH! OH! OH!"

Jack. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MUMMY?"

Mamma. "I'VE JAMMED MY LITTLE FINGER IN THE DOOR OF THIS Wretched STORE-CUPBOARD!"

Jack. "JAMMED YOUR LITTLE FINGER? OH, LET ME SUCK IT, MUMMY!"

1876.



A POSER.

1882.

"TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY, ISN'T IT, MAMMA?" — "YES, DEAR."

"MAYN'T I PLAY WITH THE CARDS AND BUILD CASTLES WITH THEM?" — "CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR!"

"BUT, MAMMA, MIGHTN'T I PLAY WITH THE PRAYER-BOOKS, YOU KNOW, IF I BUILT A CHURCH WITH THEM?"



1878.

EQUALITY.

Lady Clermont de Pierre. "CAN YOU TELL ME, JANE, WHAT YOU MOST WANT FOR YOUR WEDDING?"*Jane.* "REALLY, MY LADY, I CAN'T ABDY SAY. I 'AVEN'T GOT NUTHIN'. BUT YO'D KNOW BETTER, MY LADY—ANYTHING JUST WHAT YO'D WANT, MY LADY, IF YOU WAS IN THE SAME POSITION."

MAKE YOUR
MASTER'S
INTERESTS YOUR
OWN.

First Flunkery. "GOING TO WAIT HERE LONG?"*Second Dillie.* "NO—WE'ER OFF TO A GARDEN PARTY, OR BUSINESS."*First Dillie.* "WHICH ONE IS IT!"*Second Dillie.* "OH, THE ELDEST, AN' UWAH."*First Dillie.* "ANY GOOD THIS TIME, DO YOE THINK?"*Second Dillie.* "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. WE'VE A TRYING FRIENDS 'ERE."

MAKE YOUR MASTER'S INTERESTS YOUR OWN.

1878.

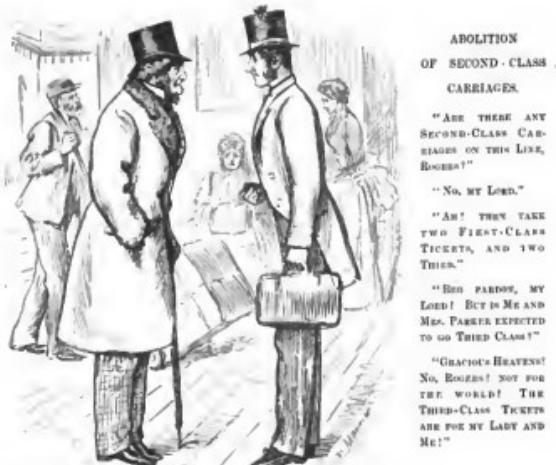


ILLI ROBUR, ET AS TRIPLEX

1874.

"WHY, COOK, I SAYLAR! HERE COMES THE LONG-LOST TORTOISE UNCLE PHILIP GAVE US LAST YEAR! AND OUT OF THE COAL-CELLAR, OF ALL PLACES IN THE WORLD!"

"LOR', MISS GRACE, IS THAT THE TORTOISE? WHY, I'VE BEEN A-TOSIN' OF 'IM ALL THROUGH THE WINTER TO BREAK THE COALS WITH!"



ABOLITION
OF SECOND-CLASS
CARRIAGES.

"ARE THERE ANY
SECOND-CLASS CAR-
RIAGES ON THIS LINE,
BEGOD?"

"NO, MY LORD."

"AH! THEN TAKE
TWO FIRST-CLASS
TICKETS, AND TWO
THIRD."

"BED, PARSONS, MY
LORD! BUT IS MR AND
MRS. PARKER EXPECTED
TO GO THIRD CLASS?"

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS!
NO, ROGERS! NOT FOR
THE WORLD! THE
THIRD-CLASS TICKETS
ARE FOR MY LADY AND
ME!"

ABOLITION OF SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES.

1874.



1872.

"MEN (AND WOMEN) SHOULD 'NOT' BE WHAT THEY SEEM."

SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF APPEARING AS IF THEY WERE CARRYING ON A DESPERATE FLIRTATION, WHEN THEY ARE IN REALITY DOING NOTHING OF THE KIND. FOR INSTANCE:—

What they seem to say.

Mr. Jenkins. "IF THE DEVOTION OF A LIFE, MISS PERKINS——"
Miss Perkins. "AH! WOULD THAT I HAD KNOWN OF THIS BEFORE!"

* * * * *

Mr. Jenkins. "FAT, O FAT WITH ME, MISS WILKINS!"
Miss Wilkins. "STARE ME, O STARE ME, MR. JENKINS!"

What they are really saying.

Mr. Jenkins. "SOME PEOPLE CAN'T REAR A CAT IN THE ROOM, MY GRANDMOTHEE COULDNT."
Miss Perkins. "WELL, MY AUNT DOROTHY WOULD TURN FAINT AT THE SIGHT OF STRAWBERRIES!"

* * * * *

Mr. Jenkins. "YOU'D HARDLY THINK IT, BUT FROM HOME AND SOON TO THE MARBLE ARCH IS EXACTLY ONE MILE, MISS WILKINS."
Miss Wilkins. "NOT? REALLY?"



THE PET YOUNG BACHELOR PARSON.

(Rev. Mr. Safford, Suburban Evening Party. Taken—9:30 P.M.)

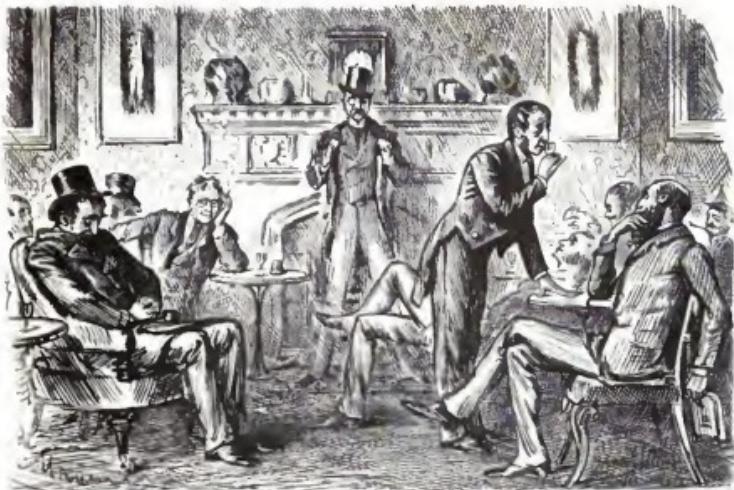
Hannah (to little maid, Maid, who has opened the dressing-room door, and is staring modestly round). "WHAT IS IT, SARAH?"
Sarah. "Oh, mother, Ma'm. It's only Miss Warren's Maid, and Miss Brewster's Maid, AND THE FORMALS FOR MISS TOURISTS, AND THE CHARMERS FOR
THE MISS CLARRONS. BUT THAT WAS SOME OF THEM TO WAIT, AS THE REV. MR. SAFFORD'S HEAD!"



INDUCTIVE RATIOCHRATION.

Mrs. M. "WHEN GRANDPAPA WAS YOUR AGE, EFFIE, TEA WAS TEN SHILLINGS A POT, AND BREAD A SHILLING A LOAF!"

Eff. "AND IS THAT WHY POOR GRANDPAPA IS SO THIN?"



ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

"LOOK HERE, WAITER! I ASKED FOR SHERRY, AND YOU'VE BROUGHT ME BRANDY! SMELL IT!"

"DEAR ME, SIR, SO IT IS! VERY SORRY, I'M SURE—AND TET IT'S VERY GOOD! I'VE HELPED FIVE DE SIX OTHER GENTLEMEER OUT OF THE VERY SAME BOTTLE, AND NONE OF THEM HAS MADE ANY COMPLAINT!"



THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.

JONES, M.P. "MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY—PLENTY OF REST. I MAKE IT MY RULE ON OFF-NIGHTS—WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS, AND SUNDAYS—to GO TO BED AT 9:30. OF COURSE ONE MUST ATTEND A FEW DUNNERS AND PARTIES, YOU KNOW—BUT THESE ARE EXCEPTIONS."

SUGAR. "AH, NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO WELL! AND HOW MANY EXCEPTIONS DID YOU MAKE DURING THE SESSION LAST YEAR?"

JONES, M.P. "WELL—A—TAKING A SESSION AT A GOOD RIB MONTHS—THAT IS 182 DAYS—I SHOULD SAY THERE WERE 181 EXCEPTIONS!!"

THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.



MUSIC AT HOME.

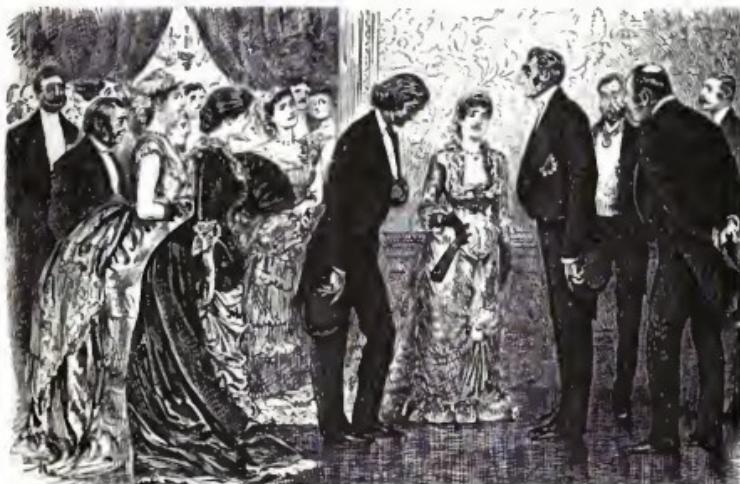
1867.

*Fair Hostess (who prides herself on her knowledge of French). "OH—A—VOULEZ VOUS JOUER QUELQUE CHOSE?"**Bastien Pianist (whose first piece was drowned in the deafening conversation that burst forth as soon as he began). "YOU WISH ME TO PLAY TO MAKE CAUSE LE MONDE!"**Fair Hostess (rapturously). "OH! OUI—OUI! POUR FAIRE CAUSER LE MONDE!"**[She supposes he is mentioning some favourite little Composition of his own.]*

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

1868.

MISS DE VERE TUMBLING AT HOME. PUZZLES. SMALL AND EASY.



A BOND OF UNION.

1863.

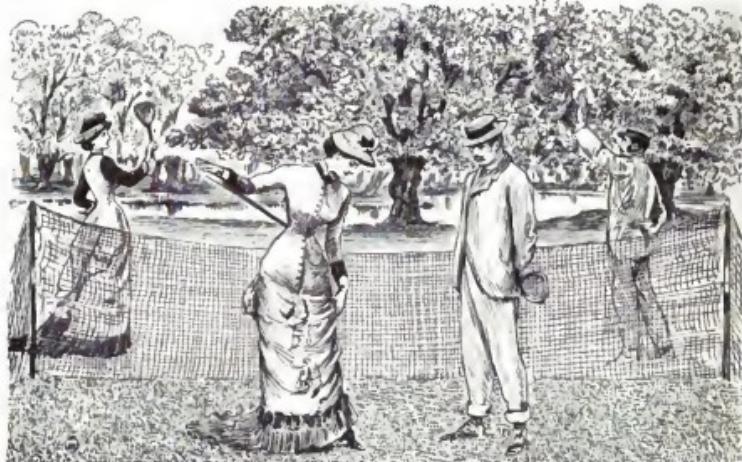
Mrs. Leo Hunter (introducing evicted Actor to his Grace, whose ancestor was enabled at Borrowt). "I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW
ONE ANOTHER, DURET! MR. VAN SODFEE IS GOING TO PLAY RICHARD THE THIRD, YOU KNOW!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Fair Hostess (in Brown, who has been suddenly tackled about Women's Suffrage by old Miss Borrowt, just as he was on his way across the room to Mary Morrison). "WILL YOU TAKE A LADY IN TO SUFFER, IF YOU PLEASE!"

1865.



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

1875.

Miss Matilda (referring to her new Lawn-Tennis Shoes, black, with india-rubber soles). "THE WORST OF IT IS, THEY DRAW THE FEET SO!"

Our Artist (an ingenious and captivating youth). "AH, THEY MAY DRAW THE FEET; BUT THEY'LL NEVER DO JUSTICE TO YOURS, Miss MATILDA!"

[Night deeply.]

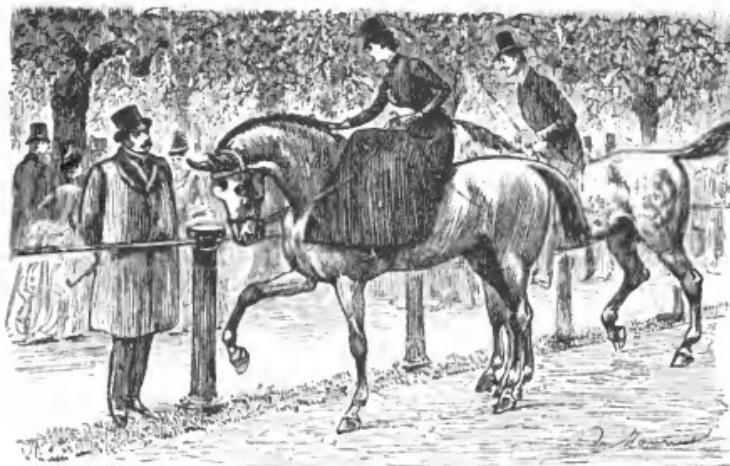


POLITE SELF-ABNEGATION.

1876.

My Lady (eager to get home). "SHALL WE TURN TO THE RIGHT, THOMAS, OR GO STRAIGHT ON?"

Thomas (the new Boy, much flattered at having his mate consulted). "LOH, MY LADY, IT DON'T MAKE SO Odds to me!"



AN UNFEELING JOKE.

1867.

Fair Speculator (impatiently). "WHAT! NOT GOING TO KEEP A HORSE THIS SEASON! THEN WE SHAN'T HAVE ANY MORE DELIGHTFUL RIDERS TOGETHER!"
Blond Adonis (with deep sentiment). "Ah, yes. I SHALL LOVE A GREAT DEAL BY NOT RIDERS!"
Fondless Faust. "WELL, THAT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM! JUST A COUPLE OF SHOES OR SO!"



CAUTION TO LADY CHAMPIONNESSES.

1867.

(Match between Miss Harriet de Vere Talboys and the Hon. Emily Faversham.)
Chorus of Bookmakers. "GO IT, 'ABBEY! THREE TO ONE ON HEMI!' ETC., ETC., ETC."



THE LOVE OF NATURE.

1886.

First Chappie. "LOVELY PLACE, MONTE CARLO, ISN'T IT? SUCH BEAUTIFUL SCENES!"

Second Chappie. "BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH SPLENDID AIR, TOO!"

First Chappie. "SPLendid!—a—" (pauses)—"LET'S GO ONTO THE CASINO!"

[Second is the table, where they remain for the rest of the day.



JOYS OF THE SEA-SIDE.

1886.

Brown. "WHAT EXACTLY WEATHER! AND THE GLASS IS GOING STRAIGHT DOWN!"

Local Trademark. "OH, THAT'S NOTHING, SIR. THE GLASS HAS NO EFFECT WHATEVER ON OUR PART OF THE COAST!"



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

1886.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"NOW, JOHN, YOU
MUST DECIDE WHERE
IT'S TO BE! SHALL WE
SAY SCARBOROUGH?"

"NO, THE JOKEES
ARE THERE!"

"FOLKESTONE?"

"NO. THAT'S WHERE
THE BROWN HAVE GOT
TO!"

"IF I PRAY, CAN THIS?"

"NO, HADN'T IT!—
THINK OF THE BORDER-
SOLES ALL OVER THE
PLACE!"

(And so, ad infinitum,
through every seaside
Resort in the three
kingdoms.



BRITISH TOURISTS ABROAD.

1884.

"ASK HIM IF HE'S GOT THE DIRECTORY, MAMIE."
"ES—DÉBES VOUS AVÉT LE DIREC'TOIRE, MAMIE ?"
"OH, NON, MADAME. NOUS AVONS LA REPUBLIQUE, À PRÉSENT!"



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

1887.

"ULUA! GARGO, WERE YOU ARE! DAYZERNAY, SE
YOU PLAY?"
"YES, SARE! VAT TIL YOU 'ANE, SARE!"
"OH! OOPS!"
"YES, SARE! (EUP A LA COQUE, SARE!)"
"OH, NOOO! HANG IT! HEE'S EGGS FOR ME, PLEASE!"



ADVANTAGES OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

ADVANTAGES OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Mould. "LET IT
REMAINS HERE, AND I'LL
COME BACK FOR IT!"

Chef de Gare. "JE
N'COMPREND PAS
M'PRISE!"

Mrs. Mould. "TRY
SIRIN LATH, MY LOVE."

Mr. Mould. "ALL
RIGHT. LOOK HERE,
MAMIE—REQUINCAT IN
PACH-KESTRUGAN!"

Chef de Gare. "AH !
PARFAITEMENT ! QU'ÇA
ROUTE M', ET PUIS VOUS
REVIENDRA !"

1886.



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

1865.

WHAT SHALL WE
DO WITH OUR
GIRLS!
(THEIR PERVERSES.)

*Paterfamilias, R.A.,
R.W.S., &c., &c.*
"THESE YOU GO, AS
UNUSUAL, SWERMING AWAY OF THAT ADMINIS-
TERABLE INSTRUMENT IN-
STEAD OF PAINTING! PEOPLE TELL ME YOU
CAN PLAY AND SING
LIKE A PROFESSIONAL
NOUGER; AND YET, WITH
ALL MY CARE, YOU
CAN'T EVEN MAKE A
DECENT COPY OF A
PLASTER CAST!"

Cousine. "BUT DEAR
PAPA, IF YOU'D ALWAYS
ENCOURAGED MY PAINT-
ING AS MUCH AS YOU'VE
ALWAYS DISCOURSED
MY MUSIC, BY THIS TIME
I SHOULD PAINT ALMOST
AS WELL AS YOU DO!"



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

1865.

TOO MUCH OF A
GOOD THING.

Sir Charles. "IF YOU
WILL ONLY ACCEPT ME,
DEAR MISS BOUNCE, I
PROMISE YOU THAT YOU
SHALL BECOME THE
PROFOUND AND MOST
ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN
IN LONDON! NOT AS
HIGH OF YOUR PRECIOUS
YOUTH SHALL BE
WANTED! IN EVERY
ART, IN EVERY SCIENCE,
IN EVERY LANGUAGE,
THE VERY BEST TEACH-
ERS SHALL BE WITH YOU
FROM MORNING TILL
THE NIGHT! AND AS FOR
ASTRONOMY, I MY-
SELF—"

Miss Bounce (from School). "OH,
GOOD GRACIOSO—
THANK YOU SO MUCH,
SIR CHARLES! BUT I'D
RATHER JOE, THAN
YOU!"

[Makes a bolt of it.]



1623.

MISTRESS AND PUPIL.

Mrs. Possibly de Trouy. "AND HOW ABOUT YOUR DINNER-PARTY, LADY MIDAS? WHO'S COMING?"

Lady Midas. "WELL, IT'S SMALL, BUT PRETTY SELECT, I CAN TELL YOU. THE MARGUERITE AND MARCHIONESS OF CREEP, VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS SILVERLINE, THE HON. OLDO AND LADY MARGARINE DELARDE, SIR PELLMAN AND LADY CARE, AND THE CHOLMONDELEY-MAD-WARING-CAR-BALDWIN."

Mrs. P. de T. "MY DEAR, LADY MIDAS, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE ASKED ALL THESE FINE PEOPLE TO SPIT NOBODU BUT EACH OTHER? WHY, THEY'LL BE DOSED TO DEATH, AND NEVER FORGIVE YOU! IT'S NOT AS IF YOU WERE ALREADY ONE OF THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW! YOU MUST WIRE TO GIBSBY AT ONCE TO COME AND DINE AND BRING HIS BANJO, AND I'LL OWE YOU NELIA MICHELEMAN AND HER HUSBAND FROM THE JOLLITY. SHE'S NOT ACTING NOW."

Lady M. "BET, MY DEAR, SHE'S NOT RESPECTABLE, I'M TOLD!"

Mrs. P. de T. "NO, BUT SHE'S AUGHING, AND THAT'S EVERYTHIN'! AND LOOK HERE, I'LL THROW OVER THE BOTHEREET JONESED, AND COME MYSELF!"

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SWISS SCENERY.

Papa Americans (de Brüderher). "O my! Ain't it beautif'!"





1004.

THE OLD, OLD STORY!

The Colonel. "YEH; HE WAS SENIOR WRANGLER OF HIS YEAR, AND SHE TOOK A MATHEMATICAL SCHOLARSHIP AT CLETON; AND NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED!"

Mrs. Jones. "DEAR ME, HOW INTERESTING! AND OH, HOW DIFFERENT THEIR CONVERSATION MUST BE FROM THE INSIPID TWIDDLE OF ORDINARY LOVERS!"

THEIR CONVERSATION.

He. "AND WHAT WOULD DOTTY DO, IF LOVET WERE TO DIE?"

She. "OH, DOTTY WOULD DIE TOO!"



1005.

FROM THE "OTHER SIDE."

"A—DO FOI PLAT, MISS VAN THOMP!"——"I GUTSO NOT," "A—DO TUC SING!"——
"WELL, NO, DUKE. IVE BEES TAUGHT TO PARLOC TRICES."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"PLEASE LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MINE. I KNOW IT'S HARD; BUT IT'S ONLY FOR A MOMENT!"

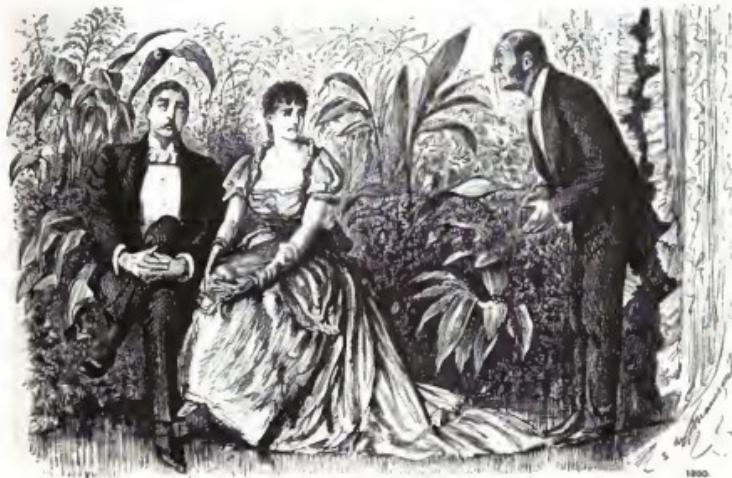


THINGS ONE WOULD
WISH TO HAVE
EXPRESSED
DIFFERENTLY.

Nervous Invalid. "AH,
MY DEAR FELLOW, THIS
IS ONE OF THE WORST
ATTACKS I EVER HAD!"

Sympathetic Friend.
"YES, OLD MAN—I
HONESTLY HOPE IT WILL
BE THE LAST! GOOD-
BYE!"

THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.



1890.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Jones (anxiously conscious that he is interrupting a plangent *Off-Stage*). "A—I'm sorry to say I've been told to TAKE YOU IN TO SISTER, Miss Berrier!"



1890.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Miss Amy. "And do you admire Miss Travers, Mr. Gomley?"

Mr. G. "Yes—Amy! She's as unlike all other girls, don't you know!"



RENOVARE DOLORUM.

1867.

THE BLESSEDNESS CAME BACK YESTERDAY FROM THE CONTINENT. THE BOYS HAVE GONE BACK TO SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, THE GIRLS ARE WITH THE GOVERTENERS. MR. B. AT LAST IS HAPPY. HE HAS JUST PARTAKEN OF HIS FAVOURITE BREAKFAST (TEA, CRUMPETS, AND A BROILED RIBBON OF BACON, WHICH CANNOT BE SHOT ABROAD), AND IS ABOUT TO LIGHT A REAL CHAIR, BEFORE PLUNGING INTO HIS *TIRES*, FROM WHICH HE HAS BEEN PARTED FOR TWO MONTHS. TO HIM, SUDDENLY, MRS. B., WHO, AS USUAL AT THIS HOUR WHEN AT HOME, IS DEEP IN THE SUPPLEMENT OF THAT JOURNAL—

"PAPA DEAR WHAT DO YOU SAY TO ELLERBEE FOR NEXT YEAR? JUST LISTEN TO THIS ADVERTISEMENT OF A HOUSE THERE!"



LONGING FOR A NEW SENSATION.

1867.

Jack (a Nervous Beggar, who is always in disgrace, and most deceptively). "I say, Effie, do you know what I should like? I should like to be accurred of something I'd never done!"



DIFFERENT FORMS OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

1868.

"CONFOUND IT! THOSE GIRLS WERE LAUGHING AS I WENT BY! WONDER IF I'VE GOT A SMUT ON MY NOSE, OR SOMETHING!"

"TIENS! TIENS! CES DEMODELLES QUI RIENT QUAND JE PASSE! EVIDEMMENT ELLES TROUVENT QUE JE NE SUIS PAS TROP MAL!"

[The Young Ladies are laughing at the arrival of a Poodle in the middle distance.]



A LOST ILLUSION.

1868.

THE TOO SUSCEPTIBLE JOVER GOES TO PARIS FOR THE FIRST TIME (TO SEE THE SALON, OF COURSE). LIKE A TRUE BRITON, HE HAS ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT BEAUTY WAS THE EXCLUSIVE MONOPOLY OF HIS COUNTRYWOMEN. HE FINDS, HOWEVER, THAT THIS IS FAR FROM BEING THE CASE—AND QUITE FUGGETS TO LOOK AT THE PICTURES.



"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

1878.

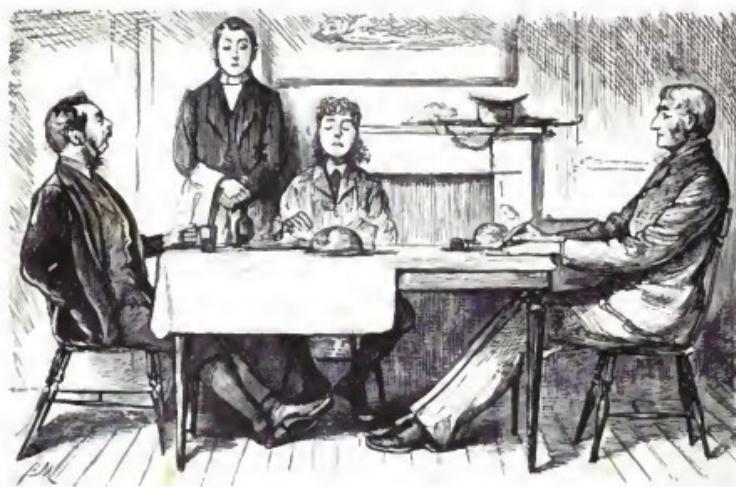
"WHEN THE CATS AWAY."

(Mrs. WILKINS AND MRS. TOWMIS HAVE DETERMINED TO SPEND THE AUTUMN HOLIDAY, WITH THEIR FAMILIES, AT SOME FASHIONABLE FRENCH WATERING-PLACE. TO SAVE EXPENSE, THEY SEND WILKINS AND TOWMIS OVER SEA, TO LOOK AFTER THEM, AND TAKE CARE AND SUITABLE LODGING. TO SAVE THOUSANDS, W. AND T. GO TO THE MOST MODERATE HOTELS, AND LIVE AT THE RATE OF ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND A-YEAR EACH.)

MRS. HOTWELL WISHED TO KNOW "IF THE MASTERS ARE CONTENT?"

HOTWELL. "IF CONTOURS? IF JEWELRY, RIBBONS? NO GARBAGE!"

TOWMIS. "IF COTTONS? IF SUMMER HOTS? IF VIZZY COQ!"



KNIGHTS OF THE TABLE SQUARE.

1873.

KNIGHTS OF THE TABLE SQUARE

SCENE—A Scotch Inn.

Afable Elderly Stranger (addressing Person waiting at Table) "COURTESY, THIS IS THE DISTANCE FROM ME TO HOW FAR IT IS FROM HERE TO LOCH NESSLAUCHUDDO?"

(No Answer.) Afable Elderly Stranger repeats his question, and waits with the same result.]

Mr. Cudby (the Father Knobblecheek) "I'LL—A—TRUSTIN' YOU NOT TO ASK YOUR QUESTIONS TO THIS PERSON! HE IS NOT A PUBLIC WAFFAW, BUT A PRIVATE SECRETARY TO MINE!"

Afable Elderly Stranger apologizes with earnestness, and says, "Cudby and his friend Knobblecheek disclaim me; but when they dinner, as they always do at the Royal George, both Cudby and his friend Jackington could hear Cudby's tongue out of Cudby's mouth."



THE LATEST NOVELTY IN PETS.

Uncle Joseph (just back from India). "TELL ME, LAURA, WHO'S THAT BEAUTIFUL LADY WALKING WITH YOUNG PRINCE PAUL OF GEDOLEIN ? SOME GRAND DUCHESS, I SUPPOSE, FROM THE HOMAGE THEY'RE ALL PAYING TO HER?"

Fair Rosamond. "OH SO ! IT'S MRS CORNELIA P. VAN SCHOPP, THE AMERICAN SIFFLIEU. SHE WHISTLES 'HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FIRST!' QUITE DIFFERENT—with fourteen original variations. OH, YOU SHOULD HEAR HER, UNCLE JOSEPH!"



A TRYING MOMENT.

Little Scampy. "AT DANCE!"



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

1884.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS
OF SHYNESS.

(Prendergast is so afraid of not appearing to be at his ease (which he never is), that he gets *familiar*, not to my sleepy, and even a little vulgar, with people for whom he has the greatest reverence.)

The Bishop. "Oh—
A—Mr. PRENDERGAST, I
BELIEVE. ER—HOW DO
YOU DO, MR. PRENDERGAST?"

Prendergast (in ringing tones). "RIGHT AS A
TRIVET, THANKS! GLAD
TO SEE YOU'RE LOOKING
PRETTY FIT, MY LORD!
BETTER-HALF QUITE
WELL AGAIN, I HOPE!
AND HOW'S EAST, AND
ALL THE OTHER BLOOMING
OLIVE BRANCHES!"

[N.B.—P.'s acquiescence with His Lordship is of the slightest.]



AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

1882.

AMONG THE
PHILISTINES.

Orlphy. "DO YOU
KNOW THE JONESSES?"

Mrs. Brown. "NO,
WE—ER—DON'T CARE TO
KNOW BUSINESS PEOPLE,
AS A RULE, ALTHOUGH
MY HUSBAND'S IN BUSI-
NESS; BUT THEN HE'S IN
THE COFFEE BUSINESS
—AND THEY'RE ALL
GENTLEMEN IN THE
COFFEE BUSINESS, YOU
KNOW!"

Orlphy (who always
suits himself to his com-
panions). "REALLY NOW!
WHY, THAT'S MORE THAN
CAN BE SAID OF THE
ARMY, THE NAVY, THE
CIRCH, THE BAR, OR
EVEN THE HOUSE OF
LORDS! I DON'T FOR-
SEE AT YOUR BEING
RATHER EXCLUSIVE!"

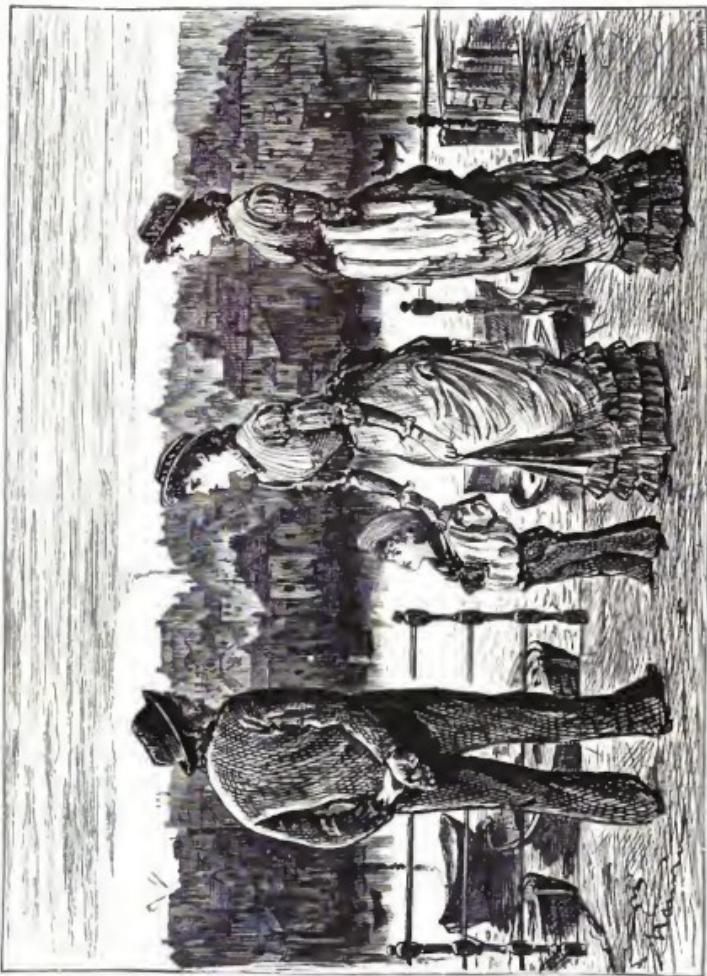


1886.

MONSIEUR, MADAME ET BÉBÉ.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD," &c.

"Look here, Bhutan, my brother, and I can both, but we want somebody to steer us."
to Welsh, Mass., this year no Skinnerman might. I'm sure it's time he knew both, or the lesson on 'em."



1881.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

1865.

Daughter of the House having tried her Partner, and not finding him up to the mark. "STOP! Do you know, I see that Miss Blenkinsop isn't dancing. I really must give you up to HER!"



SOCIAL SUCCESSES.

(Mrs. Ponsonby de Tocqueville at Home—Small and Early.)

Brown (who is fighting his way into Friendly Petty, who holds out his hand). "AH, HOW D'Y'DO, MR.—ER—I SEEM TO KNOW YOUR FACE. OFTEN MET YOU HERE BEFORE, I FANCY, HAVN'T I?"

*Friendly Petty.
"EVERY LIKELY. MY NAME'S PONSONBY DE TOQUEVILLE!"*

SOCIAL SUCCESSES.

1865



1887.

GETTING OUT OF IT.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GEORGE? THE OMNIBUS WILL BE HERE DIRECTLY, AND WE'RE ALL READY TO START."

"YES, DEAREST! AND I FORGOT TO TELL YOU—I WAS TO MEET BROWN AT THE CLUB ABOUT THOSE SHAKES, YOU KNOW, UNLESS HE TELEGRAPHED TO THE CONTRARY. MOST IMPORTANT! BUT DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT ME—I'LL GET DOWN BY A LATER TRAIN, IN TIME FOR SUPPER."



1888.

A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

"MURRY, I'VE GOT A WICKED THOUGHT!"

"I USED TO THINK YOU WERE THE MOST LOVELY WOMAN IN THE WORLD—AND NOW I DON'T!"

"WHAT IS IT, DARLING?"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1866.

(Exit useful Boer, after protracted Visit.)

"OH, WILLIAM! HOW FINERIALLY YOU SAID 'HOW I'LL DO IT' TO POSE PROFESSOR BLOKE!"

"YES, INDEED, PAPA!" AND OH, HOW EFFICIENTLY YOU MADE HIM GOOD-BYE!"



TWO VICTIMS OF THE TURF.

Lord Charles. "Well, Jack, how've you got on to-day? I've taken nearly TEN POUNDS--mostly in sovereigns and BRILLIANTS--AND YOU?"

The Hon. Jack. "Oh, about the same! And THREE HALF-SOVEREIGNS! BETTER THAN STARVING IN THE COLDSTREAMS, EH?"

12-8



ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

1876.

Aunt Florence. "AND CAN YOU READ YET, RUTH?"*Ruth.* "I SHOULD TELL SO, indeed! AND I KNOW GEOGRAPHY, AND HISTORY, AND SCIENCE, AND I'VE GOT TWO SECOND TEETH!"

MORE COMPLIMENTARY THAN IT SEEMS.

1876.

Papa (concluding the fascinating Tale). "AND HE WAS TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCE, AND MARRIED BEAUTY!"*Minnie (after a pause).* "PAPA, WERE YOU A BEAST BEFORE YOU MARRIED MAMMA?"



"A REAL EASTER AMUSEMENT."

"MASTER IS VERY SOREY, M'AAM, BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A DEADFUL TOOFACHE HE CAN'T SEE ANY PATIENTS TO-DAY!"



"TROP DE ZÉLE!"

(*Tommy, a conscientious boy, has been told that he must remain perfectly still, as his Master wants to take a nap.*)

Tommy (in the middle of the nap). "MAMMA! MAMMA! WHAT SHALL I DO! I WANT TO COUGH!"



PIC-NIC.

1879.

IF THE SUN WERE NOT BOSHING, AND THE SAND DIDN'T GET INTO THE SALAD, AND THE ROCKS WERE SOFT AND SMOOTH, AND THERE WERE NO HORNETS, AND ONE HADN'T TO GO THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE FOR WATER, WHAT A TAME AFFAIR A PIC-NIC WOULD BE!



AWKWARD.

1879.

Moved old Blodstone, who has turned out to see, and whom nothing—not even her, in the meantime, has pulled off by stealth. "AHHH! PRAY FAREWELL, MAMAN!" "MY HATHEN-MARSHIN, I THINK."



KIND AND CONSIDERATE.

1024

Mabel (who, with Ethel, has just been invited to go for a Criterion at a friend's Fête). "Now, the question is, whom shall we invite to Criterion?" — OLD MIA, BUNBURY, OR OLD MIA MARSHALLOWS?"



618

... 295 295 295

"Yes, Danisse."

"Art is man's gift."

— Nau. Transl. —

"THIS IS MY MATE!"

1074



VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

1867.

"SHOCKED UNPRINCIPLED LOT, THOSE 'BFS CONDUCTORS! ONE OF THEM PASSED A BAD SLEEPER ON ME A FORTNIGHT AGO, COSTING HIM! I'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO GET RID OF IT YET!!"



"THE EARLWOOD TOTTER."

1868.

"OUR MASTERS ARE STILL IMPROVING. THEY NO LONGER ENTER THE BALLROOM WITH THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS. THEY HAVE ADOPTED A MODE OF PROGRESSION MORE IN HARMONY WITH THEIR MENTAL STRUCTURE."



SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

1868.

SOCIAL AGONIES.
THE OLD MAN OF
THE SEA.

Jones. "CONFOUND IT! HERE'S THAT PRIGGISH OLD BOSS, BROWN!"

Smith. "WEAL, HE'S A BOSS, NO DOUBT—THE GREATEST, IN FACT, I EVER MET—but HE'S GOT HIS GOOD POINTS. FOR INSTANCE, WHEN ONCE HE'S TAKEN A LICKING TO A FELLOW, HE STICKS TO HIM FOR A FER! HE'S TAKEN A TERRIBBLE LICKING TO YUT——TA-TA!"



A HINT.

1882.



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

1882.

Sir Pompey Bedell. "Oh—er—Mr. Grigby, I think! How d'ye do?"
Grigby. "I hope I see you well, Sir Pompey. And next time you give me two fingers, I'll blast if I don't pull 'em off!"

"WHAT, GOS! LEAVING THE OFFICE ALREADY? WHY, IT'S HARDLY FOUR!"

"WELL, GOV'TOR, A FELLOW MUST GET WESTWARD IN TIME TO DO THE ARCADE, YOU KNOW."



MONOPOLY.

First Stock Exchange Man (reading newspaper).
 "HELLO! POLICE RAID ON WEST-END GAMBLING CLUBS! AH—quite right—there's too much of that sort of thing!"

Second S. E. M. "YES,
 A DEAL TOO MUCH.
 LOOK HERE. BET YOU
 SIX TO FOUR THEY GOT
 OFF!"

First S. E. M. "DOME,
 WITH YOU!"

MONOPOLY.

1882.



AN EXPLANATION

Sylvie. "I WONDER WHAT THAT OLD WOMAN MEANT BY SAYING HER CUP WAS
OVERFLOWING, WHEN MAMA GAVE HER THE GOLD CHICKEN."

Mug. "I SUPPOSE SHE MEANT HER MOUTH WATERED."



A POTENTIAL SON-IN-LAW.

African Mother of Many Daughters. "PA-AH-HAH, SO-GEE-NA, LEON HUTTER TO INTRODUCE YOU TO HIS DAUGHTERS; YOU MIGHT THEM ASK HIM TO CARE, YOU KNOW."

Papa Bear. "WHAT THIS?"

"WELL, MY LOVING—YOU KNOW THE COUNTRY OF HIS COUNTRY—HE MIGHT TAKE A DANCE TO SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS AT ONCE!"



THE LINE OF BEAUTY.

Alfred. "DON'T YOU BIKE?"

Eddie. "ER--NO. IT DEVELOPS THE CALVES OF THE LEGS SO! MAKIN'
EM KICK OUT, YOU KNOW? SO COOLIE! POSITIVE DEFORMITY!"



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(Mrs. Poussay de Tonkyus at Home—“Early and Late.”)

Mr. P. de T. (to the Waiters). “WOULD YOU MIND, ONE OF YOC, BEING SO TEEY KIND AS JUST TO GIVE ME THE LEG OF A FOWL, OR SOMETHIN’. I'M—I'M THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.”

1884.



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Todeon (who has grown his Moustache, dropped his Cr., and got into Society again).
“FACT IS SOCIETY 'E GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIRD, DUCEDO. IT'S NOT AMUSIN', AFTER SPENDIN' A PLEASANT EVENIN', TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN HORNEDIN' WITH A SHOPKEEPER, OR SITTIN' NEXT HIS WIFE AT DINNER, YOU KNOW!”

Her Grace. “OH, DEAR ME! WHY, MY HUSBAND 'S A SHOPKEEPER, MR. TODEON. HE KEEPS THAT GREAT BIG À-REAR WAREHOUSE IN COVENT GARDEN! — AND THE TOT'S SITTING AT THE CORNER, THAY' MINE! — AND THE CONFEC-
TIONER OVER THE WAY, THAT'S MY MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF HAUT-CASTLE!”

[Todeon feels he has been puttin' his foot in it.]

1884.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.



CAUTION.

1890.

*Married Sister. "AND OF COURSE, LAURA, YOU WILL GO TO ROME OR FLORENCE FOR YOUR HONEYMOON?"**Laura. "OH DEAR, NO! I COULDN'T THINK OF GOING FURTHER THAN THE ISLE OF WIGHT WITH A MAN I KNOW LITTLE OR NOTHING OF!"*

L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.

1890.

1890.
"HAVE A DANCE!"

(Great Improvement in Masculine Form.)

1890.

"M' I HAVE TH' PLEASURE OF A DANCE!"



YANKEE EXCLUSIVENESS.

*Young Britches. "YOUR FATHER'S NOT WITH YOU THEN, MISS VAN TROOP!"
Fair New York Millionaires (one of three). "WELL, NO—POPPA'S MUCH TOO VULGAR! IT'S AS MUCH AS WE CAN DO TO STAND
MAMMIES!"*



HAPPY THOUGHT.

*"OH, I SAY, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU'D RUN UPSTAIRS AND HUNT FOR MY AUNTY, AND BRING HER DOWN TO SUPPER. SHE'S AN
OLD LADY, IN A RED BODY, AND A GREEN SHIRT, AND A BLUE AND YELLOW TRAIN, WITH AN ORANGE BIRD OF PARADISE IN
HER CAP. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY MISTAKE HER. DAY I SENT YOU!"*

"AWFULLY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT—I'M TOTALLY COLOUR-BLIND, YOE KNOW. JUST BEEN TESTED!"

(Kerr is a burro.)



A PARTHIAN SHOT.

Examiner. "THANK YOU, MR. JONES! I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO TROUBLE YOU ANY FURTHER. GOOD MORNING."

Plucked One (who has at all events read his "*Nineteenth Century*"). "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT THEY'LL BE READING YOU PRESENTLY—AND SEE HOW YOU'LL LIKE IT! GOOD MORNING."



1888.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

Fam. "MIGHTN'T I HAVE A DONKEY, PAPA?"

Papa (the New Fellow). "I'M AFRAID NOT, MY BOY! THERE'S NOBODY TO LOOK AFTER IT, YOU KNOW!"

Fam. "OH, THE CURATE COULD DO THAT!"



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

"NOW WHAT ARE THE PECULIAR DISTINCTIONS OF THE QUAKERS?
FOR INSTANCE, HOW DO THEY SPEAK DIFFERENTLY FROM YOU AND ME?"

"PLEASE, SIR, THEY DON'T SWEAR!"



MRS. LYON HUNTER AT HOME.

1886.

Tenny Hunter (who ought to be in bed—to his Friend, ditto.) "I SAY—
LET'S CHANGE ALL THE NUMBERS!"
{They do it!



ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY.

1886.

First Undergraduate (reading out). "WILL THIS DO, GUS? MR. SMITH
PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS TO MR. JONES, AND FINDS HE HAS A CAP
WHICH ISN'T HIS. SO, IF YOU HAVE A CAP WHICH ISN'T HIS, NO DOUBT
THEY ARE THE ONES!"

Second Undergraduate. "OH, YES—FIRST-RATE!"



UNCERTAINTIES OF ARITHMETIC.

1890.

UNCERTAINTIES OF ARITHMETIC.

Schoolmaster. "YES;
BUT LOOK HERE, MY BOY.
SUPPOSE I WERE TO LEND
YOUR FATHER FIVE
HUNDRED POUNDS, LET
US SAY—WITHOUT
INTEREST,—BUT ON CON-
DITION THAT HE SHOULD
PAY ME TEN POUNDS A
WEEK. HOW MUCH
WOULD HE STILL OWE
ME IN TWO MONTHS?"

New Boy. "FIVE
HUNDRED POUNDS,
SIR!"

Schoolmaster. "TUT!
TUT! MY BOY, YOU
DON'T KNOW THE FIRST
PRINCIPLES OF ARITH-
METIC!"

New Boy. "YOU DON'T
KNOW MY FATHER,
SIR!"



MISUNDERSTOOD

(Annals of a Quaint Neighbourhood.)

1880.

Daughter of the House (anxious to introduce Partners to each other). "Is YOUR CARD QUITE FULL MR. MCNAWNEY?" Mr. McNaugney. "OH DEAR, NO! WHICH DANCE SHALL I GIVE YOU?"



INFELICIOUS QUERIES.

1880.

Hr. "BY THE BYE, TALKING OF OLD TIMES, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT OCCASION WHEN I MADE SIVE AN AWFUL ASS OF MYSELF?" She. "WHICH?"



AN ANTECHLUVIAN SURVIVAL.

Aesthetic Party (looking over Furnished House). "A—I'M AFRAID, MY LOVE, THAT THIS IS THE KING OF DISHES-HOOG—A—IN WHICH ONE WOULD FEEL THAT ONE OUGHT TO DINE AT SIX O'CLOCK!!!"

1890.



WIFE IN HIS GENERATION.

THE REASON JONES DOESN'T MARRY (SO HE SAYS) IS NOT THAT HE LACKS EITHER THE MEANS OR THE OPPORTUNITY—it is BECAUSE HE IS OF AN EXTREMELY DOMESTICATED NATURE, AND LIKES TO SPEND HIS EVENINGS AT HOME.

1890.

13—T



THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT.

"Who Lives to Please, must Please to Live!"—YOUNG ERNST RAPHAEL SOPELY PAINTS A PORTRAIT OF LADY MIDAS, AND RIDES THEREBY TO FAME AND AFFLUENCE.

1881.



THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT.

THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT.

Lady Midas. "Now for
your opinion, dear!"
Ernest Raphael Sopely.
"Yes—your classic
opinion, Mrs. de Toc-
kyns."

Georges Midas, Junior.
"As a friend of both
parties, you know—say,
Mrs. T.?"

Mrs. Froufrou de Toc-
kyns (grinning). "Well—
as the saying goes—
'Well—
as a work of art, it
surpasses anything I
have ever seen before.
By Titian, Rembrandt,
or Velasquez, and
live for ever! But—
as a likeness of my
dearest Lady Midas, it
is—you will forgive me
for saying so, Mr.
Sopely!" (the artist bows.)

"A lieber!"

[Everyone else to dinner, in
the best of spirits, and
just as E. H. Sopely is
on the point of offering
to paint Mrs. P. de T.
Froufrou, Sir George
gives him a commission
for two full-length
portraits of that ador-
able woman, one for
her, and one for herself,
and "er Lady up."



1882.

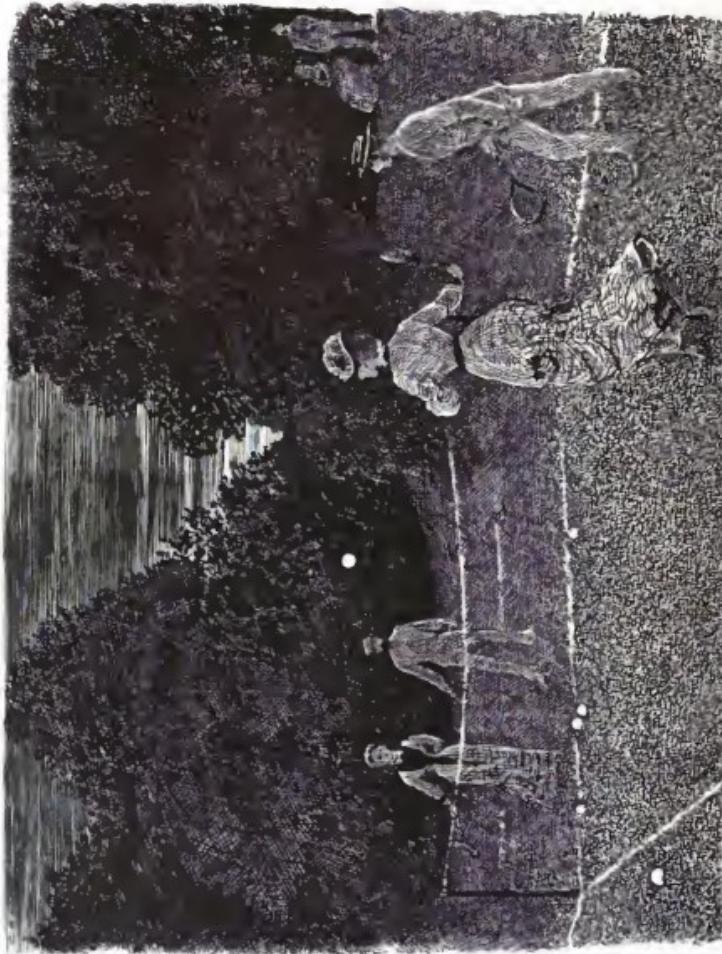
A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

The Professor (opening his Wife's Prayer-book by chance). " 'WITH ALL MY WORLDLY
GOODS I THEE KNOW! WHY, WHEN WE MARRIED, MARIA, I HADN'T A PENNY TO
BLESS MYSELF WITH, LET ALONE TO KNOW THEE!'

Maria. "No, my love; but you had a MAGNIFICENT INTELLECT, AND ENPOWERED
ME WITH THAT—"

The Professor. "No, I didn't, Maria!"

1922



"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

FOR THAT LADY TURNED IN THE DARK! HIPP AND KNOBBED! AH, YOU'VE GOT TO BE SICK TO MAKE OUT THE COUCHES WITH THIS PLACE.



A BLANK SUNDAY.

"NOT MUCH OF A SERMON, I OWN, UNCLE! BUT WASN'T THE PYLET FRETTELY DECORATED, WITH THOSE EVERGREENS?"
"OH, YES! PLENTY OF CHEER, MY DEAR, BUT VEST LITTLE CARE!"

AT SIR LOVELACE
MARYLEBONE,
M.D., ETC., ETC.

First Patient (in the left). "AND WHAT DID SIR LOVELACE SAY TO YOU, DEAR?"

Second Doctor (in the bottom). "HE TOLD ME I DESIRED VERY CAREFUL WATCHING, AND THAT HE MIGHT SEE ME THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. AND YET!"

First P. "OH, HE SAID THAT CHANGE OF CLIMATE WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, AND THAT I MUST START FOR NEW ZEALAND AT ONCE!"

AT SIR LOVELACE MARYLEBONE, M.D., ETC., ETC.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

UNDER PRETENCE OF THROWING A REFLECTED LOTUS ON THE FACE, THAT RISING YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER, FISCHOFF, ALWAYS PROVIDES HIS SITTER WITH SOMETHING SO PLEASANT TO LOOK AT, THAT SHE NEVER GETS TIRED OF SITTING (I.E. STANDING). THIS ALSO EXPLAINS WHY HIS PORTRAITS ALWAYS HAVE THAT SYMPATHETIC AND THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION OF CONTEMPLATIVE SERENITY.



MR. DESPERANDUM.

Fair Visitor (*to Hostess*). "HOW WONDERFULLY WELL MRS. WILKINSON WEARS! I DO HOPE I SHALL BE AS GOOD-LOOKING AS THAT AT HER AGE!"

Fair Hostess. "SO DO I."



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(The Fancy Bazaar in Aid of the Schools.)

Fair Stranger (to Dora's Wife, who is driving a lively trap with Photographs of her Husband). "A—UM—A—WHAT WOULD BE THE
FACE OF THE FRAME—A—WITHOUT THE PORTRAIT!"



IMITATION THE SINCEREST PLATTERY.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jane. "I will!"

1881.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hudson (the middle-aged, but still festive Major). "A—LET ME INTRODUCE MR. GREEN TO YOU, MRS. BEARADON!"

Mr. Green. "A—NOT WITH A VIEW TO DANCING, I PRESUME!"

1882.

THINGS ONE
WOULD RATHER
HAVE LEFT UNSAID."I'M AFRAID WE
SHAN'T HAVE THIS
COMPARTMENT TO OUR-
SELVES ANY LONGER,
JANE.""OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT,
A'NTT DARLING. IF
YOU PUT YOUR HEAD
OUT OF WINSTON, I DARE
SAY NORBERT WILL COME
IN!"

1886.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1862.

Guest. "YOU'RE NOT TAKING ANY DINNER, MRS. MECREATH!"
Hostess. "THANKS—I'VE HAD SOME OF EVERY DISH!"
Guest. "WELL—THAT'S NOT MUCH!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1869.

"YOU CAN'T GO HOME WHEN IT'S RAINING LIKE THIS. YOU'D BETTER STAY AND HAVE DINNER WITH US!"
 "OH, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT!"



THINGS ONE
WOULD RATHER
HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

First (who, until last Sunday, has always preached himself).
 "WELL, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE MY YOUNG CURATE'S SERMON?"

Mrs. Robinson. "OH, QUITE THE BEST WE HAVE HEARD FOR YEARS! WE ALL PAID SO!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1862.



LOST ILLUSIONS.



1862.

LOST ILLUSIONS.

WHEN AGATHA GOLDMORE FIRST MET HIM, IT WAS AT THE SEASIDE. HE WORE A WHITE FLANNEL SHIRT, AND KNICKERBOCKERS TO MATCH, AND SHE THOUGHT HE LOOKED LIKE A YOUNG GREEK GOD, FRESH FROM OLYMPUS!

SHE NEXT MET HIM IN LONDON. GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A SHOW! HE LOOKED FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A COMMONPLACE YOUNG CLERK IN SOME CITY BANK — WHICH, ONLY ENOUGH, IS JUST WHAT HE HAPPENS TO BE!

MORAL.—*Why not wear White Flannel Shirts and Knickerbockers every day, even in the City, and look like a Greek God? Shows it means they used to dress mirthfully like that, all the Year round!*



MORE LOST ILLUSIONS.



1862.

MORE LOST ILLUSIONS.

AGATHA GOLDMORE IS INTRODUCED TO YOUNG TOLLIET, WHO TALKS TO HER OF ART AND CULTURE. "WHY?" THINKS AGATHA, "HE LOOKS LIKE A GREEK GOD, EVEN IN HIS EVERY-DAY CLOTHES!" WHAT MUST HE BE WHEN HE'S PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS!"

NEXT DAY SHE HAS AN OPPORTUNITY OF JUDGING, FOR SHE MEETS HIM AGAIN AT MRS. MATTHEW'S, IN HONGKONG. ONCE MORE HE TALKS TO HER OF ART AND CULTURE — BUT ALAS! POOR AGATHA! THE SPELL IS BROKEN FOR EVER!



ENCOURAGEMENT.

"WHAT A PITE YOU DON'T HAVE LOOKING-GLASSES ALL ALONG THE WALLS—THEN ONE COULD SEE ONESELF AS ONE WENT ROUND, YOU KNOW."

"WHY, MIND, IF YOU WAS TO SEE YOURSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS JUST NOW, YOU'D NEVER GET ON A 'URSE AGAIN!"



LAWN-TENNIS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—"PLAY!"

IF SPACE IS LIMITED, THERE IS NO REASOM WHY ONE SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH ONE'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS, OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (ONE SELD'NT VISIT THEM, YOU KNOW.)



A NEW RUNG IN THE SOCIAL LADDER.

A NEW RUNG IN
THE SOCIAL
LADDER.

TODDIE TAKES TO
"SLUMMING" AND
SMOKES AROUND LADY
CLARA'S HOME (OF
VERY LATE VERS) IN A
FRIGHTFUL DILLY NEAR
BETHNAL GREEN. OR
NOT? SHE ACTUALLY
INVITES HIM TO DINE
WITH HER, PETER, AND
HERSELF IN GROVEHOUSE
SQUARE!

BUT, ALAS! INSTEAD
OF P. B. B. AND
FAMBRO, IT IS ONLY TO
MEET AN EAST END
CII RATE AND HIS WIFE;
BEING TO THE POOR;
—AND MRS FULLER'S
PEPPERMINT CIGARETTES;
LADY CLARA'S HOME FOR
JUVENILE THIEVES IN
HORNSEYNEY, WHOM HE
HAS TO LEAD IN TO
DINNER, WHERE EX-
ISTS IN MISTAKING HIM
FOR ONE OF THOSE RE-
CLAIMED SICKNESS OF
THE "LOWER MIDDLE
CLASS CRIMINAL." HIS
LADYSHIP IS NO FOND OF
BEING KIND TO!

[Toddie thinks that
"slumming" doesn't
pay, after all!]

1884.



DEFEND YOURSELF FROM YOUR FRIENDS!

1885.

THAT KIND-HEARTED FELLOW, LOONEY, ALLOW A LITTLE PICTURE (BY A PROMISING YOUNG FRIEND OF HIS ABROAD) TO BE
EXHIBITED IN HIS STUDIO, ALONG WITH HIS OWN MORE IMPORTANT WORKS.



MR. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S IS MOVED TO SPEAK HER MIND.

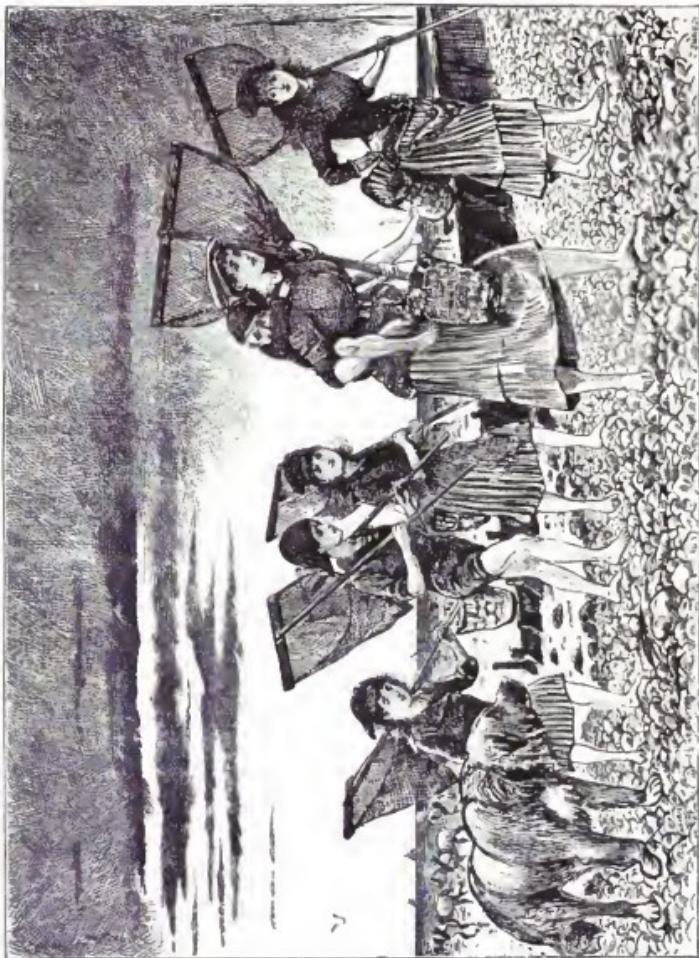
Lady Clara Robins (*sic Pier de Vere*). "GOOD NIGHT, MRS. TOMKYN'S, AND THANK YOU FOR ASKING SEE PETER AND ME TO MEET SUCH DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE!—ALL SO CLEVER, AND ORIGINAL, AND CELEBRATED! I GET SO TIRED OF MY OWN DULL, STUPID SET, WHO CAN THINK AND TALK OF NOTHING BUT POLITICS AND SPORT!"

Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (*whose Duchess have been falling off lately, in spite of an entirely new set of Liver*). "MY DEAR LADY CLARA, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW TIRED I GET OF GENIUS, AND FAME, AND ORIGINALITY, AND HOW MUCH I PINE FOR THE—ER—THE BEFORE THAT STAMPS THE CASTE OF YEEV DE VERE! COULDN'T WE MANAGE AN *EXTRAVAGUE*?"

[Lady Clara conceives the happy thought of combining the two.]

ON WHICH MAY READ FROM THESE LAST BEAUXTEES EXPOSITION, THE BROWNS RARE REFLECT THAT TOMORROW THEY BETTER TO BROWNSTEY AND—LESSONS!

FAREWELL TO FAIR NORMANDY.





DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

1874.

Extremely High Church Lady. "O! DON'T GO AWAY, MR. BUSBY—WE ARE JUST GOING TO HAVE COMFEE!"
Mr. Busby. "MANY THANKS, MY DEAR LADY, BUT I COULDN'T EAT ANOTHER MORSEL!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE AT PROFESSIONAL VOCALISTS [WHICH IF NOT FIRST RATE] HAVE OVER AMATEURS, IS THAT THEY HAVE LEARNED AT LEAST HOW TO OPEN THESE MOUTHES, AND SAY THESE WORDS DISTINCTLY, AND FOR THE APPROPRIATE DRAMATIC ACTION. BEHOLD, FOR INSTANCE, THE SIGNORA ROBINSON (NAN JONES), AS SHE DELIVERS THE OPENING BARB OF A PLAINVITE LITTLE BALLAD ABOUT LOVE AND ESTRANGEMENT, BISHNESS! "STRANGERS YET"—(WHICH THE SIGNORA, BY THE WAY, PHONOUNCES "SCOTTISHHEARINGESSOR TETTA!") SO THAT, AT ALL EVENTS, THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE LANGUAGE, AS IS SO OFTEN THE CASE WITH AMATEURS).

MUSIC AT HOME.

1880.



SIRENS, AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

1865.

SIRENS, AND THEIR
LITTLE WAYS

LADY HAS ONCE BEEN TOLD THAT IT SUITS THE NATURE OF BEAUTY TO BE EXTREMELY ANIMATED—SO SHE IS ALWAYS ON THE SPARKLE—EVEN THOUGH, BEING A DILATING MISTRESS, SHE'S IN DISEASED AVENGEANCE, THAT WHEN SHE HAD THE JUDGE PUT ON THE BLACK CAP, HE NEARLY FAINTED AWAY," &c., &c., &c.

WHEREAS MARY KNOWS THAT HER GREAT CHARM LIES IN A CERTAIN SUNGTRY LOOK OF IRRESPIRABLE YEARNING TOWARDS THE INFINITE, AND PLACES IT ON MR. CHARLES, WHO IS ABSORBING HER THAT "ALL HE GOT TO EAT IN SPAIN WAS FAT PORK STEWED WITH GARLIC AND BROAD BEANS, AND JOINT EXCUMPTIONS TOO!"



GENTLE OVERTURES TOWARDS FRIENDSHIP.

1872.

GENTLE OVERTURES
TOWARDS
FRIENDSHIP,

First Stranger. "I DECLINE, SIR, THAT WOMEN ARE GETTING MORE OUTRAGEOUS DISCLOSURE EVERY DAY. JUST LOOK OVER THESE, AT THAT PRODIGIOUS OLD PUPPOSE WITH THE EYES!"

Second Stranger. "HUM! HAH! YES! I CAN'T HELP THINKING SHE'S A MORE FESTIVE-LOOKING OBJECT THAN FUNERAL OLD FANCY WITH THE FAN!"

First Stranger. "THE FUNERAL OLD FANCY 'S MY WIFE, SIR!"

Second Stranger. "THE PRODIGIOUS OLD PUPPOSE 'S MINE! LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME TEA!"

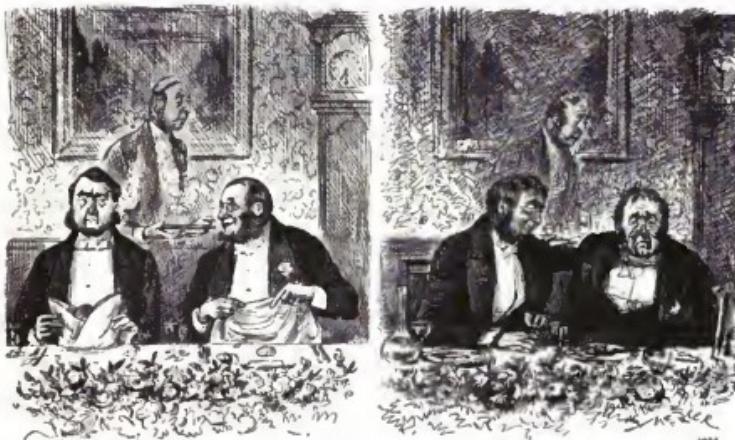


MORAL PLUCK.

1876.

Paterfamilias, who, under pretence of seeking a suitable French watering-place for his Family, has enjoyed a delightful three weeks' trip on the French coast with a congenial Bachelor Friend, returns to his Poxoles, and after partaking duly of refreshment, delivers himself thus.— "WELL, MY DEARS, WE'VE TRIED TROUVILLE, DUNKIRK, EBBSTAT, TRÉPORT, BOULOGNE, AND ALL, AND HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT 'THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!' 'ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL!' AND I PROPOSE—"

Indignant Chorus. "OH, INDEAR, PAPA!"



EFFECT OF GOOD CHEER ON OPPOSITE TEMPERAMENTS.

1884.

ASPECT OF JONES AND SMITH AT TWO DIFFERENT STAGES OF THE SAME SUMPTUOUS REPAIMENT.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE RECITER

1903.

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS.—THE
RECITER.

STUDY OF A GROUP OF
PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN
SPECIALLY INVITED TO
AN AFTERNOON TEA, TO
HEAR MRS. BOOGIE-
BOOPPIE, THE GREAT
PIANIST, AND SINGE
JENKIN, THE FAMOUS
TESSOR. SOMEHOW OR
OTHER, HOWEVER,
BOTH OF THESE
GENTLEMEN HAD TO
TURN UP, AND TO COM-
PENSATE FOR THIS UN-
ACCOUNTABLE ABSENCE, LITTLE BOO-
THE HON. (WHO, BY THE
WAY, TRIED TO CULPRIT
A PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE
TO MR. IRVING,
AND FLATTERED HIMSELF
HE SUCCEEDED) MANAGED
TO RECITE THE "DEAR
OF EDORNE ARAB," (A
VERY SLOW MUSICOSTE
PIANO BY MRS. RIBBLE),
BUT, ANYHOW, HE
MANAGED TO GET AWAY.



LONDON IDLE.

1905.

Algernon (the Heir). "AWFULLY KIND OF MUS. MASHAN TO GIVE US A LIFT. BUT IT WAS RATHER A SQUEEZE, EH?"
Jack the Detrined (his Younger Brother). "YEH. BY THE WAY, TALKING OF SQUEEZES, IT STRUCK ME VERY FORCIBLY, DRIVING
 ALONG, THAT YOU'D GOT HOLD OF ONE OF MISS LAURA MASHAN'S HANDS!"
Algernon. "WELL, YOU NEEDN'T YOUNG IDHOT! WHAT IF I HAD?"
Jack. "OH, NOTHING. ONLY I'D GOT HOLD OF THE OTHER, YOU KNOW!"



THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON.

(SCENE—*Grand Hotel, Lowatensisville super-Mare.*)

H. "ISED YUR PARDON, BET—EE—I DID NOT QUITE CATCH TEE NAME—" *Mrs.* "MISS FITZ-MONTMORSEY."

H. "THASER, THANKS! WRET A PRETTY NAME! AND SO UNCOMMON!" *She* (haughtily). "DID YOU THINK I WAS CALLED JONES?"

H. (fondly). "A—PARDON—BUT—EE—MY NAME IS JOYES!"



OH, WOMAN! WOMAN!

OH, WOMAN!
WOMAN!

Mamma. "BOTH SMYTHE AND ROBSON
WERE MOST ATTENTIVE
TO CELIA LAST NIGHT,
PAPA! ROBSON'S AS
GOOD AS GOLD WITH THE
TEMPER OF AN ANGEL—
LIKE HIMSELF! — AND
SMYTHE'S A KEEFLEED,
SELFISH, DISPISED
YOUNG FIEND! I DO
HOPE IT WILL BE
ROBSON!"

Papa. "WELL, I
DON'T KNOW. IF
ROBSON'S REALLY ALL
YOU SAY, SHE'LL FEEL
COLD SOON OR TIRED
OF HIM. WHEREAS,
FROM YORE DESCRIPTION
OF SMYTHE, I FANCY SHE
WOULD BE ABLE TO LOVE
EM FAITHFULLY ALL
HER LIFE LONG. ANY
WOMAN WOULD!"



ADVANTAGES OF A FOREIGN EDUCATION.

YOUNG MÜLLE (from HAMBURG) ACCOMPANIES THE MISS GOLDMINE IN SOME OF RUBINSTEIN'S LOVELY DUETS—TO THE ENVY AND DISGUST OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. (N.B.—YOUNG MÜLLE CAN ALSO SPEAK SEVEN LANGUAGES, WALKS LIKE AN ANGEL, LIVE ON A FOOCED A WEEK, WORK EIGHTEEN HOURS OUT OF THE TWENTY-FOUR, AND DO WITHOUT A HOLIDAY.)

1867.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR.—THE SKETCHER.

Distinguished Amateur (modestly displaying results of his afternoon's leisure). "YOU MUST BEAR IN MIND THEY WERE ALL DONE VERY RAPIDLY. I DON'T SUPPOSE I GAVE MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES TO EACH!" Mr. Smith. "OH, THAT'S SO EXCUSE!"

1864.



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

1866.

THIS IS NOT AN EXAMPLE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE—IT IS MERELY "THE Valse," AS WE HAVE LATELY SEEN IT DANCED AT SUBURBAN SUBSCRIPTION HALLS, &c.



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.—THE ARTIST.

Old Style.

AT THE "PIG AND WHISTLE."

New Style.

AT HER GRACE'S GARDEN PARTY.



NATURE'S PUZZLES.

"Hark, Tommy! Do you hear the Cuckoo?"
"Yes; but I don't see the CLOCK anywhere!"



SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION.

Mabel (to *Jack*, who has been put into the Corner by the new Governess). "I'm no MOTHER for YOU, JACK!"
Jack. "BOOR! WHO CARES! THIS AIN'T A REAL CORNER, YOU KNOW!"



NEW FORM OF RIVALRY.

NEW FORM OF RIVALRY.

Josie. "MAMMA DEAR, WHAT TIME IN THE DAY WAS I BORN?"

Morris. "AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

Jack. "AND WHAT TIME WAS I BORN?"

Morris. "NOT UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK."

Josie. "AH, MY BIRTHDAY IS LONGER THAN YOURS, JACK!"

Jack. "WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING BORN BEFORE IT'S TIME TO GET UP?"



TENDER CONSIDERATION.

Fair Little Stranger (suddenly). "WHAT A CLEVER ARTIST YOU ARE!"

[*Our Artist is bushy, and blinks in silence.*

Fair Little Stranger (after a long pause). "DO YOU MIND BEING CALLED AN
ARTIST?"

[*Our bushy Artist blinks deeper still.*

1861.



1862.

"EN PASSANT."

"WHAT ARE YOU ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT, IDA?"

"I'M ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT NOTHING, AUNTIE. I NEVER THINK ABOUT ANYTHING, UNLESS I HAPPEN TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT."



AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

The New Governess (impressively). "O, TOMMY, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A HOLE ON MY COPY-BOOK, I USED TO CRY."

Tommy (evidently). "WHAT! REALLY?"

New Governess (still more impressively). "YES—REALLY CRY!"

Tommy (still more earnestly). "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"

1876.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE VOCALIST.

Sir. "I DO HOPE YOU'LL SING THIS AFTERNOON! WHAT IS YOUR VOICE?"

He (nervously). "Oh, A RING OF A FOUL OF A BARITONE-TENOR-BASS, DON'T YOU KNOW; LIES BANTLEY AND SIMS REEVES DOLLED INTO ONE—ONLY CYBEE BETTER CONTROL! THESE 'PROFESSIONAL FELLOWS' NEVER KNOW HOW TO SING IN A DRAWING-ROOM!"

Sir. "INDEED! NO MORE DO SOME AMATEURS! I'M TOLD SOME DREADFUL CREATURE WAS TRYING TO SING GOUDOUR'S 'MAID OF ATHENS' LAST TEAPOINT AFTERNOON AT MRS. POSSUMTY TOMKINS'. EVERYBODY WAS IN FITS, IT SEEMS!"

He. "AT MRS. POSSUMTY TOMKINS'? DO YOU KNOW YOU MUST MAKE SOME MISTAKE; FOR, ODDLY ENOUGH, THE ONLY PERSON WHO SANG THERE LAST TEAPOINT AFTERNOON WAS HIMSELF!—AND, BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, GOUDOUR'S 'MAID OF ATHENS' WAS THE VERY SONG I SANG!"

She (blushing unconfessably). "AH! IT WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE, THEN?—OR SOME OTHER DAY!"

He. "NO DOUBT, I WONDER WHERE, AND WHEN, AND WHO IT COULD HAVE BEEN!"

[Is wondering still.]



TERRIBLE RESULT OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN!

Mme Hyatt, Anna, Sisters or Aunts (on her way to refinement), inform Professor Faraday, F.R.S., that "Young Men do very well to look at, or to dance with, or even to marry, and all that sort of thing!" yet that "as to keeping any natural conversation with any Man unless Fifty, that is comparatively out of the question!"



"L'INVITATION À LA VALEE."

Sir Frederick. "MAY I—A—HAVE THE PLEASURE?"

Fair America. "WAL, I DON'T MIND IF I DO TAKE THE CREEPS OUT OF
MY KNEES A BIT!"



LADY GATHERMALL AT HOME.

1885.

Lady Molas (to her Son). "SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, GORRY! LOOK AT THAT YOUNG MAN, KNOB, WITH THEM TWO FART-LOOKING MUSKETEERS HANGIN' ON HIM. SOME ARTIST, I SUPPOSE! FOR I REMEMBER MEETING HIM AT THE ACADEMY SWARREY—IT WAS IN THE HALL, YOU KNOW, AND I WAS ALL ALONE, AND HE SHOW'D A STATE, FOR I COULDN'T FEED MY FOOTMAN, WHEN IT COMES THAT YOUNG MAN, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF HE CAN DO ANYTHING, AND GETS MY WRAPS, AND HOLDS AN UMBRELLA OVER ME, AND FINDS ME CARRIAGE, AND HELPS ME IN, AND ACTUALLY SAYS HE HOPE I SHOULDN'T CATCH COLD! A MOST FOOLISH AND PERTINENT YOUNG MAN!"

Gorgias Midas, Esq., Junior. "WHAT BOY THE TERR, MOTHER? PERTINENT, indeed! WHY, IT'S LORD BAYARD OF GRANDMOM, AND HE'S GOT A HUNDRED THOUSAND A YEAR, AND THAT'S HIS WIFE AND SISTER WITH HIM!"

{Caricature of *Lady Molas*.

1885.

Sir Gorgias. "SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, THE LADYSHIP! I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHEN LADY M.'S A DEVIN' ABOUT LONDON IN ONE OF 'EM OPEN CARRIAGES, SHE 'ARST DABBLE UP, FOR FEAR O' SELLIN' SOMEONE SHE KNOWS ON THE TOP O' A HONSBURG!"

The Lady Gertrudine Bonnibessy. "YES, VERY SAD! BY THE WAY, I'M AFRAID SHE'LL OFTEN SEE PAPA THERE; BUT NEVER ME, YOU KNOW! MAMMA AND I ALWAYS GO ISINGE!"



TWO FAMOUS TRYSTING-SPOTS.

COLONEL SIR TALBOT IRONSIDES (OF THE SCOTCH BLUES) AND YOUNG REGINALD STRONGHITH'ARM (OF THE LIFE GUARDS GREY) ARE THE TWO FINEST MEN IN LONDON, AND AS SUCH ARE VISIBLE A LONG WAY OFF; SO THAT, IN CROWDED BALL-ROOMS, YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE GOT INTO A WAY OF MARVING THE ONE OF THEM, SAYING TO EACH OTHER, AS THE CASE MAY BE—"MEET ME AT SIR TALBOT FOR THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHER," OR "BE AT REGULAR STRONGHITH'ARM AT A QUARTER PAST TWELVE, AND I WILL COME AND TAKE YOU DOWN TO BUTTER," &c., &c.



DANDIEREDGED.

1888.



A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.

Sir James. "AND WERE YOU IN ROME?" *Americian Lady.* "I GUESS NOT." (To her Daughter.) "SAY, BELLA, DID WE VISIT ROME?" Fair Daughter. "WHY, MA, CERTAINLY! Didn't you remember? It was in Rome we bought the LINGER-THREAD STOCKINGS!"

[*Americian Lady* is continued.]



SERIOUS BALL-ROOM FLIRTATIONS.

Lord Algernon. "I CAN SAFELY RECOMMEND OUR TRADE SILEX, MRS GREEN. DON'T YOU GIVE THEM A TRYAL? WE ALLOW A DISCOUNT OF FIFTEEN PER CENT. FOR CASH, YOU KNOW."

Sir Repinold. "NOW, SO LET ME SEND YOU A COUPLE OF DOZEN OF OUR EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE AT SEVENTY-TWO SHILLINGS, DEAR LADY MIRAH. I'VE SURE SIE GOESIES WILL LIKE IT."

Captain de la Ferte de Ferv. "OH, IF I COULD BUT INDUCE YOU TO GET YOUR HUSBAND TO INSURE MIN LIFE IN OUR OFFICE, MRS VAN TONGE!—THE BONUSES ARE QUITE EXCEPTIONAL."



A WOMAN'S REASON.

1890.

Cousin Jack. "THEN WHY DID YOU MARRY HIM, EFFIE?"*Effie.* "OH, WELL—I WANTED TO SEE THE PARIS EXHIBITION, YOU KNOW!"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

1890.

"OH, YES, SIR GENT, MY HUSBAND'S AS WELL AS EVER, THANK YOE, AND HARD AT WORK. I'VE HAD TO COPY OUT HIS PAMPHLET ON BI-METALLISM THREE TIMES HE ALTERS IT SO! AH, IT'S NO SENSATION TO BE MARRIED TO A MAN OF GENIUS. I OFTEN ENVY YOUR DEAR WIFE!"



A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

"AND SO YOUR NICE
GENTLEMAN IS GOING
TO BE MARRIED, MRS.
MARIGOLD? I HOPE
YOU'LL LIKE HIS WIFE
AS WELL AS YOU LIKE
HIM."

"WELL, MAA'M, I'M
SURE I HOPE SO—BUT
WE GENERALLY FIND
THAT WHEN THE GENTLEMAN IS HAPPABLE,
THE LADY'S 'SWEET'!"

A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

1890.



AS WORK.

"DEAR UNCLE BEN,—YOU'RE ALWAYS SO KIND!—WOULD YOU HIT ON MY BONNET A LITTLE! I'VE TAKEN OUT THE PINS."



THE MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

Dr. Lambert. "YES—FINE GIRL; BUT LOOK AT HER MOTHER, DANNY! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOUNG GIRLS WILL BE LIKE WHEN THEY'RE MIDDLE-AGED, ALWAYS LOOK AT THESE MOTHERS, MY BOY,—AND BELIEVE!"

His Son. "OH LOR, GOVERNOR! I KEEF!... DOES THE SAME TITLE APPLY TO YOUNG FELLOWS AND THEIR FATHERS?"



WHAT THE DANCING MAN HAS COME TO.

"NOT DANCING ANY MORE TO-NIGHT, FRED!"

"NO; AND, WHAT'S MORE, I'LL NEVER PUT MY FOOT IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!
WHY, I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED THREE TIMES!"

1885.



THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

(What our Architect has to put up with.)

Fair Chiel. "I WANT IT TO BE HIGH AND BAROQUE, QUEEN ANNE AND ELIZABETHAN, AND ALL THAT; KIND OF QUAILT AND NUREMBERG, YOU KNOW—REGULAR OLD ENGLISH, WITH FRENCH WINDOWS OPENING TO THE LAWN, AND VENETIAN BLINDS, AND SORT OF SWISS BALCONIES, AND A LOGGIA. BUT I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!"

1886.



TWO NASTY ONES.

Jones (who has not been asked). "ULLO! ANOTHER OF THOSE BIG CRUSHES AT LADY GATHERIN'S, WHERE I'M TOLD THE BUTLER IS ALLOWED TO INVITE HIS OWN PARTICULAR FRIENDS. YOU WERE THERE, OF COURSE!"

Brown (who has). "YES—AND YOU WEREN'T. I SUPPOSE THE BUTLER HAD TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE?"

1886.



EMBARRASSING.

(Mrs. Colonel Sangster (of the *Punch* Humours) explains in fluent Hindostanee to her Sister, Mrs. Major Broome (ditto), that the same article can be got at the Army and Navy Stores for two-thirds of the money.)

Draper. "AHEN—I BEG PARSON, LADIES, BUT I THINK IT ONLY FAIR TO ACQUAINT YOU THAT I UNDERSTAND THE FRENCH LANGUAGE!"



THE QUEEN'S SERVICE.

"I SEE YOUR SERVANTS WEAR COCKADES NOW, MRS SHODDISH."

"YES. PA'S JUST BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES."

1892.

1893.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

WHAT OUR ARTIST
HAS TO
PUT UP WITH.

(The Anti-Bonny
Crusade in Modern Art
Criticism.)

Emmeline Art Critic.
"YES, MY YOUTHFUL FRIEND — as I have often said in Print-
you, in common with all the MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL OF
FEMALE FIGURE PAINTERS, are displayed by a noisy and inane host of
PRATTLERS, TO THE EXCITEMENT OF ALL THE
INTERNE QUALITIES OF
CHARACTER, BEAUTY,
TRUTH, TO NATURE—
—A — BY THE WAY,
HERE COME MY WIFE
AND DAUGHTER, PLEASE
SHARE MY VIEWS. LET
ME INTRODUCE YOU."

[Our artist under-
stands the Emmeline
Critic's point of view,
and forgives him.]

1898.



SPECIAL PLEADING.

"POLLY, WE MUST GO NOW, IT'S THREE O'CLOCK."

"OH, PAPA DEAR, I AM ENGAGED FOR THE NEXT TWO DANCES!"

"THE BROWNS WENT AWAY TWO HOURS AGO, AND FANNY BROWN DIDN'T COMPLAIN."

"BUT THAT ARE IN HALF MOONING, YOU KNOW, PAPA DEAR!" [Papa is not convinced, but Polly gains her point.]



A JUBILEE PRIVATE VIEW.

(Twelve-o'clock Private View.)

The Duchess of Dilwater (*Art-Critic to the South Peacockville Gazette*) writes in her Note Book:—"THE FUNDAMENTAL THEME OR LEIT-MOTIF OF MR. SAWLEY'S EXQUISITE PORTRAIT OF MRS. BEAKER, IS AN IMPASSIONED ADAGIO IN THE MINOR KEY OF BLUE, TENDERLY EMBROIDERED WITH A SUB-SONICANT FUSEE IN GREEN AND GREY AND GOLD!" &c., &c.

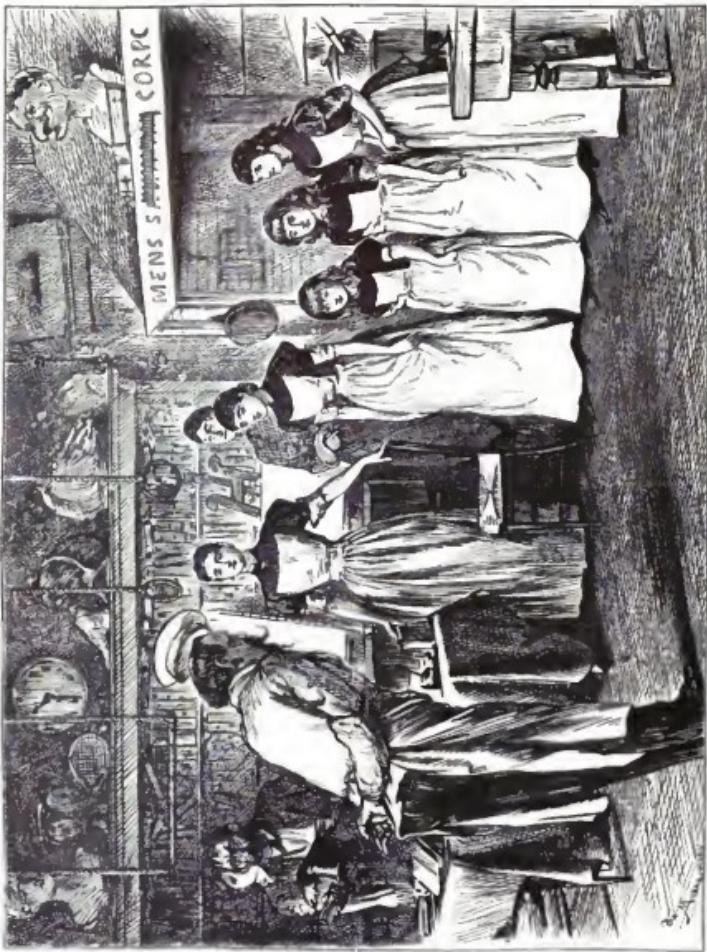
Lady Slapshorn (*Purveyor of Social Fete to the Brummiey Figures*):—"IT'S ALL TORMY NOT ABOUT THE DUCHESS OF DILWATER NOT BEING ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH HER LEARY OLD SPAKE OF A SPOUSE. BOTH THEIR GRANDS WERE PRESENT, DAIRY-AND-JORDAN IT ALL OVER THE SHOP!" &c., &c.

Finsburyton Cressetown (*who does the Fashions for the Berries and Pottery Express*):—"LADY BLANDISHON WAS THERE, LOOKING LOVELY IN A RICH SALMON ÉBRY POULTRY DE SOIE MATROUDE DUVÉE À LA BABOCLE, WITH POINTS D'ESTRAUDX PANACHÉ, AND BOUILLOUNAINES OF THON MARINE EN JARDINIÈRE, FROM MADAM ALLEGRAINE'S (119, PICCADILLY)." &c., &c.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

(Edit Herr Klin, de Mein-Mutter, Edler Meister Maxine Reichen, Chemin de Unde Blau.)

en Russie depuis l'inauguration de l'école à l'ouverture, les apprenants se mystifient par le QUILLETTE AVEC PENSEE BIENNE, VA ACCOMMODER
de l'école russe. Théodore Hirschfeld : "TODAY WE CONSIDER THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL AS A MUSEUM, TOMORROW WE APPRENDRENTES SE MYSTIFIENT PAR LE QUILLETTE AVEC PENSEE BIENNE, VA ACCOMMODER
se au niveau de la DÉLIBÉRATION, ENFIN, DEMAIN, NOUVELLE RÉGION, QU'ELLE SERA UN MUSÉE DE L'ÉCOLE RUSSIE." Tous ces termes sont utilisés dans les journaux et les journaux étrangers. Ainsi donc, nous n'avons pas de l'école russe, mais de l'école russe dans l'école russe.



1878.



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE.

1860.

(Enter General and Mrs. Barington Sayle.)

Mrs. Studbury (Hawes). "HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR! I'M SORRY TO SAY THE SPARKLEST KNIGHTS HAVE DISAPPOINTED US AT THE LAST MOMENT—AND YET I ESPECIALLY WROTE AND TOLD THEM THEY WERE GOING TO MEET YOU AND THE GENERAL!"



TRUE FEMININE
DELICACY OF
FEELING.

Emily (who has called to tell Lizzie to the great Murder Trial). "WHAT DEEP BLACK, BEAUTY!"

Lizzie. "YES. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ONLY DIVINE, AS THE POOR WRETCH IS SURE TO BE FOUND GUILTY."

Emily. "AH! WHERE I WAS DIVINE LAST NIGHT, IT WAS EVEN BETTER WHICH WAY THE VERDICT WOULD GO, SO I ONLY PUT ON HALF MOURNING!"

TRUE FEMININE DELICACY OF FEELING.

1860.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

"WELL, I MUST SAY GOOD-BYE, MRS. GREEN. I'VE GOT MY SERMON TO PREPARE."—"OH, SURELY YOUR SERMON NEED NO PREPARATION!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Pistoler.—"HOW IS IT, I WONDER, THAT YOU ALWAYS GET BETTER TEA AT OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES THAN YOUR OWN?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

THINGS ONE
WOULD RATHER
HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hester.—"WHAT MUST
YOU DO ALREADY, PRO-
FESSOR?"

The Professor.—"MY
DEAR MADAM, THERE
IS A LIMIT EVEN TO
MY CAPACITY OF IN-
FLUENCING MYSELF OR MY
FRIENDS!"

Hester.—"OH, NO—
NOT AT ALL—I AM SURE
YOU!"



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

1865

Professor Prousteville (to Lucy, who wants to finish her letters for the Indian Mail). "I CAN FORGIVE A—A—A MAN WHO DROPS HIS ATTICES! I—I—I CAN FORGIVE A MAN WHO BEARS FALSE WITNESS AGAINST HIS NEIGHBOUR! I—I—I CAN FORGIVE A—A—" (and so on for about twenty minutes)—" BUT—I CAN'T FORGIVE A BORE!"



THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY.

1866

"BEAUTIFUL THINGS, AREN'T THEY, MARY?"
"YES, MUM! WE'RE SO DELIGHTED, MUMS-MAIDS. WE'VE ALWAYS SAID AS WHAT THIS 'DUSE' WANTED WAS A NICE COLLECTION OF FAMILY PORTRAITS!"



A MODERN WAIST.

1869.

Jones (to himself, as he offers Miss Fane a cup of tea and some strawberries). "By Jove! she takes 'em—she's going to swallow 'em! But where am ILL PUT 'EM—GODDAMN KNOWS!"



FOR SUNDAY WEAR AT THE SEASIDE.

1882.

Fair Customer (pettishly). "ONLY FANCY WALKING UP THE AISLE OF A CHURCH WITH A THING LIKE THIS ON ONE'S HEAD!"



PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

New Miston. "AND what Waves do you expect?"

New Cook. "WELL, MUM, IT DEPENDS ON THE STYLE YOU LIVE IN. IF I'M TO DO THE DINING-ROOM, EXTERIOR 'ALL AND DORRERIE, AS WELL AS THE COOKING, LIKE IN A MIDDLE CLASS 'OUSE—TWENTY POUNDS A YEAR. BUT IF I'M TO HAVE A KITCHEN-MAID TO 'ELD, AND NOTHING BUT THE COOKING TO ATTEND TO, LIKE IN A GENTLEMAN'S 'OUSE, I SHALL REQUIRE FORTY!"

1866.



INFELICIOUS QUOTATIONS.

Jones (after a delightful Walk). "AND NOW, MISS BROWN, LET US GO AND SEE ONE 'REFEATMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST'!"



THE SPREAD OF CULTURE DOWNWARDS.

Jones (to Mrs. J.). "BEER YOÙ NE PONXAT PÅM KEE LA NOUVELLE FÖN-DE-SHÔNE ATT ZTRADÖNAHMOZ JOLEE?"

Mrs. J. (who is very considerate of her Servants). "WEE-HAIS IL NE PÅM PARTI FRONXAT DENTON LEY DORSTEER I' CE N'AÝ PÅM POLER, YOO SAVVY!"

The New Scotch Housemaid. "OH, MONSIEUR, QUANT À ÇA, CE N'EST PAS LA PEINE DE VOUS GÉNÉH DEVANT MOI. JE COMPREHEND AMER BIEN LE FRANÇAIS!"



A DILEMMA.

Nervous Gentleman (to his Sisters). "I'VE GOT TO TAKE ONE OF YOU IN TO DINNER. A—A—LET ME SEE—A—WHICH IS THE ELDER?"



"BROTHERHOOD" PROSPECTS.

The Rev. Quinquefol (watching his Daughters at play). "BY THE WAY, MARIA, WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUNG BROTHER ANSELMO TO THE HOUSE SOMETIME? HE'S SUCH A NICE MAN!"

Mrs. Q. "WHAT'S THE GOOD! HE HAS TAKEN VOWS OF CELIBACY!"

The Rev. Q. "ONLY FOR A YEAR, MY LOVE,—OF WHICH SIX MONTHS HAVE ALREADY EXPIRED!"



PICTURE SUNDAY.

PICTURE SUNDAY.

(*Things one would rather have left unsaid.*)

Mr. "THAYER SO MUCH FOR GIVING ME THIS OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING YOUR ACADEMY PICTURES, MR. McDYFER—AND GOOD-EYE!"

Mr. "DELIGHTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU. I SUPPOSE YOU ARE NOW GOING TO SEE SMYTHE'S PICTURE, OVER THE WAY!"

Mr. "OH NO. I SHALL SEE THAT AT THE ACADEMY, YOU KNOW!"



LOVE'S LABOURS LOST; OR, AUTUMN MANEUVRES AT MIDAS TOWERS.

(The Stalking of Gorgius Midas Junior.)

LADY MARSHAM DE RYDE AND HER DIANA PATIENTLY DRIVE THE QUARRY INTO THE DISCREET LITTLE SAGE-GREEN SATIN BOUDOIR, WHEREIN, AS THEY FONDLY ANTICIPATE, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE. UNFORTUNATELY, WHO SHOULD BE LYING IN WAIT FOR THEM THERE BUT LADY CATWALK DE WIDE AND HER CONSTANTIA?



FELINE AMENITIES.

Fair Hobson (to Mrs. Masham who is looking very best). "HOWDYDO, DEAR! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SO TIRED AS YOU LOOK!"



"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

1887.

"LE MONDE OÙ
L'ON S'AMUSE."

Miss Priscilla *said*,
"OH, PAPA! SUCH AN
EXQUISITE CONCERT IT
WAS AT LADY MIRABE'S!
THE DUCHESS WAS
THERE, AND THE MON-
DRAIT-MARSHAMS, AND
LORD AND LADY WIND-
SORHAM, AND COUNT
EDERLWEISSE, AND
CAPTAIN DE CUCY,
AND SIR MAINWARING
CARNHAULTON, AND HIS
WIFE, AND—IN FACT
EVERYBODY ONE CARES
TO MEET."

Mr. P. de T. "IN-
DEED! AND WHO
PLAYED AND SANG?"

Miss P. de T. "WHO
PLAYED AND SANG?
WELL—A—A—REALLY,
DO YOU KNOW, I DON'T
REMEMBER!"



THE NEW SLEEVE.

Granby (from the Country). "BUT WHY DO THEY ALL SHOW THE TOP OF THEIR ARMS IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER?"
Faithless Fonth. "THE FACT IS, GRANDMA, THEY'RE ALL GOING TO BE VACCINATED AFTER SUPPER!"

1888.



NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY.

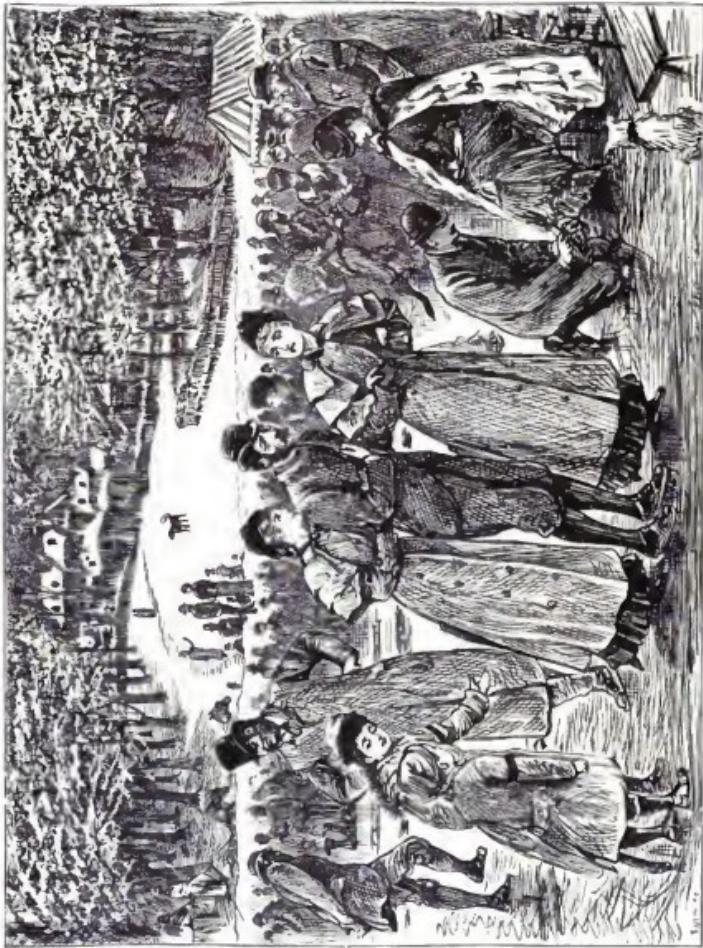
The Bumptious Jester. "YOU, WE'RE IN THE SAME OLD PLACE, WHERE YOU DINED WITH US LAST YEAR. BY THE BY, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU AND YOUR WIFE WOULD COME AND TAKE POT-LICK WITH US AGAIN ON THE—"

The Ingenuous Jester (in the expressness of his determination never again to take Pot-luck with the Jester), "MY DEAR FELLOW! SO SOON? BUT WE'RE ENGAGED ON THE—A—ON THE—LE—ON THE—THAT EVENING!"

Poor Jester (pathetically), "WELL, OLD MAN, YOU MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME TIME ENOUGH TO NAME THE DATE."

A VENIAL IMPOSTURE.

BATTLE OF A CERTAIN BOD MARCH, FORT NOME FROM ISLAND OF RICE LEAVES, YAKING (AS IN PHOENIX) HIS FIGHT LEADERS IN THE ART OF BEATING. (WE ASSUME THE H.M. IN THIS CASE ST. HE WAS THE CHAMPION OF AT LEAST THREE DIFFERENT BEATING CLIMBS.)





OUR COMPATRIOTS ABROAD.

(SCENE—*A Table d'hôte.*

1890.

Aristocratic English Lady (full of diplomatic relations). "A—CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A RESIDENT BRITISH MINISTER HERE?"
Scotch Tourist. "WELL, I'M NOT JUST QUITE SURE—BUT I'M TOLD THERE'S AN EXCELLENT PRESBYTERIAN SERVICE EVERY SUNDAY!"



INFELICIOUS
QUOTATIONS.

"HOW GOOD OF YOU
TO COME, DOCTOR. I
DIDN'T EXPECT YOU THIS
MORNING."

"NO; BUT I WAS
CALLED TO YOUR OPPO-
SITE NEIGHBOUR, POOR
MRS. BROWN, AND
THOUGHT I MIGHT AS
WELL KILL TWO BIRDS
WITH ONE STONE."

INFELICIOUS QUOTATIONS.



TACT.

1865.

Lady Constance Ornitho. "BUT WHERE DO YOU MANAGE TO GET SUCH EXQUISITELY LOVELY TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY FOR YOUR PICTURES, MR. SOPELEY?"

Mr. Sopeley (pulling up his Epocles, and gallantly fixing his Eye on her Lordship). "I KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AND LOOK ABOUT ME!"



HAPPY THOUGHT.

1865.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, SO UNFAVOURABLE TO FURNITURE, WALL PAPERS, PICTURES, SCREENS, &c., IS NOT ALWAYS BENEFICIAL TO THE FEMALE COMPLEXION. LIGHT JAPANESE SUNSHADES WILL BE FOUND INVALUABLE.



A CAUTION TO LADIES.

(Extract of their Treacherous Game Final.)

Sir Pompey Bedell. "WELL—A—NOW THAT I HAVE THOROUGHLY EXPLAINED TO YOU WHAT MY CONVICTIONS ARE WITH REGARD TO THE IRISH QUESTION, I WILL PROCEED TO—BUT—A—I AM REALLY ALMOST AFRAID I BEGIN TO PERCEIVE—A—that MY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT FAIL TO AROUSE YOUR INTEREST, MRS MARSHAL!"

1867.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Proud Mother (piped that her Child's advances met with no response from Fair Stranger). "WELL, BABY DEAR, THAT'S NOT YOUR GRANDMA!"

1868.

14-B 2



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

(SCENE—*A small Dance in Hephire.*)*Dorothy, "I'M AFRAID I MUSTN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE, MR. JULLIBUS. YOU SEE, I'M A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE!"*

AESTHETICS.

Daughter of the House. "BY THE WAY, MR. SMITH, MAY I HAVE YOUR KIND PERMISSION TO TAKE THIS OFF THE CABINET, AND PUT IT INSIDE? THE MODERN MASCULINE HAT IS SUCH A DEPLORABLY RIDICULOUS OBJECT!"

1866.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Ferd. Ferrel (*to Professional Lady*). "TELL ME, Mme LE VAYANOFF, DID MY SON ACQUIT HIMSELF CREDITABLY AT THIS AFTERNOON'S REHEARSAL?"

Mme Le Vayanoff. "WELL, MY LORD,—IF YOUR SON ONLY ACTED THE LOVERS ON THE STAGE HALF AS ENERGETICALLY AS HE DOUBTLESS IS IN THE GREEN-ROOM, THE PLAY WILL BE A SUCCESS!"



SPOILT COMPLIMENTS.

He. "HOW DO YOU LIKE SENOR WILKINSON'S VOICE? BEAUTIFUL, IS IT NOT?"

She. "I DON'T THINK SO. I PREFER YOURS. BUT THEN, YOU KNOW, I AM PECULIAR!"



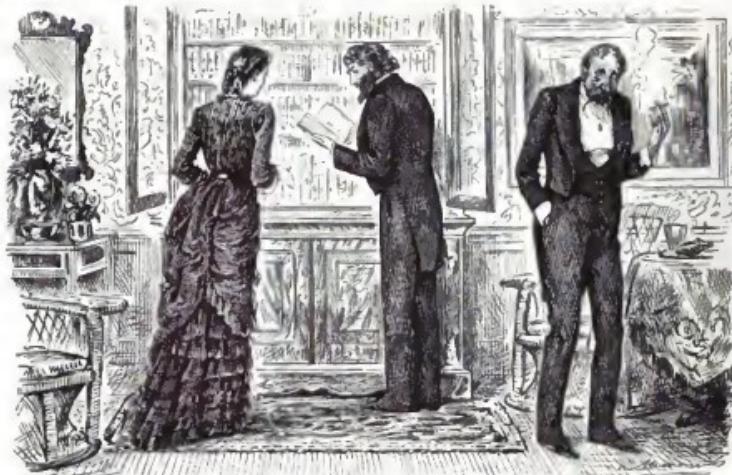
SOCIAL ECONOMY.

SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Mrs. Scrooge. "I'M GOING TO ASK THE BROWNS TO MEET THE JONESES HERE AT DINNER, AND TO THE JONESES TO MEET THE BROWNS. WE OWE THEM BOTH, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Scrooge. "BUT I'VE READ THEY'RE JUST QUARRELED, AND DON'T SPEAK!"

Mrs. Scrooge. "I KNOW. THEY'LL RE-FOOL, AND WE NEEDN'T GIVE A DINNER PARTY AT ALL!"



CATCHING A WEASEL ASLEEP.

1880.

Mrs. Finsbury de Tenbyne (pointing to her books). "THEY ARE NOT MANY, LORD ADOLPHUS, BUT THEY ARE ALL FRIENDS—DEAR OLD FRIENDS!"

Nobie Post (taking down a volume of his own Poems and finding the leaves wavy). "Ain't sum' I'm glad to find that you don't cut all your OLD FRIENDS, MRS. DE TENBYNE?"

[*Mrs. F. de T.* is at a loss for words.]



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1880.

(SCENE—*Mrs. Leo Hunter's Drawing-room after Dinner.*)

Mrs. Sopry (always anxious to show her intimacy with the Great). "MY DEAR DUCHESS, I HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT YOUR BEAUTIFUL DRAWING-ROOM AT STILTON HOUSE WOULD LOOK SO MUCH BETTER—EXCUSE THE SUGGESTION—if LIGHTEST WITH CANDLES OR LAMPS INSTEAD OF GAS!"

Her Grace (frigidly). "I HAVE NOT BURNED GAS IN MY DRAWING-ROOM FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS!"



SOCIAL ECONOMY.

1860.

"WHAT! GOING TO WEAR THAT FRIGHTFUL GOWN! AND AT YOUR OWN DANCE, TOO?"

"THAT'S JUST WHY! TO-NIGHT THEY HAVE TO ASK ME!"



FORM.

1865.

(A Disquisition on Waltzing.)

Snowdon (Dancing Master). "REVISING" SEEMS TO BE GOING OUT OF FASHION, MESS. VERA DE VERA."

Mrs. Vera de Vera. "IT NEVER CAME IN."



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"AND ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR MY BIRTHDAY,
AUNTY MAUD?"
"OF COURSE, DARLING."
"THEY DON'T LET IT BE SOMETHING USEFUL!"



A CANDID INQUIRER.

"I SAY, JOHN, IS THERE ANYTHING I HAVEN'T TASTED?"
"NO, SIR, I THINK NOT—EXCEPT WATER!"



HEARD IN MID-ATLANTIC.

The Bishop (severely).
"WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MY YOUNG FRIEND,
IT WAS NOT CONSIDERED
GOOD MANNERS FOR
LITTLE BOYS TO JOIN IN
THE CONVERSATION OF
GROWN-UP PEOPLE,
UNLESS THEY WERE
INVITED TO DO SO."

Small American.
"GUESS THAT WAS
SEVENTY OR EIGHTY
YEARS AGO. WE'VE
CHANGED ALL THAT,
YOU SEE!"

HEARD IN MID-ATLANTIC.



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

"WHY DID THAT POLICEMAN TOUCH HIS HAT TO YOU, AUNTY? HAVE YOU GOT ONE AS WELL AS NURSE?"



GYMNASICS.

"WHAT, TIE YOUR SASH AGAIN, MOLLY! I'VE TIED IT ALREADY FOUR TIMES. YOU MUST TIE IT YOURSELF!"
"HOW CAN I, AUNTY! I'M IN FROST!"



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mother. "Now, Val, come and say your CATHERINE. WHAT IS YOUR NAME!"

Fal. "DON'T KNOW."

Mother. "OH YES, YOU DO! YOU KNOW WHAT MOTHER CALLS YOU."

Fal. "OH YES, I KNOW. YOU CALLS ME UGLY DUCKLING!"



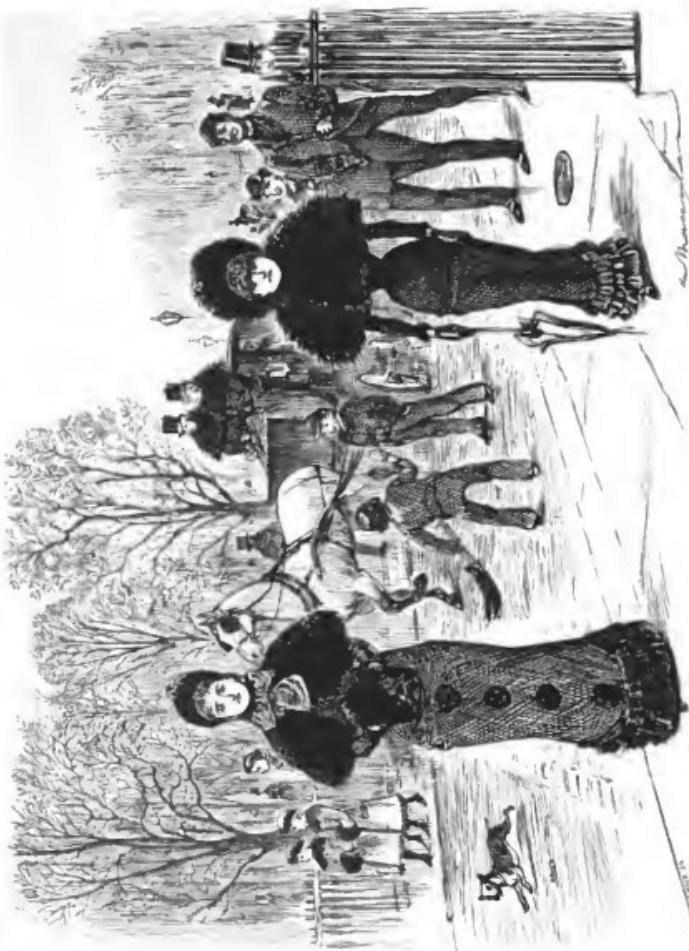
TWELFTH-NIGHT ON THE BRAIN.

*Evangeline (as the Offertory bag is coming round). "O, AUNTY! I DO HOPE I SHALL
GET THE QUEEN!"*

1878

EST MODUS IN REBUS.

The Fox Tipped, which looks so well on John Thomas and the Coachman, and is so becoming to the Statley Mrs. Parker, does not sometime seem to set off Miss Hoyt's Reffington—Anxious "Amber" and the Pale Gall Bee.





REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

(SCENE—*A Drawing-room in "Pianinette Brompton."*)

Fair *Aesthetic* (suddenly, and in deepest tones, to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to Dinner). "ARE YOU INTERESTED?"



RATHER VAGUE.

"EVA, DID YOU MEET THAT LADY'S MANS THAT'S COME TO SEE MAMMA?"

"I WONDER IF SHE'S THE MOTHER OF THOSE TWO BOYS MAMMA TOLD US OF. AND ONE OF THEM WAS NAUGHTY, YOU KNOW, AND KILLED HIS BROTHER."

"WHAT NONSENSE, EVA! WHY, THAT HAPPENED EVER SO LONG AGO! IF SHE'S ANYBODY, SHE MUST BE THEIR GRANDMOTHER!"

"YES, MRS. ASHL."

1878.



THE WAY TO WOO.

Wendy Wode (in answer to worn *Verse of Wading Love and Admiration*):

"THEY DO YOU REALLY
THINK ME BEAUTIFUL, MR.
O'DOWD! — CANDIDLY,
NOW!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "BEAUTIFUL? *Indeed* you are. NOT, perhaps, in THAT CUT AND DIED, REGULAR, AND INSPIRED FASHION THAT PASSES FOR BEAUTY WITH THE VULGAR HERD; BUT, O! YOUR FACE HAS A SUBLIME CHARM—A—A—AN INEFFABLE SOMETHING—A—A—CERTAIN '*JE NE SAI PAS*', YOU KNOW, WHICH IS FAR MORE RARE AND MORE PRECIOUS THAN WHAT THE IGNORANT WORLD CALLS 'BEAUTY'!"

THE WAY TO WOO.

1878.



EXTREMES THAT MEET.

1874.

EXTREMES THAT
MEET.(All Mrs. Lyons' Children.
"Small and Early.")

Fair Entertainment,
Look! Look! THESE
ARE THE GOLIATHS,
THE HELMETHS, THE
FAMOUS CHAMPION OF
WOMEN'S RIGHTS, THE
FUTURE FOUNDER OF A
NEW EMPIRE! HAVN'T
IT A PRETTY SPINE?
SET THE RIDING YOUNG
GENIUSES OF THE DAY
ALL PLUCKING TO HER
SILK AND HENNING ON
HER LADY AND FRESH
ON THE SAD AND
EVENED UTTERANCES
WHICH FOLK ARE
HAVING HEART IF
THE WOMAN IS NOT
WHENRED? See! Q.
DON'T SEE DIVIDE CAP-
TAIN DANDELION!"

Captain Dandilion (of
the 17th Wallers).
"HAW! FAIR OF TAIL,
YOU ARE A STUNNING
LITTLE THING, I
PEPPERS FOR MYSELF
—WATER—WATER PLEASE
THE WETCHED SIX
WITH ALL THE WOMEN—
HAW!"

Mr. Millibear (of the
"One Bouquet" Club).
"HAW! FAIR OF TAIL,
YOU ARE A STUNNING
LITTLE THING, I
PEPPERS FOR MYSELF
—WATER—WATER PLEASE
THE WETCHED SIX
WITH ALL THE WOMEN—
HAW!"



'REALISING THE IDEAL.'

1874.

AWFUL DISILLUSION OF MR. GOLIGHTLY, THAT EARNEST YOUNG ENTHUSIAST, OR FIRST ENCOUNTERING AT ONE OF MRS. LYTON
HUNTER'S EVENINGS THE GIFTED AUTHORESS OF "HEART-TROUBLES: A LIFE'S EARTHQUAKE, AND OTHER POEMS;" "THE SHEIKH:
A TALE OF PERVERSION;" "DALILAH: A STORY OF THE DAY;" AND A LARGE FAMILY OF NOVELS IN THREE VOLUMES, UNDER
EYEWITNESS ELEGANT TITLES.



INCIDENT CHINAMANIA.

"O, MAMMA! O! O!—N-N-Nurse has given me my CC-God-liver Oil out of a P-P-Plain White Mug!"



RECIPROCITY.

(*The Arts are borrowing each other's vocabulary—PAINTING has its "Poetry" and "Symphonies"; Music is beginning to return the compliment.*)

*First Lovely Being,
dear Plastic, after performing
so well, O new
CHARMING, HOW LA
BÉAUTE! THERE'S
NEW COLOUR IN YOUR
PAINTWORK!"*

*Second Lovely Being,
"SUCH BODIES OF
MUSCLES IN YOUR
PLEXIFORMS!"*

*Third Lovely Being,
"SUCH PERSPECTIVE IN
YOUR CIRCUMSES!"*

*Fourth Lovely Being,
"SUCH CHIAROSCURO
IN YOUR DIMINU-
BUSES!"*

*Fifth Lovely Being,
SUCH ANATOMY IN YOUR
LIMBES!!!!!" de,
de, de,*

{Clever Plastic is
surprised, but not
displeased.

RECIPROCITY.



ACUTE CHINAMANIA.

1875.

*Mary. "MAMMA! MAMMA! DON'T GO ON LIKE THIS, PRAY!"**Mamma (who has knocked a favorite pic). "WHAT HAVE I GOT LEFT TO LIVE FOR!"**Mary. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT ME, MAMMA?"**Mamma. "YOU, CHILD! YOU'VE NOT UNIQUE!! THERE ARE SIX OF YOU--A COMPLETE SET!!"*THE PASSION
FOR
OLD CHINA.*Husband. "I
THINK YOU MIGHT
LET ME SEE THAT
TEAPOT A LITTLE
NOW, MARYERY!
YOU'VE HAD IT TO
YOURSELF ALL THE
MORNING; YOU
KNOW!"*

1876.

THE PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.



CHRONIC CHINAMANIA (INCURABLE).

1875.

Pale Philistine. "THIS IS THE CREAM OF MY COLLECTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IT IS QUITE UNIQUE. IT WAS MADE BY THE FALLOWSBROOK POTTERY THAT WAS STARTED IN 1870. IT TOOK THEM THREE YEARS TO PRODUCE THIS PLATE, THEIR ONLY ONE, AND THEN—AND THEN—"

Pale Philistine. "EE—TEN!"

Ruddy Philistine. "AND THEY THEN SHUT UP, I SUPPOSE!"
Ruddy Philistine. "AND I DON'T WONDER!"



PET AND HOBBY.

(Showing that Chinamanics have their affections like other people.)

Dorothy. "O H.
MOTHER! I LOVE
YOU BETTER THAN
SILVER, AND BETTER
THAN GOLD!"

Mother. AND BETTER
THAN BLUE
CHINA, DOROTHY?"

Dorothy (after slight
hesitation). "YES,
MOTHER! BETTER
THAN BLUE CHINA!"

Mother (much
surprised). "D-D-D-D-
DARLING!"

PET AND HOBBY.

1876.



1875.

A HAPPY MAN.

Inquisitive Lady. "Who, may I ask, are those THREE TALL LADIES SINGERS?"
Communicative Stranger. "THE MISS BILDERBOHES."

Inquisitive Lady. "THEY SEEM RATHER REMARABLE PERSONS!"

Communicative Stranger. "Quite so. BY ALL MEANS SO FAVORED AS TO POSSESS THE PRIVILEGE OF THEIR ACQUAINTANCE, THEY ARE WITH JUSTICE ADMITTED TO BE MORALLY, PHYSICALLY, AND INTELLECTUALLY PERFECT."

Inquisitive Lady. "DEAR ME! AND THE LADY AT THE PIANO?"

Communicative Stranger. "SHE WAS ALSO A MISS BILDERHOVY. INDEED, SHE WAS BY FAR THE MOST TRANSCENDENTLY GIFTED OF THEM ALL."

Inquisitive Lady. "DEAR ME! THEN IS SHE SO NO LONGER?"

Communicative Stranger. "ON THE CONTRARY. MARRIAGE HAS IMPROVED HER!"

Inquisitive Lady. "GOOD GRACIOUS! AND WHOM DID SHE MARRY, PRAY?"

Communicative Stranger. "ME."



DILETTANTISM.

1875.

DILETTANTISM.

TO THE TRUE CRITIC OF VOCAL MUSIC, ART IS EVERYTHING, AND VOICE IS ONLY A SECONDARY CONSIDERATION. IN FACT, HE WOULD AS SOON DISPOSE WITH THE LATTER Altogether, AS THE COINCIDENCE OF A BEAUTIFUL ORGAN OFTEN CONSTITUTES A MATERIAL IMPEDIMENT TO THE SWEETER AND MORE SPIRITUAL ARTISTIC SIGNIFICANCE OF REFINED EMOTIONAL INTERPRETATION—WHATEVER ALL THAT MAY BE.



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

1875.

OUR SCREECHING TENOR IS THREATENED WITH A RELAXED THROAT, AND MEETS WITH MUCH SYMPATHY FROM THE SEX HE IS WONT TO ENTICE. THE BASS AND THE BARITONE LOOK ON WITH MIXED FEELINGS. THESE THROATS NEVER GET RELAXED (FORTUNATELY); FOR IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES.



SANCTA
SIMPLICITAS.

Mrs. McJoseph (advice for the perplexed). "Ain't Mr. McJoseph, Beatty is the most prettis' of all gifts for a woman? I'd sooner possess Beatty than anything in the world!"

Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself very agreeable). "I'm sure, Mrs. Goliathly, that Jeff Reiset you may possibly feel on your score must be amply compensated for by—er—the consciousness of your moral worth, you know, and of your various mental accomplishments!"



INTELLECTUAL EPICURES.

SICKED IN AESTHETIC CULTURE, AND SURROUNDED BY ARTISTIC WALL-PAPER, BLUE CHINA, JAPANESE FANS, MEDIEVAL STUFF-BOXES, AND HIS FAVOURITE PERIODICALS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, THE DILETTANTE DE TOURENS CONFIDENTLY BOASTS THAT HE NEVER READS A NEWSPAPER, AND THAT THE EVENTS OF THE OUTER WORLD POSSESS NO INTEREST FOR HIM WHATEVER.

Betsy Waring (who goes out n-shaving) and is a Martyr to Education (what comes o' sleep often) expresses similar views. In her own words.—

*"I've often heard B霍ffins
Of Wars and Costermous,
Sea-Serpents, and Corals as lights up the sky;
Hear-Hearns a-wittin',
And Haxey as Folds tuck in,
But they don't never pass a old 'Oman like I!"*



1877.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

THAT FLAUFUL BUT TENDER YOUNG BARON, THE HON. FITZ-LAVENDER BELLAIRE, ENJOYS THE ALMOST PERFECT BLISS OF BEING
A LITTLE TRINK OF HIS OWN TO A CIRCLE OF WEAK-MINDED BUT INTENSELY SYMPATHETIC WOMEN!—

"TO A FAIR ARCHERESS.

"Glad lady mine, that glittered
In shimmer of sunbeams abweat the lawn,
Cant tell me which is litterest—
The glamor of Eve, or the glimmer of dawn,

"To them with whose hearts than litterest
The field where they fall at thy feet to fawn?
As a battalay don thou festish by?
How, whence, and o' whitho, art come and gone?"

Chorus. "HOW EXQUISITE! HOW REFINED!! HOW REALLY QUITE TOO FAR MORE THAN MOST AWFULLY DELICIOUS!!!"

{As the Poem is not of equal merit throughout we only quote the first Stanza.}



(Accomplishments of the young Female Quintette.)

THE FAIR SEX-TETT.



OUR CHINAMANIAS ABROAD.

(SCENE—*A Room in a Historic French Palace.*)

MILD (NOT FIRK) DEMANDEUR OF THE PEASANTS, WHO COLLECT ORIENTAL ELICE, DEPOSE A "FAME EN PUR/BLAISE DE SÉYBRIE."



TOO LITERAL BY HALF.

Ethelric Husband,
"JUST ASK HIM IF HE'S
GOT THE SAME ARTICLE
IN PEACOCK-BLUE,
ELISA."

Ethelric Wife, "ATTEZ-
VOUS LE MÊME ARTICLE
EN BLEU DE COQ AUX
PETITS POIS?"

Astonished Draper.
"PLAIS-IL, MADAME?"

TOO LITERAL BY HALF.

1877.



1877.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Grimus Euthanasia (*in his Betrothel*). "WEER WE WED, SACHARISIA, WE WILL SHUN THE VULGAR WEST-END, AND DWELL IN SOME OLD, OLD WAINSCOTED HOUSE IN THE HEART OF SOHO; WE WILL HAVE NO FRIENDS THAT ARE NOT FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME; NO BOSSER THAT HAVE NOT GOT NICE LONG "HANES" LIKE "SPN"; OUR ONLY NEWSPAPERS SHALL BE THOSE OF THE PAST CENTURY, AND WE WILL LAUGH AT NO JOKED THAT ARE NOT AT LEAST OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WHEN THE GLOAMING COMES, WE WILL CAROL QUAIN'T OLD CANSONETS, IN EARLY FRENCE, TO AN OLD SPEEET THAT I HAVE MY EYE UPON (QUITE A BARGAIN, IN WARDORE STREET). AND SEE HERE, SACHARISIA! WHEN THE CANDLES ARE LIT, WE WILL STUFF THEM WITHE THIS EXQUISITE PAIR OF OLD SILVER-GILT SHEPPERS WHICH I PICKED UP TO-DAY, FOR HALF-A-CROWN, IN A SMALL COURT NEAR SAINT MARTIN'S LANE! DON'T THOU LIKE THE PICTURE?"

Sacharisia (whose real name is "Sarah"—doubtfully). "YE—E—E—E!"



1877.

MODERN AESTHETICS.

(*Ineffable Youth goes into raptures over an extremely Old Master—say, Fra PONCINELLO BABAGLIANO, A.D. 1266—1281*)

Matter-of-Fact Party. "BUT IT'S SUCH A REPUGNANT SUBJECT!"

Ineffable Youth. "'SUBJECT' IN ART IS OF NO MOMENT! THE PICTCHUM IS BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party. "BUT YOU'LL OWN THE DRAWING'S VILE, AND THE COLOUR'S SHANTY!"

Ineffable Youth. "I'M CYLAR-SHINE, AND DON'T OFFERS TO UNDERSTAND DAWNS! THE PICTCHUM IS BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party (getting worse). "BUT IT'S ALL OUT OF PERSPECTIVE, HANG IT! AND NO ABORINABLY UNTRUTH TO NATURE!"

Ineffable Youth. "I DON'T CARE ABOUT NATURAH, AND HATE PERSPECTIVE! THE PICTCHUM IS MOST BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party (losing all self-respect). "BUT, DARN IT ALL, MAN! WHERE THE DISCREC IS THE BEAUTY, THEN?"

Ineffable Youth (quidly). "IS THE PICTCHUM?"

{Total defeat of *Matter-of-Fact Party*.



A BARGAIN.

1875.

"It's very dear, Mr. Isaac! Now, is it really, really old?"

"Really old, Ma'am? Why, it's so rotten that it comes to pieces if you only try to pick it up! Look 'ere!"

[*Young Lady, who only cares for what is really old, is convinced, and buys the Egg.*

AN OLD KING BY
A NEW NAME

Tunbridge. "Good morning! A—a! want a *Countee* of *Henry the Fourth* of *England*, if you please!"

La belle Couturiere (affably, but not without a touch of scorn). "Excuse me, Sir! Visit the *Empire* of *Edi-*land! *Henry the Fourth* was a *French King!*"

The Couturiere (with dignity). "Pax-kins!"

(Voice in the distance). "Yes, Sir!"

The Couturiere. "Bring down the *first* cat!"

(He must have more "*Henry* Quarters" but that was what he said.)

AN OLD KING BY A NEW NAME.

1875.



BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

1877.

WANTED, AT MADAME CUNEGONDE'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR READY-MADE VESTMENTS, REGENT STREET, TWO OR THREE TALL, GENTLE-LOOKING YOUNG MEN, OF CLERICAL ASPECT, FOR THE TRYING-ON DEPARTMENT.



COMPLIMENTS IN FANCY DRESS.

Mrs. Wilkins } (together) { "Mrs. Perkins!"
Mrs. Perkins. } "Mrs. Wilkins!" HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK! I HARDLY KNEW YOU!"

1877.

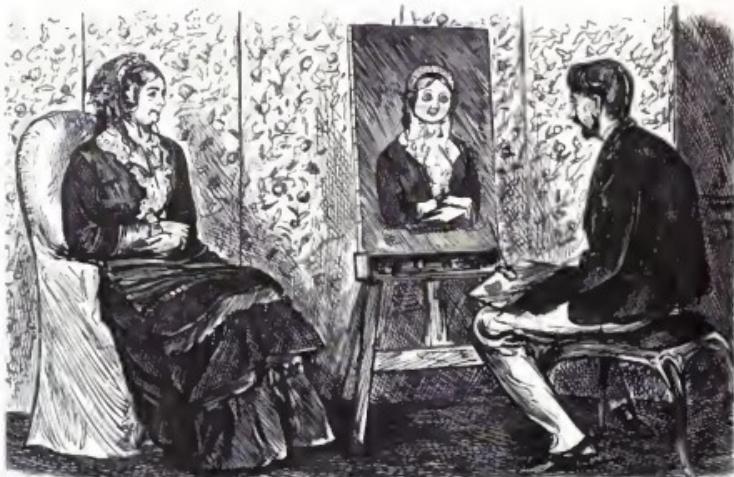


A DISENCHANTMENT.

1876.

A DISENCHANTMENT.

SWELLINGTON SIPP WHO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA, BECAUSE IT'S THE THING TO DO, IS INVITED TO BREAKFAST BY A NOBLE DUKE (WHO ALSO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA). HE IS MUCH ELATED AT THE PROSPECT OF SITTING DOWN TO TABLE WITH POSSIBLY TWO OR THREE CABINET MINISTERS—AT ALL EVENTS, WITH NOTHING UNDER A VISCOUNT! I IMAGINE HIS DISGUST, ON ENTERING THE DRAWING-ROOM, AT BEING PRESENTED TO HIS GRACE BY BODKIN, SMITH, JONES, BROWN, PERKINS, BLENHEIM, AND PARKER, WHO ALL COLLECT BLUE CHINA, AND WHOM HE HAS KNOWN EVER SINCE HE BEGAN TO COLLECT BLUE CHINA HIMSELF.



A VOCATION.

1876.

Young Genius (grazing with complacency at his Mother's Portrait, to which he has just added the last finishing touch), "WHAT WE REALLY WANT, MOTHER, TO RESSURRECT ART AND RESTORE IT TO ITS FORMER HIGH POSITION, IS THAT A MAN SHOULD ARISE AMONGST US WHO SHOULD COMBINE THE *HIGHEST AIM* WITH ABSOLUTELY UNLIMITED POWER!—AND I MUST SAY, MOTHER, I CAN'T SEE WHY I SHOULD NOT BE THAT MAN!"

Fool and foolish Mother. "I'M SURE YOU MIGHT, ALGERNON, IF YOU TRIED!"



APPLY QUOTED FROM THE ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

Thrifty Wife. "OH, ALDENON! MORE USELESS CHINA! MORE MONEY THROWN AWAY WHEN WE HAVE SO LITTLE TO SPARE!"
Ambitious Chinaman. "POOR! POOR! MY LOVE! 'MONEY NOT SO MUCH AN OBJECT AS A COMFORTABLE HOME,' YOU KNOW!"



AN APOLOGY.

Chinaman's Mistress
(with tears in her Voice).

"SIR, MARY, WHAT
TOOK CARELESSNESS
HAS DONE! YOU HAVE
BROKEN ONE OF MY
FAVOURITE CUPS!"

Maid. "YES, M'AM.
I'M FORTY BOBBY, FOR
I'M VERY PARTIAL TO
OLD CHINA MYSELF!"

AN APOLOGY.

1877.



FLIPPANCY PUNISHED.

**FLIPPANCY
PUNISHED.**

THE CINNABAR BROWNS, AND THEIR FRIENDS, FORM ONE OF THE NEAT AND MOST ATTRACTIVE SET IN BRIGHTON, BUT THIS HOLD ALL THE TRIVES AND GALLANTRIES, ESPECIALLY MUSICAL MUSIC. ONE RECENTLY GADSBURY VOLUNTEERED TO SING THEM WHAT HE CALLS A "FLORENTINE CANzonET OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY," BUT WHAT IT IS IN REALITY A MAGNIFICENT IMPROVISATION OF HIS OWN IN A MINOR KEY, WITH MUCH ITALIAN WORDS. THE MOST IRREDEEMABLE DISGRACED, ALSO INTENDED BY HIM TO BE THE SPICE OF THE MORNING. THE EFFECT IS MAGICAL, TEARS FLOW FREELY, AND AN ENTHUSIASM ENCORE GREETS THE PERFORMER. UNFORTUNATELY, THE PERFORMANCE GOES ON ENTIRELY TOO LONG, SO HE MUST REPEAT IT, AND IS MUCH ENRAGED BY THE SUCCESS OF HIS FEEBLE JOKE.

1872.



INCONVENIENCE OF UNIFORM ARCHITECTURE IN LONDON TERRACES.

**INCONVENIENCE OF
UNIFORM ARCHI-
TECTURE IN
LONDON TERRACES**

GADSBURY (A SET BUT AMIABLE MAN) IS INVITED TO A SMALL JUVENILE PARTY AT NO. 47 (THE BROTHERS IN LAW'S), WHERE HE IS HELD IN GREAT FAVOR BY THE CHILDREN, WHOSE MINDS ARE NOT AS YET CAPTURED BY THE NEW AND AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

BY MISTAKE HE ENCOUES AT NO. 45, WHERE HE IS A COMPLETE STRANGER, AND RIDICULOUS THE ASTONISHED MENTALS NOT TO ANNOUNCE HIS RESEMBLANCE TO THE DEAD END, WHICH HE ENTERS IN THE ANXIOUS EXTRAOBDINARIA PARLOR!

[The occupancy announced for dinner at No. 45 are already well put out by the inconveniences inherent in an important guest.]



FOG FRIDAY.

Bibi. "WHAT SHALL WE DO, DEAR? IT'S QUITE TOO DARK TO SEE COLOURS AT MADAME ALINGOUD'E'S."

Mabel (*bright idea*). "SUPPOSE WE DO THE OLD MASTERS!"*



BABY WORSHIP.

*Military Advisor (or Cleverd Apolo), we have been watching you. And I had better ride with diminished breath, and never vanquished
from this review!"*



MODERN AESTHETICS.

1878.

Moderneuse. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THE MORNING, GIRLS?"
Euphrosyne Cresswell. "WE'VE BEEN PRACTISING OLD GREEK ATTITUDES AT LAWN-TENNIS, MAMMA!"
Papa (who is not artistic). "AH! HOPE YOU LIKE IT, I'M HERE!"
Euphrosyne Cresswell. "VERY MUCH, PAPA—ONLY WE NEVER HIT THE BALL!"



READY TACT.

1878.

READY TACT.

Poet (angering a volume of his Poems on the Table). "OH! I SEE YOU HAVE GOT MY POOR RHYMES, MRS. O'FLAHERTY!"

Mr. U.P. (conscious that the Leaves have never been cut). "A—YES—ER—IT'S A NEW COPI. THE OTHER WAS SO DOG-S-EARED AND TATTERED THAT WE WERE QUITE ANNOYED OF IT, AND HAD TO PUT IT IN THE FIRE!"



A REFINED AESTHETIC EXQUISITE.

"BEYN TO THE OLD MASTERS, MR. MILLIFLEETON!"

"A—SO—A—I—A—GO IN FOR HIGH ART, YOU KNOW!"

[What does he mean? We don't know, no more does she; no more does he. Nobody knows!]



1878.

A PORTION.

A PORTION.

Philistine Father.
"WHY THE DECKERS
DON'T YOU PAINT SOME-
THING LIKE FAITH'S
'DEER DAY'—SOMETHING
EVERYBODY CAN
UNDERSTAND, AND
SOMEBODY BUY?"

Young Genius.
"EVERYBODY ENTHUSIAS-
TIZED, indeed! ART
IS FOR THE FEW,
FATHER, AND THE
HIGHER THE ART, OF
COURSE THE FEWER THE
FOLK. THE HIGHEST ART
OF ALL IS FOR ONE.
THAT ONE IS NINE.
THAT ONE IS—MY-
SELF!"

Fond Mother. "THEIR
SPEAKS BY OWN BRAVE
BOT!"



1878.

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.

A DANGEROUS
RIVAL.

Fashionable Wife.
"GOOD HEAVENS,
GEORGE! YOU ARE NOT
GOING OUT TO DINNER
LIKE THAT!"

Athletic Husband.
"JUST AS IT IS, I THOUGHT!
LOOK HERE, MARY, I'LL
GRANT YOU YONC' NECK
AND SHOULDERS, AND
YOUR PRETTY FACE;
BUT I PRAY I BEAT YOU
IN THE MATTHEWS' JABS
—AND IF SO, WHY
SHOULDN'T I SHOW AS
MUCH OF THEM AS YOU
DO?"



MUSIC AND AESTHETICS.

1678.

THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED (BUT EXTREMELY SHOES-SIGHTED) MADAME GELSSMA, YIELDING TO THE IMPENITENT OF HER MANY ADMIRERS, BENDS GRACEFULLY OVER THE PIANO, AND, AFTER STRIKING A FEW CHORDS, WARBLIS ONE OF SCHUMANN'S SADOST MELODIES IN HER OWN INIMITABLE MANNER. UNFORTUNATELY, THE HOST IS "AESTHETIC," AND, MORE MINDFUL OF METAL DECORATION THAN BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, HAS FIXED ONE OF THOSE DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED BOUND MILLENNIUM JUST OVER THE PIANO.—



MADAME GELSSMA, AS SHE APPEARED
TO ERNST SCHUMANN, TO HER MANY AD-
MIRERS STANDING BEHIND! I



AESTHETIC
DISENCHANTMENTS.

(Lucy has painted the little
Blasphemous Model, and
Madame Maud, and
Mademoiselle, pencil in
hand, ready to scratch
and scratch to paper
the Child's expression
of Wonderment and
Inlightenment in its
life, to the Horror of
the Shell.)

LUCY. "Now,
Darling, put the
Pretty Shell to your
Eve, and make to
what it says!"

Rosalie Model. "Lor!
Is that all! Why, a
Beer-Jug can do
that!"

AESTHETIC DISENCHANTMENTS.

1870.



THE TABLES TURNED.

(Lady Clara Robinson (*sé le Verr de Ferre*) is subject to fits of Egotismus. After suddenly informing her daughter Gwendoline that kind hearts are more than carrots, and simple faith than Normans blood, she gives her permission to go and play with "those nice daughters of the People.")

Gwendoline Robinson. "YOU MAY PLAY WITH ME, LITTLE GIRLS!"

Small Daughter of the People. "IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, MOTHER DON'T LIKE US TO PLAY WITH STRANGE CHILDREN!"

1870.



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Female Equisite. "QUITE A NICE BALL AT MRS. MILLEPIEUX'S, WASN'T IT?"
Male Dolt. "VERY QUITE. INDEED, REALLY MOST QUITE!"



CANDOUR.

Brown. "WHAT!
BLOODY AN OVERHEATED
DUFFER! COME, I SAY,
NOW, TOPSWATTER, YOU
ONCE TOLD ME YOURSELF
HE WAS THE GREATEST
GENIUS THAT HAD
SHONE ON THE WORLD
SINCE THE DAYS OF—"

Little Topsawtry.
"AH, THAT'S WHEN
NOBODY HAD EVER
HEARD OF HIM, YOU
KNOW! BUT NOW!—
WHY, HANGED IF THEY
DON'T MAKE MORE FUN
ABOUT BLOODY THAN
THEY DO ABOUT ME!"

1878.

CANDOUR.



ESTHETIC PRIDE.

Fond Mother. "YOU
LIVE TOO MUCH ALONE,
ALGERNON."

Young Genius (Poet,
Painter, Sculptor, &c.).
"TIS BETTER SO,
MOTHER! BEIDES I
ONLY CARE FOR THE
SOCIETY OF MY EUCALS,
AND — A — SUCH BEING
THE CASE — A — MY
CIRCLE IS NECESSARILY
RATHER LIMITED."

Fond Mother. "BUT
SURELY THE SOCIETY OF
YOUR BETTERIES—"

Young Genius. "MY
WHAT, MOTHER! MY
SUPERIORS! WHERE
ARE THEY!!!"

ESTHETIC PRIDE.



THE HEIGHT OF AESTHETIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

Mrs. M. "WHO ARE THOSE EXTRAORDINARY-LOOKING CHILDREN?"

Egg. "THE CIMABUE BROWNS, MAMMA. THEY'RE AESTHETIC, YOU KNOW!"

Mrs. M. "SO I SHOULD IMAGINE. DO YOU KNOW THEM TO SPEAK TO?"

Egg. "OH DEAR NO, MAMMA—THEY'RE NOT RECKONING. WHY, THEY PUT OUT THEIR TONGUES AT US IF WE ONLY LOOK AT THEM!"

1679.



THE CIMABUE BROWNS.

THE CIMABUE BROWNS.
BROWNS.

("TRAIN UP A CHILD,
etc.)

Antiquated Grandparents (fresh from Ceylon).
"NOW, MY DARLINGS, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A REGULAR DAY OF IT. FIRST WE'LL GO TO THE ZOO. THEN WE'LL HAVE A SOUL-GOOD SLOW-OCT AT THE LANGHAM HOTEL. AND THEN WE'LL GO AND SEE THE PANTOMIME AT DEENEY LANE!"

Master Cimabue.
"TRAVELS AWFUL! GRANDPA! BUT WE PREFER THE NATIONAL GALLERY TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS!"

Mrs. Morris Girondola.
"YES, GRANDPA!"
AND WE WOULD SOONER HEAR HANDEL'S *JUDAS MACCABAEUS*, OR SEBASTIAN BAUM'S GLOOMY "PASSIONS & MYSTIC," THAN ANY PANTOMIME, THANK YOU!"

1680.



1872.

PERILS OF AESTHETIC CULTURE.

- Uncle John (suddenly bursting on newly-wedded pair).* "HELLO, MY TURTLE-Doves! WHAT'S THE ROW? NOT QUARRELED YET, I TRUST?"
- Edwina.* "OH DEAR NO. WE'VE BEEN DOING IN FOR HIGH ART, THAT'S ALL."
- Angelina.* "ARE DRAWING FROM CASTS OF THE ANTIQUE."
- Edwina.* "AND ANGY'S NOSE TURNS UP SO AT THE END, AND SHE'S GOT SUCH A SKIMPY WAIST, AND SUCH A RID BEAD, AND SUCH TINY LITTLE HANDS AND FEET! HANG IT ALL, I THOUGHT HER PERFECTION!"
- Angelina.* "YES, UNCLE JOHN; AND EDWIN'S GOT A LONG UPPER LIP, AND A RUNAWAY CHIN, AND HE CO-CAN'T GROW A BEARD AND Moustache TO HIDE THEM! OH DEAR! OH DEAR!"
- [With difficulty restrain her side,

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

(Loyal Organization for Ade and Ornamental Young Men.)





A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

1870.

Prigby. "I—CONFESS I DO NOT CARE FOR MOZART. HE'S—A—TOO FUNNY FOR ME!"

Miss Smart (Genuinely). "DEAR ME! AND IS THAT—A—THE RESULT OF A DEFECTIVE EAR, IN YOUR CASE? OR IS IT MERELY
FOR WANT OF PROPER TRAINING?"

[Utter collapse of Prigby.]



SUB ROSA.

(How the Captain gets his Clothes to Sid so nicely.)

"WELL, JINKS, WHAT IS IT?"

"YOUR NEW MORNING SUIT, SIR. I've WORKED AT IT EVERY EVENING FOR THE LAST FORT-EIGHT."

"ALL RIGHT, JINKS! JUST PUT ON MY BLUE FLannel COAT AND THE CHECK TROUSERS FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. I SHALL WANT THEM AFTER LUNCH. AND THEN YOU CAN GET YOURSELF INTO MY DRESS TOSs—I'M GOING OUT TO DINE AT EIGHT."

"YES, SIR."

SUB ROSA.

1883.

16—e 9



1860.

NINCOMPOOPIANA.

(Although unsuccessful as an Exhibitor, the great Maudle is getting known to Fame through the exertions of his Literary Friends—and he receives ample Foreign Visitors. But being a consistent Radical, he leaves his Model (a cheeky youth, who reads Charles Dickens on the fly) to do the Honours of the Studio.)

The Grand Duke. "GOTT IN HINNEN!—AND DOES MISTER MOWTL EXHIBIT RISE YORRS OF ARST AT DE ROYAL AGENTRY, OR AT DE CLOPPENOR CALLNOT?"

Model. "NEITHER, VEE SRENE 'MORNEN! WE AIN'T YET COME DOWN TO EXHIBITIN' OUR PICTURES IN PUBLIC!"

The Grand Duke. "SOH! PUT EEN WHO SEEZ DEM!"

Model. "ONLY MR. PRIGGET, VEE SRENE 'JORDEN; AND MR. JELLARY POSTLETHWAITE, AND MRS. CIMARNE BROWN—BUT THEY GOES 'OME AND DESCRIBES 'EM IN LANGUAGE THAT 'EAVENLY, THAT IT'S ALMOST AS IMPROVIN' TO TELL AN READS IT AS A SOCHT OF THE PICTURES THEMSELVES!"

The Grand Duke. "AHE!—FOR IEE WHO PUTS DE PICTURES?"

Model. "MRS. 'ARRIS, VEE SRENE 'JORDEN—AND MR. BROOKS, OF SHEFFIELD!"



1880.

NINCOMPOOPIANA.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

Our Gallant Colonel (who is not a Member thereof, to Mrs. Cinders Brown, who is). "And who's this young Hero they're all swarming over now?"

*Mrs. Cinders Brown. "JELLYAT Postlethwaite, the great Poet, you know, who sat for Maudle's 'Dead Narcissus'! He has just dedicated his *Letter-Day Sapphires* to me. Is not he beautiful!"*

Our Gallant Colonel. "Why, what's there beautiful about him?"

Mrs. Cinders Brown. "Oh, look at his grand head and poetic face, with those flowerlike eyes, and that exquisite sad smile! Look at his slender willowy frame, as yielding and fragile as a woman's! That's your Maude, standing just behind him—the great painter, you know. He has just painted me as 'Heloise,' and my husband as 'Abelaard.' Is not he divine?"

[The Colonel looks it.]

[N.R.—Postlethwaite and Maudle are quite unknown to fame.]



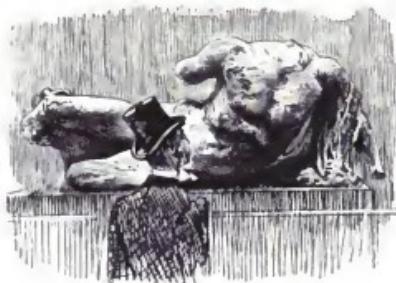
Distinguished Amateurs.—THE ART-CRITIC.

1880.

Pripyg (contemplating his friend Mendel's last Picture). "THE HEAD OF ALEXIS IS DISTINCTLY DIVINE! NOE CAN I, IN THE WHOLE RANGE OF ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, OR MODERN ART, RECALL ANYTHING QUITE SO FAIR AND PRECIOUS; UNLESS IT BE, PERHAPS, THE HEAD OF THAT SUPREME MASTERSHIP OF GREEK SCULPTURE, THE ILYSSUS, WHEREOF INDEED, IN A CERTAIN GRACIOUS MODELING OF THE LOVELY NECK, AND IN THE SCRIBLY DISCRETE CUEVAS OF THE CHEER AND CHIN, IT FAINTLY, YET MOST EXQUISITELY, REMINDS ME!"

Chorus of Fair Enthusiasts (who still believe in Pripyg). "OH, YES—YES!—OF COURSE!—THE ILYSSUS!—IN THE EIGHT MARBLES, YOU KNOW!!! HOW TRUE!!!!"

ALWAYS READY TO LEAVE, AND DEEPLY IMPRESSED BY THE EXTENT OF PRIPYG'S INFORMATION, OUR GALLANT FRIEND THE COLONEL TAKES AN EARLY OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING THE BRITISH MUSEUM, IN ORDER TO STUDY THE HEAD AND NECK OF



THE ILYSSUS!



THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Our Pet Critic (mirthfully). "Well, I can't conscientiously PRAISE IT, OLD MAN! BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO FOR YOU—I'LL BLACKBARD IT SO FEARFULLY THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE WILL COME FORWARD, OUT OF FAIR PLAY, AND SWEAR IT'S THE GREATEST WORK OF GENIUS THIS AGE HAS EVER SEEN!"

Peter Ignatius. "THANKS, MY DEAR BOY, AND BLESS YOUR KIND HEART!"

Peter Noone. "HA! HA! HA! YOU ARE ART-CRITIC! WHY, HOW OLD ARE YOU, MY LAD?"

Our Pet Critic (sternly). "IF YOU DARE TALK IN THAT WAY TO ME, SIR, I'LL BE HANGED IF I DON'T PUBLISH IT, AS MY EARNEST CONVICTION, THAT YOUR PICTURE IS THE ONE SUPREME AND CROWNING MASTERPIECE OF CONTEMPORARY ART!"

[Appalled by the threat, Peter subsides.

1878.



A PROMISING YOUNG AESTHETIC.

Old Boy. "WHO!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

New Boy. "DANTE
MICHAEL ANGELO SAL'
VATIS ROSA NEFRINA!"

Old Boy. "IS THAT
ALL? WHAT'S TUCK
FATHER?"

New Boy. "POET;
PAINTER, SCULPTOR;
ARCHITECT, AND MU-
SICAL."

Old Boy. "CANNINI!
IS HE GREAT?"

New Boy. "THE
GREATEST THAT EVER
LIVED."

Old Boy. "I NEVER!
AND WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO BE?"

New Boy. "THE NAME
AS MY FATHER, ONLY
HERRATER."

Old Boy. "OH, MY!"
[Kicks Young Nup-
kinia, and out.

A PROMISING YOUNG AESTHETIC.

1878.



1880.

A LOVE-AGONY. DESIGN BY MAUDLE.

{With Verses by Jellaby Postlethwaite, who is also said to have sat for the Picture.}

ROSEDALE.

So an thou be, that faintest in such wise,
With love-wan eyelids as love-wanton eyes,
Taint of thyself? I faint, aching thou,
Pain of thy bones, fainter of thy sight,
Yet faintest, love! an thou were faint of me,
So an thou be!

Yea, lo! for verred Elizance faint I, rever,
Of thy spare bones, where no shadowe meet,
And lean strait bony, and limp delivious bone!
For joy thereof I swoon, and my pulse-beat
Is as of one that waiteth anxiously,
So an thou be!

Shepherd art thou, or nymph, that allost there?
Lily of Love, or Rose? Search they, who care,
Thy Elizance for a sign? For, verily,
Naught rock I, Fairst, as an thou be but Fair!
Even as he rocks not, that hath knowed thee,
So an thou be!

[The Colonel declares that the whole thing makes him sick. Grigoly, we regret to say, has ad
J. F.'s poem to music of his own.



1880.

AFFILIATING AN ESTHETE.

(Pilote, a promising young Pharmaceutical Chemist, has modelled from memory on Hercules Group, (in which Mrs. Clarendon Brown is represented as the Muse of this Century, crowning Peacocke and Maudie as the Twin Gods of its Poetry and Art.)

Poetikowitz. "NO LOFTIAN THING HAS EVER EXPLOITED THE SCULPTOR'S CRIME!"

Messite. "DISTINCTLY NO. ONLY WORK ON IN THIS REVERENT SPIRIT, MR. PILOTE, AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE THE TRULY GREAT!"

Mrs. Clarendon Brown. "NAT, YOU HAVE ACHIEVED IT! OH, MY YOUNG FRIEND, DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT YOU ARE A HEAVEN-BORN GENIUS!"

Poor Pilote. "I DO!"

[Gives up his pestle and mortar, and becomes a hopeless Nincompoop for life.



THE MUTUAL ADMIRATIONISTS.

1860.

(Proposed overheard by Grigby and the Colonel at one of Prigby's Afternoon Teas.)

Young Maudie (to Mrs. Lyon Hunter and her Daughters). "IN THE
GREATEST POETRY, SHAKESPEARE FOR INSTANCE, OR POULE-
THWAITE'S, OR SHELLEY'S, ONE ALWAYS FEELS THAT, &c., &c., &c." Young Postlethwaite (to the three Miss Bilderbops). "THE GREATEST
PAINTERS OF ALL, SUCH AS VELASQUEZ, OR MAURICE, OR EVEN
TITIAN, INEVITABLY SUGGEST TO ONE, &c., &c., &c."



AN AESTHETIC MIDDAY MEAL.

(At the Luncheon hour,
Jellaby Postlethwaite
enters a Peacock's
and calls for a glass of
Water, into which he
puts a freshly-cut Lily,
and loses himself in
contemplation thereof.)

Waiter. "SHALL I
BRING YOU ANYTHING
ELSE, SIR?"

Jellaby Postlethwaite.
"THANKS, NO! I HAVE
ALL I DESIRE, AND
SHALL SOON HAVE
DONE!"

AN AESTHETIC MIDDAY MEAL.

1860.



1880.

NONCOMPOSIANA.

Young Millington Sopley (a follower of Puddleshaw's). "A—YOU WERE NOT AT THE
CHARLES BROWN'S LAST NIGHT, MISS DIANA?"

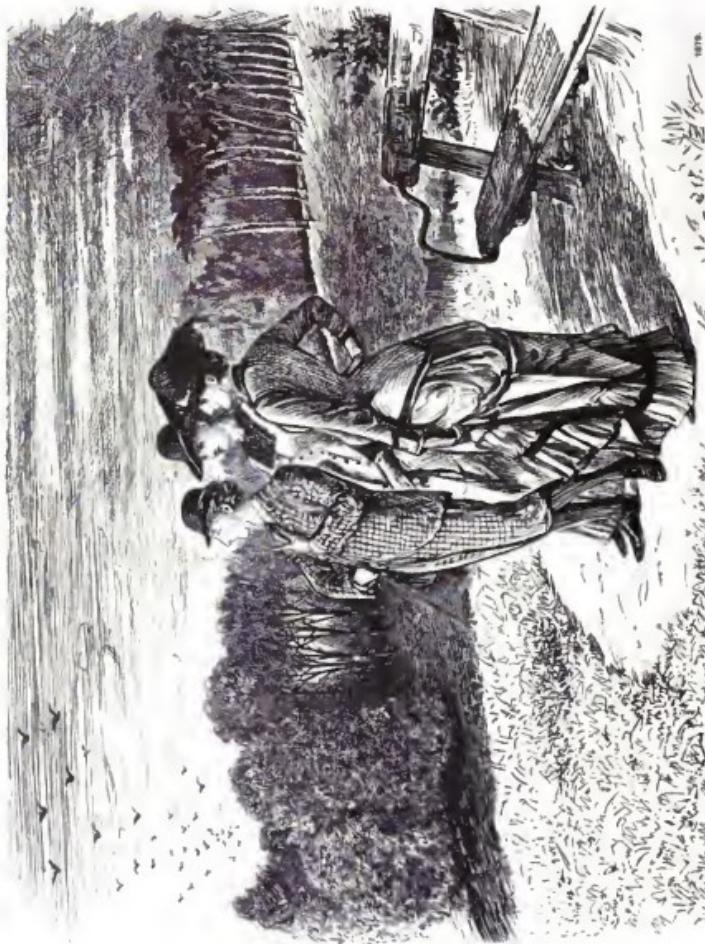
Miss Diana (who does not like Ethelred). "No. WHERE YOU?"

Sopley. "OH YES, indeed."

Miss Diana. "AND WAS IT A PLEASANT PARTY?"

Sopley. "MOST CONSUMMATELY SO!"

Miss Diana. "AND WERE YOU VERY MUCH ADMIRED?"



NINCOMPOOPIANA.

Hand and Clerks, "WHAT A LOVELY NIGHT!"
Young and Fifer, "I—*a common trait* You never hear a舜any that thoroughly satisfied Mr. Fife! At least here in NINETEEN, you know!"



ALAS!

PRETTY GRANDMAMMA ROBINSON.

1860.

AS SHE WAS (1851).

AS SHE IS NOW.

AS SHE MIGHT (AND SHOULD) BE.

A REACTION IN
AESTHETICS.A REACTION IN
AESTHETICS.

Piloz (*the rising Aethete*, gazing at his last work, which represents *Mrs. Cimabue Brown sick of Lilies, and trying to smell a Sunflower*).
"I'M AFRAID IT'S ONE OF MY FAILURES!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown.
"OH, BUT YOUR FAILURES REMIND ONE OF MICHAEL ANGELO AT HIS BEST!"

Piloz. "NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT, I HOPE!"



THE SIX-MARK TEA-POT.

Ethelred Bridgeman. "IT IS QUITE CONSUMMATE, IS IT NOT?"

Intense Bridie. "IT IS, INDEED! OH, ALGERNON, LET ME LIVE UP TO IT!"



MAUDIE ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

MAUDIE ON THE
CHOICE OF
A PROFESSION.

Maudie. "HOW CON-
SUMMATELY LOVELY
YOUR SON IS, MRS.
BROWN!"

*Mrs. Brown (in Philis-
tine from the country).*
"WHAT! HE'S A PAINTER,
MAUDIE BOY! IF YOU
MEMBER THAT, MR. MAU-
RIER, HE HAS JUST LEFT
SCHOOL, YOU KNOW,
AND WISHES TO BE AN
ARTIST."

Maudie. "HARRY
SHOULD BE BE AN
ARTIST!"

Mrs. Brown. "WELL,
HE MUST BE SOME-
THING!"

Maudie. "WHY SHOULD
HE BE ANYTHING? WHY
NOT LET HIM REMAIN
FOR EVER CONTENT TO
EXIST BEAUTIFULLY!"

[Mrs. Brown deter-
mines that all
events her Son shall
not study art under
Maudie.]

THE APPALLING
DIFFUSION OF TASTE.

(Much as he hates a joke, Sir
Pompey Redell has a still
greater loathing for Nature,
Poetry and Art, which he
chooses to identify with
Portsmouth, Moulme, &
Co.; and Grigby's lifelong
inclinations of those gentle-
men's hobbies, by the bye,
Sir Pompey has never seen
anywhere gratified him,
that he however ever fancy
friend with a cold.)

Sir Pompey (sophist).
"WHAT, MR. GRIGBY, CAN
THIS ROOM REALLY BE
YOURS! — WITH A DADO!
— AND ARTISTIC WALL-
PAPER!! — AND A BRASS
FENDER!!! — AND GRACIOUS
HEAVENS, A BUNCH OF
LILIES IN A BLUE POT!!!!"

Grigby. "THERE'S NOT
FOR LUNCHROOM, SIR POM-
PEY; THEY'RE ONLY TO
SELL, AND TO LOOK AT. I
ASSURE YOU! LET ME OFFER
YOU ONE!"

Sir Pompey. "NOT FOR
THE WORLD, MR. GRIGBY!"

[Both a violent fitful.]



THE APPALLING DIFFUSION OF TASTE.



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

1881.

Fair Intern One. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE?"*Bushy Youth (fresh from Marlborough, and better at Cricket and Football than aesthetic conversation).* "NO—THAT IS—I MEAN, YES!"*Fair Intern One.* "ARE THEY NOT REALLY QUITE TOO TOO!"

AN ANTIDOTE.

"WHO'S THAT FELLOW
TALKING TO AUNT JULIA,
AND GIVING HIMSELF
SUCH ANFUL AIRS!"

"OH, JACK! WHY IT'S
MR. TUNSTLETHWAITE!
HE'S THE GREATEST
PORT THAT EVER
LIVED!"

"WHO TOLD YOU SO!"

"A GENTLEMAN
CALLED MAUSIE."

"WELL, EVEN IF HE
IS, THAT'S NO REASON
HE SHOULD GIVE HIM-
SELF AIRS! LOOK AT
KENDRELL, NOW HE DON'T
GIVE HIMSELF AIRS, AND
HE'S THE CAPTAIN OF
OUR FIFTEEN!"

AN ANTIDOTE.

1881.



AESTHETIC LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

1881.

Miss Bildderologie. "YES, DEAREST JOYONDA! I AM GOING TO MARRY YOUNG PETER PILLOW! WE SHALL BE VERY, VERY POOR! INDEED HOW WE ARE GOING TO LIVE, I CANNOT TELL!"

Mrs. Clouston Brown. "OH, MY BEAUTIFUL MARIANA, HOW JOYFUL OF YOU BOTH! NEVER MIND HOW, BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE?"

Miss Bildderologie. "OH, IN DEAR OLD KENSINGTON, I SUPPOSE—EVERYTHING IS SO CHEAP THERE, YOU KNOW!—PEACOCK FEATHERS ONLY A FESTT A PIECE!"



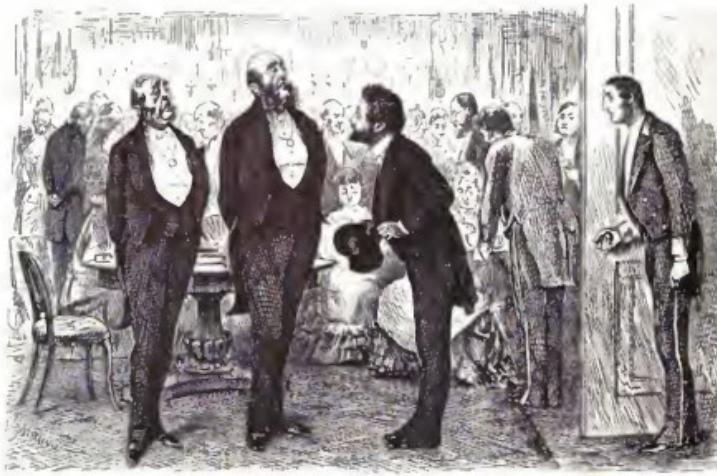
AMATEUR PALMISTRY.

AMATEUR PALMISTRY.

How Jones became converted to a belief in the science.)

Miss Sopey. "I SEE HERE GREAT PHYSICAL COURAGE UNITED TO AN INIMMOTABLE WILL. BRAVE, TO EXCELLENTNESS, YOU HAVE NEVER-THELESS IMMENSE SELF-CONTROL, AND THOUGH GENEROUS TO A FAULT, YOUR PRIDE MAKES YOU CONCEAL IT. YOU HIDE A POET'S SENSITIVENESS BEHIND A RESERVED AND DOMESTIC DAUGHTER BEHAVIOR, AND A SINGULARLY POWERFUL INTELLECT ENABLES YOU TO HOLD IN NEW CRESCENT PASSIONS STRONGER THAN THOSE OF THE GENERALITY OF MEN."

Jones. "BY HEAVENS, IT IS WONDERFUL!"



1861.

MODESTY THE CROWN OF MERIT. (A LECTURE ON DEPORTMENT.)

Professor Dubois (from Paris). "I AM LATE, SIR BERFAL! I COME FROH TO EINE VID ZE DUKE OF STILTON, AND HE—"

Sir Pussey Bedel (Bedel, Flinx, & Co.). "I CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR PROFESSOR! I AM TOLD HIS GRACE'S HOSPITALITY IS TRULY RELENTLESS. BY THE EYE, THOUGH, LET ME CAUTION YOU, AS A FRIEND. IT IS NOT CONSCIENTIAL, IN GENERAL ENGLISH SOCIETY, FOR A PROFESSIONAL MAN TO MENTION THAT HE HAS DINED WITH A DUKE."

Professor Dubois. "Diable! You English are alraist so DEMOCRATIC as dat?"

Sir Pussey. "ON THE CONTRAIRE, MY FRIEND. WE MAY AT LEAST FLATTER OURSELVES OTHE HERE, THANK HEAVEN, THAT TO BE THE GUEST OF A TITLED MEMBER OF OUR ARISTOCRACY DOES STILL CONFER A SOMEWHAT ENTITLING PERSONAL DISTINCTION—EH—!"

Gribby. "LIKE PHYSICAL BEAUTY, YOU KNOW, OR TRIUMPH IN LOVE, OR FROWNS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE—"

Sir Pussey. "EXACTLY. AND, THEREFORE, TO EVADE THE EXPOACH OF SELF-LAUDATION, AND, MOREOVER, TO AVOID WOUNDING THE SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF OTHERS AS DESERVING, FEARLESS, ETC LESS FORTUNATE, IT IS WELL TO DRAW THE VEIL OF RETICENCE—ER—"

Gribby. "OVER THE EFFULGENCE OF CONSUMMATE ACHIEVEMENT!"

Sir Pussey. "PRECISELY!"

[Thirdly well of Gribby, whom he has not met before.]



AN IMPARTIAL STATEMENT IN BLACK AND WHITE.

ESTHETIC LADY AND WOMAN OF FASHION.

WOMAN OF FASHION AND ESTHETIC LADY.

1881.



FRUSTRATED
SOCIAL AMBITION.

COLLAGE OF POSTLE-
THWAITE, MAUDIE, AND
MRS. CINARNE BROWN,
ON READING IN A
WIDELY-CIRCULATED
CONTEMPORARY JOUR-
NAL THAT THEY ONLY
EXIST IN *Mr. Punch's*
VIVID IMAGINATION.
THEY HAD FONDLY
FLATTERED THEMSELVES
THAT UNIVERSAL FAME
WAS THEIRS AT LAST.

FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION

1881.

16-1 2



A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

1861.

Alyeron (to his Sisters, his Cousins, and his Aunts). "MY DEAR CREATURES, IF YOU WANT EQUALITY AMONG THE SEXES, YOU MUST LEARN TO BE INDEPENDENT OF US, AS WE ARE OF YOU. NOW WE MEN LIVE CHIEFLY TO PLEASE OURSELVES FIRST, AND THEN EACH OTHER; WHEREAS YOU WOMEN LIVE ENTIRELY TO PLEASE US!"



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE DANCING SEASON.

1861.

RAINED SEATS ALL ROUND THE ROOM FOR CHAPERONS, SO THAT THEY MAY SEE AND BE SEEN.



POSTLETHWAITE ON "REFRACTION."

Griby. "Hello, my Jellaby, you here! Come and take a dip in the Brent, old man. I'm sure you look as if you wanted it!"

Puddinghouse. "Thanks, no. I never bathe. I always see myself so dreadfully FORSHORNED IN THE WATER, you know!"

REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Pole One (to President Daniels, who has just paid her \$1000 fine). "To: 1 April Tax!"





OUT OF IT.

Miss Lodowick. "OH, LOOK, PALLADIA! THE TWO GREAT MUSISTS OF THE DAY IN EARNEST AND INTIMATE COMMUNION! HOW BEAUTIFUL IT WOULD BE TO HEAR THIS CONVERSATION! HOW I ENRY MR. LYON HUNTER'S BUTLER!"

Miss Meopin. "OH TEE! DEMOLISHING SOME TIME HONGREIN OUT-WORN CRED IN EVERY SENTENCE! HOW THEY WOULD APPROPRIATE WOMEN LIKE YOU AND ME, CENTRIA!"

Mr. Professor. "MRS. FONSONBY DE TOMETNS! I SHOULD THINK SO! THE DEAREST CREATURE THAT EVER LIVED! SUCH A THOROUGH WOMAN OF THE WORLD, YOU KNOW! TELLS SUCH CAPITAL STORIES, AND GIVES SUCH CAPITAL DANCES!"

M. le Professor. "HE, HE! AND 'OW TELL SHE BEINS? AND SHE DANCE LIKE AN ANGEL! AND VAT A SHARRMING FIGURE! AND VAT A PRETTY FOOT! HEER, MON AMI!"

1881.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS—THE WAY TO PLEASE THEM.

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS—
THE WAY TO
PLEASE THEM.

Miss Lovinia Soppy
(to the Hon. Fitz-Lovernder
Belgrave, who, at her
urgent request, has just
been expatiating here, in
spite of his tender years,
on his artistic attainments,
she has come to he—in her
estimation at least, the
greatest Painter, Poet,
and Musician of his time).
"OH MORE, MORE, MORE
ABOUT YOURSELF!"

1881.



THE DIFFUSION OF AESTHETIC TASTE.

1861.

Mrs. B. (after Visit to Picture-Gallery). "WHAT IS A NOCTURNE, MR. B.?"
Mr. B. (musingly). "A NOCTURNE IS—AHEM!—A—A SORT OF NIGHT MUSIC, I BELIEVE, MY DEAR."

Mr. B. "THEEN YOU MAY DEPEND UPON IT THAT MYSTERIOUS BLACK-AND-YELLOW SMUDGE WE COULDN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF MEANT THE WATES!"



A MATTER OF COURSE.

1876.

Elderly Belle. "NOW, CAN YOU GUESS MY AGE, MAJOR?"
Gallant Major. "No, I can't; but you don't look it!"



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE MUTUAL FLATTERY.

THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE A LITTLE
MUTUAL FLATTERY.

M. le Vicomte Hester du Gravelin. "DO YOU KNOW, SIR JOHN, TEN I 'EAR'D YOU SPEAK FRENCH FOR THE FIRST TIME, I TANKE YOU, BY YOUR ACCENT, FOR A FRENCHMAN!"

Sir John. "K'WAW,
PLAFROSSI, VEEGONT!
Oé—at mwaw, k'ono
je vodo at vew poce
la la premiala... mwaw,
f'at m'waw, par vuter
manv'ale de vood
habilat, de m'arby,
av de monty à Sevral,
ker vood k'ute oon
Onglay!"

[They never eternal
friendship.



1879.

TAGT.

Admiring Friend. "WHAT, ANOTHER PICTURE! WHY, THAT'S THE SECOND YOU'VE FINISHED THIS WEEK!"

Pictor. "THE THIRD, MY BOY, THE THIRD!"

Admiring Friend (wishing to be pleased). "AH, WONDERFUL! THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE ABUSE YOUR PICTURES. THEY MAY BE BAD! I ALWAYS SAY; 'BUT JUST LOOK AT THE LOT OF THEM HE TURNS OUT!'"



FEMALE DENTISTRY.

1879.

"IT'S NEARLY SET; BUT MY WRIST IS SO TIRED THAT I MUST REALLY REST A BIT!"



AMANTHUM IRM.

Angry Wife of his Boss. "I WISH I WAS DEAD AND CHRE-
MATED, AND MY
ARMES PUT IN AN
URN ON YOUR
DRESSING - ROOM
TABLE, AND THEN
PERHAPS YOU'D BE
S-O-SORRY!"

Fecundus Master
(a reminder, we repeat
to say, of the stock Es-
change). "MY DEAR,
THAT WOULDN'T END
THE FAMILY JARS—
IT WOULD ONLY RE-
GUN THEM!"

AMANTHUM IRM.

1881.



SCENES OF CLUB LIFE.

1875.

ELECTION OF AN HONORARY MEMBER.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE
KNOWING ONE'S PLACE.

1875.

The Lady Isaline (at, above). "THE FELLY KIND OF YOC TO CALL ME, YOBERT! THALL I GIVE YOC A KITH!"
 Robert (in great trepidation). "N-E-H—NOT FOR THE WORLD, MY LAU!"



THE MANIA FOR RESTORATION.

1878.

Chopin. { "MAMMA!"
"GRANDMAMMA!" } WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF? WHERE IS YOUR BEAUTIFUL WHITE HAIR,
" " " " " " " " " " AND YOUR PRETTY CAP, AND YOUR BLACK SILK GOWNS?"

Grand-Grandmother. "WELL, MY DEARS, ALL THE FINE OLD BUILDSUP ARE BEING 'RESTORED' ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL DESIGN. WHY SHOULDN'T FINE OLD LADIES HAVE A CHANCE AS WELL?"



GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

1878.

Young Sportsman. "DOES YOUR FATHER PRESERVE AT ALL?"

Ingracious Maiden. "OH, NO; WE USE ALL OUR FRUIT FOR MAKING TARTS!"

16-K



AFTERNOON TEA.

SKETCH OF A RASHFUL MAN, WHO HAS PRIVATELY TOLD AN ANECDOTE TO THE HOST, AND HAS BEEN REQUESTED BY HIM TO REPEAT IT ALONE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY. WE HAVE TRIED TO DEPICT THE WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL AT THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN, HAVING MANGLED TO STAMMER THROUGH TWO-THIRDS OF HIS ANECDOTE (WHICH IS RATHER LONG), HE BECOMES CONVICTED, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT HE HAS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THE POINT.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE FIRST-BORN.

1876.



MUSIC AT HOME.

1878.

IT IS A VERY TRYING THING FOR A SENSITIVE MUSICAL FEMALE TO HAVE TO COACH THREE NEAR-SIGHTED BUT VERY POWERFUL AMATEUR VOCALISTS, OF THE MALE GENDER, IN A TRIO OF HANDEL'S, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY SEE THE TWO FOR THE FIRST TIME, HAVE A DIFFICULTY IN READING MUSIC, AND WILL INSOON BE SINGING "FORTUNATO!"



QUEEN PRIMA-DONNA AT HOME.

1878.

Chorus. "O, MAMMA!—DEAR MAMMA!—DARLING MAMMA!! DO LEAVE OFF!!"

[Showing that no one is a Prophet in his own Country.



FOR TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Paterfamilias (improving the smoking hour). "AND NOW, WHO ACCESSED RICHARD?"*Paterfamilias* "AND WHAT DID JOHN SAY?"*Son and Heir*. "JOHN."*Son and Heir*. "THE PLEDGE!"

1876.



INSTINCTIVE GRATITUDE.

Maud (an Aristocratic Child). "HOW PRETTY AND CLEVER YOU ARE, MOTHER! I'M SO GLAD YOU MARRIED INTO OUR FAMILY!"

1880.



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Uncle Ben (severely). "MY DEAR GIRLS, DON'T BE INFLUENCED BY APPEARANCES. PRAY GIVE YOUR AFFECTION APART FROM ANY CONSIDERATION FOR GOOD LOOKS!"

Jane and Susan. "I'M SURE, UNCLE BEN, YUR ALWAYS BEEN VERY FOND OF YOE!"

1865.



A MORNING CALL (IN PANTOMIME SEASON).

Miss Lily (to Thern warty Brothers). "NOW, YOU BOYS, IF YOU BEHAVE LIKE THAT, I'LL TURN YOU ALL OUT OF THE ROOM!"

Thern warty Brothers. "HAI! HAI! YOU CAN'T! FOR MAMMA SENT US HERE TO PLAY PROPERLY—YOU KNOW WE ARE!"

1877.



AN IRISH DIFFICULTY.

Secretary of Mendicity Society. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY GOOD WOMAN?"
[Answer unintelligible.]

Secretary of Mendicity Society. "PERHAPS YOU'LL SPELL IT FOR ME?"
Applicant. "SHURE, AND HOW COULD I SPELL THE NAME WHEN I'VE LOST ALL ME FODY TELTH, YOKH HONOUR!"

1872.



THE HEIGHT OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

1872.

"O, I WANT TO BUY ANOTHER OF THOSE PRETTY TEAPOTS, LIKE THE ONE I BOUGHT LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW!"
"SHURE AN' WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPIN' THEM INTIRELY, MY LADY! FOR AS SOON AS ITES WE GOT THEM IN, WE SOLD THEM OUT!"

FROM
THE SISTER ISLE.

"MASTER'S AWAY
FROM HOME, SIR.
WOULD YOU PLEASE TO
LEAVE YOUR NAME?"

"FAIX, AN' WHAT
SHOULD I BE LAVIN'
ME NAME FOR, DEDAD?
WHEN HE KNOWS ME
QUITE WELL!"

FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

1872.



A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

1876.

"Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
By deep-mouthed welcome as we drew near home."

THE ROBINSONS RETURN HOME FROM THE GREAT FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION-HOUSE, IN COMPANY WITH A FRIENDLY RED INDIAN OF THE PRAIRIES AND A WARM-HEARTED MEDIEVAL EXECUTIONER, TO WHOM THEY HAVE OFFERED THE HOSPITALITY OF THEIR STEVENS-ROOF. UNFORTUNATELY, "TEAK'EM," A GIANTIC, SHAGGY, BECOM-COATED, BLACK-MUZZLED MONSTER OF THE NOW FASHIONABLE ST. BERNARD BREED (WHO HAS BEEN LEFT IN THE HALL TO WATCH OVER THE HOUSE IN THEIR ABSENCE) DOES NOT RECOGNIZE HIS MASTER AND MISTRESS, AND ALTOGETHER FAILS TO UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION.



"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

1879

Small Boy (to timid Younger Brother). "COME ON, BILL! 'ELE'S THE END OF 'IM AT LAST!"



FINIS!

(THE END OF THE SEASON.)

1885.



Brian D. Cooley



